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The Guilford Collegian

Volume XXV Commencement No.

No. 1

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SOPHOMORE CHAMPION DEBATING TEAM, 1911-12

Edgar H. McBane

J. Wade Barbar

Bryant Smith



The Guilford Collegian

VOL. XXV.

Commencement Number

No. 1

To——

Some day we'll meet and never part
In a land as fair—
As thy holy templed heart,
Some time!——some where!

Some day we'll meet and never doubt
The love that there
Burns yet e'en with the fire of youth,
Some time!——Some where!

Some day we'll meet where spring flowers blow
Eternal hope is there;
Our hearts will beat with pain no more.
Some time!——Some where!

"ANON."

All's Well That Ends Well

It was a dismal Wednesday morning. The rain drops did not patter down in a brisk and cheerful way as though eager to refresh nature's foliage and to nestle down among the flowers whose upturned faces seemed eagerly to greet them. Instead they spread themselves into a mist which spread a kind of gloom over the deserted streets. It was with a feeling well suited to this atmosphere that Senora Hallison stood at the window watching the postman. She opened her eyes with a greater degree of interest, however, when she observed him glance at her with a knowing smile and a nod as he left a large package with the few letters in the care of her waiting sister. A moment later the girl burst into the room with the words, "Ora, here's a box of flowers for you. You look as though you needed them. Wonder if they're from that White fellow I saw you with Sunday."

Lenora hastily tore open the box, glanced at the lovely roses revealed, and drew out the card. Then her enquiring glance turned to one of surprise, pleasure and relief, for she read there the name of Russell Davis. Blushing red she escaped from the curiosity of her sister to her own room where she could think alone. For had she not desperately quarreled with him the Saturday before, and had she not afterwards realized that the fault had all been with her? Had he not known and thus had every reason to believe her impetuous and fickle? Then how could so proud and sensitive a man, as she knew him to be, thrust aside these facts so quickly, and himself try to bring order out of chaos? All these questions flashed through her mind as she opened her box of stationery and took out the letter she had written him on the night before. This Lenora had thought too unsatisfactory to

send, so she had thrust it aside to keep company with the two others she had previously written. These also she thought had failed to explain matters properly. With her unbending disposition, how hard it had been for her to try to acknowledge her fault to him. Words of apology were not easily penned by her hand. Yet after this, his last kindness, she felt a feeling of shame. He was indeed more generous and forgiving than she. After all her letter seemed to be just the message she would like to send him. Then why should she have hesitated? A quick resolution possessed her, and she determined to mail it immediately, never letting him know that she had sent it after the flowers reached her. He could see that it was written on the night before. Sealing it she called her small brother, who was always glad at the opportunity to do something for this his favorite sister. This done, she arranged the roses in the beautiful rose bowl which Russell Davis had given her on the Christmas before. As she inhaled their sweet perfume and pressed her face to their soft petals, her lips framed a song which kept time with the happy beat of her heart. Her mind was full of gratitude to the man who she thought had so generously overlooked her obstinacy, and through it all had seen her misled intentions—the man who seemed to seek to make it easy for her to apologize. For many months she had admired him and had felt that he admired her. Indeed his many little attentions plainly bespoke that fact. This last test of his regard seemed a final test to his faith in her. But the flowers had come to her through a happy mistake, for he had not sent them, but Rufus White, of whom her sister had spoken. Yet how was she to know that he had accidentally placed his friend's card in the flowery bed instead of his own.

Hence it came about that Russell Davis forgave all on the receipt of the friendly letter, and soon after, he made

it convenient to show his good will by a long call. However, when Lenora spoke of the beauty of the flowers that came from him and of the appreciation with which they were received, he only imagined that she alluded to the few pansies he had handed her sister a few evening before as she was calling at his home. Thus the hand of fate made smooth the ruffled waters of friendship that might have been so easily swept away by the pending storm. Neither ever knew of the mistake, nor was it necessary, for all's well that ends well.

International Peace and the Prince of Peace

WINNER OF THE PRIZE IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE PEACE

CONTEST OF NORTH CAROLINA.

If we can credit the statements of historians, the first unit of government was the family in which the patriarch presided over the affairs of his children. In this, the oldest institution of man, were contained the germs of all the varied and complex social, political and economic institutions of modern times. Relying further upon the historian, we learn that the sympathies of this primal unit of authority extended only to its own members. The instinct of self-preservation prompted them to regard the members of every other family with mistrust and suspicion. Mountains, lakes, and running streams separated peoples of an unknown and therefore hostile blood, who waged an almost incessant petty warfare.

After some thousands of years of slow transition we are confronted with much larger units of government, wars more systematized and more deadly, but less frequent and less continuous. By innumerable causes and through a long process of centuries, the men on one side of the stream had come to realize that the men on the other side of the stream had limbs and organs, affections and passions, were nourished by the same food and hurt by the same ills as they themselves—that if treated justly they would return in kind. However, notwithstanding this extension of the bond of nationality, these larger units continued to wage wars with each other. David speaks of the “season of the year” in which nations went forth to battle. In the autumn, after crops had been har-

vested, each tribe and people mustered all the soldiers at its command and went forth upon expeditions of conquest and robbery.

Turning from these primitive times to Mediaeval history, we find that the horrible depredations of war, committed in the name of honor and patriotism, still constituted the chief glory of a nation. Women and children were put to the sword; cities given over to pillage and flame; when, as Shakspeare has said:

The gates of mercy were all shut up,
And the flushed soldier, rough and hard,
In liberty of bloody hand ranged
With conscience wide as hell.

Nevertheless, a close comparison of this and preceding ages reveals indications of a slow reform. War was no longer engaged in as a matter of course regardless of any reasonable pretext. In the respect that one nation paid to the rights of another had grown up a rude system of international law. Tracing this gradual change for the better down to the present day, peace is the normal and war is the abnormal state. We no longer look upon foreigners as enemies and we see ourselves more nearly as others see us. Not only are wars fewer in number, but far less barbarous and cruel. Indeed, so different is modern warfare from the murderous massacres of former times, when assassinations, poisoned darts and no quarter were justified, that peace advocates are now talking the expense of war rather than its brutality.

You may ask when did these changes take place. My answer is at no particular time. They are an inseparable part of the development of mankind from barbarity to civilization and enlightenment. Throughout the history of armed conflicts the law of evolution has been executing

its divine purpose, making the present better than the past and leading us on toward perfection. In proportion as man, endowed with a sublime capacity for advancement, has, with his face to the sun, reached higher and higher achievements, there has been a tendency to restrict legalized bloodshed and to make war more humane.

Reformers tell us that war has become so expensive that nations can no longer afford it. Compared with national productions and resources war is no more expensive than it has always been. Time was when the height of a people's ambition was to maintain a large and efficient army regardless of expense. Some of the Israelitish kings, in the little border country of Palestine, kept more than a million soldiers and considered them a good investment. The present-day expense agitation is not so much due to the increased cost of war as to the fact that we are beginning to realize how costly war has ever been since man first drew the sword.

Business men tell us that this tendency toward international peace is due to the wonderful expansion of commerce, under the impulse of steam and electricity during the last century, which has bound the nations together and established communities of interest in all parts of the world. They tell us that international banking and international transportation and commerce are uniting the people of the earth into one great industrial brotherhood, that the interests of each nation are becoming so thoroughly identified with the interests of every other nation that war will soon be an impossibility.

It is claimed that newspapers and magazines, supplemented by the intricate network of telegraph and cable lines which encircle the globe and penetrate to the most hidden recesses of civilization, are dispersing the fogs of ignorance and prejudice which have so long hovered over

the earth, and touching responsive cords of sympathy between nation and nation.

Transportation companies claim that it is due to international travel; the great universities claim that it is international education; artists, that it is a stimulated interest in international art.

Although, on the surface, these claims may seem justifiable, they are not altogether so. These modern conditions are helping to bring about peace, but they are no more the cause than they are the result of the prevailing amicable relations between countries. International commerce and travel and education and art have no more made international peace possible than has international peace made them possible. Each of these is exerting a pacific influence, but the primary cause of peace is something deeper. War is a passion that will not be ruled by a cold, calculating intellect. Such considerations as education and art, expense and even loss of life, find no place in the seething whirlpools of popular clamor. Tell a drunkard in his sober moments that it is expensive to drink and he says yes. Tell him it injures his body, befogs his mind and destroys his soul, he knows it. But arouse his thirst, and he drinks. Tell a man it is expensive to fight, he assents. Tell him it is dangerous, he is aware of the fact. Tell him it is wrong, he admits it. But provoke that man, and he fights.

Amid the great complex of reasons contributing to this evolution of international peace, underlying all others, antedating all others, and strengthening all others, is the one primary cause, a change in the human heart. Not "getting religion" as we use that term today, but the slow, gradual process, hand in hand with the increasing purpose of the ages, which has lifted mankind from cannibalism to Christianity. The same cause which two thousand years ago found civilized society taking keen delight in

the heathen barbarity of a gladiatorial combat, and transformed and lifted it up to where it is horrified at a bull-baiting or a prize fight. The same change of heart which found human beings with absolute power of life and death over other human beings, today declares that all men are created free and equal. The same change which in former times cast the sick and afflicted out into the wilderness to thrive as they might, today builds hospitals and asylums and homes for the poor. This slow but sure transformation of the consciences of men is the fundamental cause of the progress of peace.

Nearly two thousand years ago the doors of the Temple of Janus in Rome swung to on their hinges rusted from five hundred years of almost uninterrupted disuse, thereby signifying that all peoples for the time being had rest from wars. While the God of Peace was thus hovering over the earth, a little child was born in a manger in the rocky, hillside country of Judea and angels announced to shepherds the advent of a prince whose coming meant peace on earth. In the birth of that child was started an influence that would eventually stop up the mouths of all cannon, put all battleships out of commission, harmonize all discord, convert swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, dispel the black volumes belching from the batteries of forts and issuing from the turrets of men-of-war, and protect in every land the millions of little streams of smoke rising from hearthstones of peace, security and happiness.

During the three short years of his active work Christ appointed no commission, organized no court of arbitration, attempted to secure the passage of no ponderous legislative enactment, but rather went to work upon the source of all war, namely: the hearts of men. He announced the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and neglected no opportunity, either by precept or by example,

to drive this doctrine home to the conscience of mankind. Alike solicitous for the lord and the slave, healing rulers and blind beggars, showing the same consideration for the Samaritan and the Pharisee, he taught men the artificial nature of class distinctions and national boundary lines and to look upon peoples of different social orders and distant countries, not as strangers and enemies, but as "earth-born companions and fellow mortals." Here it was that the bit of leaven was implanted that would some day permeate and transform the whole.

Would you confederate the world? Would you bring about a realization of this hitherto Utopian fancy about which poets have sung and idealists have dreamed? Would you transform the prophecy of past ages into history? Then preach peace, pray for peace, and practise the principles of peace. Neglect no opportunity to raise the standard of the human heart to realize that war, like slavery, is fundamentally and inherently wrong. So saturate the world with pacific ideals as to make peace attractive and war abhorred, and tribunals of arbitration, joint high commissions, Hague courts, and all the other paraphernalia of peace will come as a matter of course.

These things are necessary to peace, but not primarily so. The proposed treaty between England and America failed in the Senate because public sentiment did not express itself sufficiently strong to demand its ratification. Had it passed, it would be especially significant only as an example to other nations, for the probabilities of war between these two countries are exceedingly remote whether they are bound by a treaty or not. When public sentiment demands war, its most convenient pretext is to charge the supposed enemy with violating the terms of a treaty. When public sentiment demands peace a treaty is of only secondary importance. The whole question of war and peace turns upon the character of the

average human conscience. In order to bring about a permanent world peace the god of war must be dethroned and the Prince of Peace crowned in the human heart.

This change cannot be wrought in the short span of a life-time. The lamb cannot be made to lie down with the lion and the little child to lead them, in a day. The mills of God still grind slowly as in days of old. It is given to no man or set of men to work a decided change in human character in one generation; but precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, each man contributing his mite we can hasten the day of the glorious consummation.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
When love (sense) and peace (worth) o'er all the earth
May bear the gree, an' a' that
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

Standing here on the threshold of the 20th century and gazing into the dim unfolding future, we cannot but feel the stir of mighty influences shaping to that end.

BRYANT SMITH.

The Two Pictures

Come, little wife, so soon have you tired
Of my fervent devotion and jest?
I've drawn up your chair, come near to my side,
Let's see which picture is best.

Leave the easel dear heart, you've labored all day
Blending violet and crimson and brown:
That landscape has stolen the rose from your cheek;
On your brow is a hard little frown.

You're tired—'tis lovely—I always say so,
Don't weep that I think this more fair;
Come watch it with me, where the moon waits to mix
Her gold with the brown of your hair.

The window is up; already night's breath
Comes in on the wings of the breeze:
And note how the moon there, tho scarcely in full
Brings out the dark height of the trees.

Ah, that is the picture, but bring in that cloud,
And Orion there, just on the crest;
List darling, be still, the universe speaks,
Sweet, sweet, is the language expressed.

I met you one night in this same tide of year,
When the world was thus sacredly hushed,
And the same quivering moonlight kept pace with my
blood
Which momentarily slackened and gushed.

God made you for life when he gave you that grace
And that soul which is virtue's own throne:
Ah, 'tis bliss just to live when time finds me here
With you at my side as my own.



Commencement Exercises

The first feature of the commencement occasion took place Saturday evening of May 25 at 7 o'clock in the form of a music recital given under the direction of the musical instructors, Misses Craig and Dawson. The recital was well attended and maintained the usual high standard set by similar concerts heretofore.

Promptly at 11 a. m. Sunday a large gathering assembled in Memorial Hall to hear the baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, Pa. Prof. J. Edwin Jay read a lesson from the Sermon on the Mount and lead in prayer, after which President Hobbs, in a few brief remarks, introduced the speaker. Dr. Jones took for his subject the Doctrine of the Second Mile. "If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him two miles." Taking this as his text, he showed that all the really great things done in the world are done "out beyond the milestone." The laborer who worked with his eyes on the clock, the student who studied only just enough to pass, the man who never did more than was required of him; all these deprived themselves of one of the greatest joys of living. After referring to various deeds in the Bible which were done beyond the milestone, Dr. Jones then took up the life of Christ and showed that all his deeds were done in a spirit of love rather than of duty performed, with a willingness to do that removes the fear of compulsion. Dr. Jones is well known here. Whenever he comes something good is expected and it is stating it mildly to say that no one was disappointed.

At 8 p. m. of the same day the annual address to the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations was delivered by Rev. Archibald Johnson, of Thomasville, N. C. Mr. Johnson spoke on the Democratizing Influence of Education.

On Monday, May 27, at 2:30 p. m., a large audience attended the Class Day exercises of the graduating class. This feature of the commencement program was a departure from the usual custom for those were the first class day evercises ever held here. The stage was tastefully decorated with palms, ferns, daisies, and numerous class and college pennants. The following program was rendered in a highly creditable manner:

1. Salutation by President of Class.....J. B. Woosley
2. Class History.....Mary I. White
3. Solo—Three Wishes.....Hazel Harmon
4. Class Oration.....Henry Smith
5. Class Prophecy.....Cassie Mendenhall
6. Solo (Class Poem).....Hazel Harmon
7. Last Will and Testament.....Herbert S. Sawyer
8. Valedictory.....Mamie Lamb

On the whole the exercises were a success in the real sense of the word and we feel sure succeeding classes will continue the practise and make the class day exercises an annual feature.

The Philomathean oratorical contest was held Monday evening at 8 o'clock with Miss Geno Young presiding. In the opinion of those who have been here a number of years this was one of the best contests of the kind ever held here. Each of the six orations showed a great deal of thought, good composition and thorough practise on the part of the speaker.

The program was as follows:

1. Education and Agriculture.....Virginia Helms
2. The Poet Lost.....Anna Davis
3. The Passing of Persia.....Katherine Allen
4. Piano Solo.....Miss Craig
5. The Interpretation of the Beautiful in Architecture
Blanche Futrell
6. The Wealth of Our Swamps.....Eileen Lewis
7. The Challenge of the Church.....Era Lasley
8. Song—Good Night, Sweet Dreams.....Vivian Hobbs

The judges, Rev. Herbert W. Reynolds, Rev. J. Clyde Turner and Mr. Edgar T. Snipes, decided in favor of Miss Eileen Lewis, to whom the prize, an eight-volume set of the Cambridge edition of the Poets, was delivered.

Promptly at 10 a. m., May 28, the regular commencement day exercise began. The auditorium was crowded to its utmost capacity; numbers of extra chairs were brought in, and not a few people who could not get seats elsewhere were provided accommodation on the stage. After the singing of an anthem, "The Glory of Zion," Rev. Harold Turner, of Greensboro, conducted the devotional exercises. The President's report was then followed by the conferring of diplomas, after which the annual address to the graduating class was delivered by Dr. Wilfred P. Mustard, of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Mustard began his address by deploring the tendency of graduating addresses to lay too much stress upon the lions in the pathway of the graduate as he goes out to meet the world rather than to congratulate them for the lions they have already encountered and put to flight. He believed that it should be a time for rejoicing rather than solemn exhortations about how to meet the difficulties of the future. After these introductory remarks, Dr. Mustard

said that as it was customary for the deliverers of addresses to graduating classes to give advice, he wished to advise them to make their reading judicious and systematic, to confine themselves to one subject until they had mastered that subject, not to be too hasty in taking to the popular book of the hour. Then, as an example of what judicious and systematic reading is and will do, he traced the history of pastoral poetry from Theocritus down to the modern writers. Dr. Mustard's address, while not eloquent, was an excellent exhibition of scholarly thoroughness and finish. To those who are interested in this branch of literature it could not but be highly entertaining.

Dr. Mustard's address closed the regular commencement exercises. The remainder of the day's program was devoted to the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of New Garden Boarding School and Guilford College. Governor Kitchin was scheduled to speak first on this program, but was unavoidably delayed so that he was not here when the hour for his speech arrived. The program was readjusted to meet the occasion and Prof. Horace H. Williams, of the State University, who was to have followed the Governor, spoke first. Prof. Williams spoke of the development of the idea of religious freedom from the time when the priest was responsible for the religious affairs of his people to the present when each individual, through the liberty of his conscience, is brought into immediate touch with God without the intervention of dogmas and ceremonies, laying particular emphasis on the work of George Fox in contributing toward this end. He paid a beautiful tribute to the Society of Friends as standing for the spirit of religion rather than its form, exemplifying the "beauty of simplicity, the power of silence, and the principle of heaven."

In the meantime, Gov. Kitchin had arrived. By way of introduction he congratulated Guilford College upon her glorious career of three-quarters of a century. He said that, notwithstanding the fact that it was a characteristic of Friends not to seek the limelight, it was a well known fact that the career of Guilford had been a glorious one. He then called attention to the fact that a great educational revival must have stirred the country 75 years ago, from about which time not only Guilford College, but also Trinity, Davidson, Wake Forest and the Greensboro Female College, date their beginning. The Governor took for his subject, "The Influence of Education 'on Democracy"—not democracy in the partisan sense, but the rule of the people as opposed to tyranny and aristocracy. After one of his characteristically eloquent and entertaining speeches of nearly half an hour in length, in which he said that all the persecutions of which past history is so full were attributable to ignorance—a lack of light—he concluded by referring to the spirit of democracy and the high moral spirit that have always pervaded Guilford College. He said that no college in North Carolina had a higher, purer, cleaner moral atmosphere than Guilford College. Mr. Kitchin's splendid address brought the morning exercises to a close and the audience adjourned for dinner.

After an hour and a half intermission the crowd re-assembled promptly at 2:30 for the afternoon program.

It was greatly regretted that President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College, who was to address the meeting, was too ill to be here. President Few, of Trinity, spoke on the Teacher's Profession, saying that we need fewer mechanical teachers and teachers to whom salary is the primary consideration, and more teachers who are builders endowed with the creative spirit. President Few thought that North Carolina was one of the most fruitful,

if not the most fruitful, field in America for teachers of this character.

Mr. George W. Wilson, of the class of 1892, then delivered the annual alumni address, a delightful mixture of seriousness, reminiscences and wit. He congratulated the school for the wonderful material advancement made during the two decades since his graduation and expressed the belief that the material department had not outrun the other departments of the college work.

The remainder of the afternoon was taken up with various class reunions and a business meeting of the Alumni Association.

At 8 p. m. the Alumni banquet was given at Founder's Hall. The menu which follows was served in a manner and of a quality and quantity highly pleasing to the appetite.

MENU.

"Quaker" Fruit Cocktail	
"King" Olives	"Archdale" Radishes
"Friendly" Almonds	
"Plain" Roast Chicken	Lamb—"Deep River Quarter"
"New Garden" Peas	"Guilford" Jelly
"Alumni" Tomato Salad	
"Faculty" Cheese Wafers	
"Senior" Ice Cream	Candied Cherries
"Founders" Snow Cake	
"Post Graduate" Coffee	"Trustee" Mints

Mr. Wm. A. Blair, of Winston-Salem, served as toast-master and the following toasts were given:

1. Seventy-five Years Ago—Mrs. L. L. Hobbs.

2. The School as I Knew It—Dr. J. H. Stuart.
 3. Today—President L. L. Hobbs.
 4. The Outlook—J. Elwood Cox.
 5. Johns Hopkins and the Friends—Dr. W. P. Mustard.
 6. Moravians and Quakers—Bishop Edward Rondthaler.
 7. Baptists, Quakers, and Schools—President W. L. Poteat.
 8. Friends and Education—Hon. J. Y. Joyner.
 9. Woman—Miss Clara Cox.
 10. Greetings—President H. E. Rondthaler.
Music.
-

The annual baseball game between the Alumni and the students took place at 4 p. m. Monday and resulted in a score of 5 to 0 in favor of the students. The Alumni lost out on bad field work.

Below is a list of the honors and prizes awarded during the year:

Members of the Junior class receiving special honors were Era Lasley and Anna Davis.

Those of the Sophomore class receiving honors were Alma Crutchfield, Olive Smith and Bryant Smith.

Freshman honors were awarded to Matthew Perry.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

The Bryn Mawr scholarship, worth \$400, was won by Cassie Mendenhall.

The Haverford scholarship, worth \$300, was won by John B. Woosley.

The Marvin Hardin scholarship for Sophomores, worth \$60, was won by Olive Smith.

The Philomathean oratorical prize was won by Eileen Davis.

The improvement prize by Margaret White.

The Zatazian oratorical prize was won by Irma Coble.

The improvement prize by Laura Davis.

The Websterian oratorical prize was won by Henry Jackson.

The improvement prize by Roy Mitchell.

The Henry Clay oratorical prize was won by E. H. McBane.

The improvement prize by Paul Taylor.

The prize of \$10 established this year by the college for the best oration on International Peace was won by Bryant Smith. Bryant Smith also won the first prize of \$75 in the Inter-Collegiate Peace oratorical contest at Raleigh.

The Freshman medal for declamation was won by Matthew Perry.

The prizes of \$5 each for the best story and poem written for the Guilford Collegian were awarded respectively to Cassie Mendenhall and Anna Davis.

The prize of \$10 established this year by Prof. Dixon and Mr. W. P. Henley for the best paper on College Patriotism and How to Secure It was awarded to Bryant Smith.

The prize of \$10 given by the Athletic Association for the best all-round athlete was equally divided between Charlie Benbow and Bob Edwards.

The commencement just past has been a notable one, by reason of the ideal weather which prevailed throughout, by reason of the splendid work done during the year as manifested in the commencement exercises, by reason of the many noted men who were in our midst and gave us the benefit of their wisdom and experience, and finally, by reason of its marking the passage of the three-quarter-of-a-century milestone in the history of the institution.

The Mountaineer Statesman

On the records of time in our beloved state, North Carolina, there appear two dates which shall always be a source of a proud and happy memory in our minds. We love the first one because it marks the birth of our greatest statesman; we cherish the second because, in marking the death of this noble one, it leads us to view the panorama of his life, his work, and his achievements. It fills our hearts with gratitude to our Maker that one so noble and so powerful was given us to be a landmark in our history, the pride of our state. Between the dates May 13, 1830, and April 14, 1894, every day that passed records some progress, every week tells of some achievement, every year proclaims the success of this noble character—Zebulon Baird Vance.

Yonder in the western horizon of our state, in the smoky atmosphere of the Blue Ridge Mountains, there where the galax was glistening, where the rhododendrons were blooming, there when the world was bursting with spring, Zeb Vance first opened his eyes to the light of the world, inclined his ear to the singing of the birds, and scented the fragrance of the pure mountain air. There he grew up with the flowers and the high mountain vegetation. Life was a playtime, the world was all sunshine. A two-roomed cottage was his home, the wild animals were his friends, the surrounding woods his world.

Early in life young Vance began to give evidences of native ability. Good blood flowed in his veins. His ancestry stretched far back to the age of William the Conqueror when some of his forefathers were companions of this historical figure, and came over to England with him. Since then the Vances had been lords, dukes, princes and kings. His father and grandfather in this

country had been prominent men in their time. The names of his uncles and great-uncles have gone down in history. His mother was proud of her ancestry and the blood that flowed in her veins. Personal appearance, too, had its effect with him as it always does on a person's life. Personal appearance brought Saul to the throne of Israel; it gave to Charlamagne dominion over the greatest scope of territory ever ruled by one man save Napoleon Bonaparte; it tided Louis XIV through a threatening reign of 72 years; and it helped to promote Washington, step by step, from a rough forest as surveyor to the exalted seat at the head of our nation. This characteristic of Vance won for him many followers and helped to usher him from one successful attainment to another. In form and features he was exceedingly handsome and goodly to look upon. Nearly six feet tall, he weighed at his prime about 230 pounds. His chest was full and heavy, his neck short and thick, his limbs strong, his face broad and wearing a look of intelligence, his head was crowned with a wealth of thick and glossy hair that came down well over his forehead and temples.

The power of oratory was in his voice. That, together with his wit and ever-abundant source of humor, never failed to bring his audience under his immediate sway and win their applause and good favor at every statement. At the twinkle of his eye, the audience would stir with merriment; at a break in his voice, their laughter would be changed to tears.

Nor did his influence wane as he descended from the platform. No people could help but love and be influenced by one who had such a kind and pleasant disposition, such a noble sense of honor, such a regard for the poor and suffering, and such a devotion for the progress and welfare of his mother state, North Carolina.

Young Vance, being determined to make something of

himself by acquiring an education, went to the State University at Chapel Hill. There he made many friends that were constant and true to him through the remainder of his life. He made good at his school work, developing rapidly his rich talent of oratory. After proper training at the University he went back to Asheville, where he began to lead the life of an attorney at law. Success was his lot; everything that he undertook was successful. His wit and humor, his funny anecdotes, his persuasive argument usually won the case for his client. His success as a lawyer soon placed him in great demand in the western portion of the state. His popularity won for him a seat in the legislature at the age of 24. Next he served the state as representative in the national Congress for two terms. War between the South and North came on. Vance was opposed to secession, and fought against it with all his might and main; but when he saw that war was inevitable, he shouldered his gun and marched against the Federal army, as captain of his regiment. He was soon elected colonel of the famous 26th North Carolina regiment that was destined to play so important a role in the battle of Gettysburg. He was not suffered to remain long in the war however, for in 1862 he was elected governor of the state, and by re-election served as state executive through the entire rebellion. It is as governor of the state that Vance is best known to the people of North Carolina. Wise in all his policies, brave in carrying out his convictions, considerate of the suffering women and children at home, constant in his energy of maintaining the honor of the state, he served us as no other North Carolinian could have done. All through the Civil War, as pilot at the wheel, he guided the Old Ship of State, he steered for still water under a clear, blue sky, he stilled the mad frothing waves that lashed

against her sides, and steering clearing of the rocks and billows anchored her in the harbor of safety.

When the war was over, Vance again gave his name as a candidate for governor and for the third time was elected. In 1878 he was elected to the United States Senate and served as a member of that austere body until his death. Should you ask whether his humor and merriment, not being vogue in this body, placed him among the minor members of the Senate, you need only refer to the record of his speeches made there, and not how often they occasioned applause. Should you ask whether he accomplished ought for his state by his presence in the Senate, you have only to refer to history and see where he carried measures, where he served on important committees, and where he was elected for three successive terms, lasting till his death. Should you ask whether he stood in high favor and maintained the esteem of his fellow Senators, but merely read the numerous eulogies delivered by them in the Senate chamber at the time of his death. Not only did these eulogies give voice to the grief of the Senators but they expressed the sorrow felt by the people of the entire South. /

When his dead body made the tour from Washington through Raleigh to its final resting place in Asheville, the entire state went in mourning. Old soldiers traveled miles to get one more glimpse of their old captain. Poor widows came to reverence the corpse of the one who had been such a friend to them. The ablest of Carolina's statesmen bowed their heads in humility before the dead body of one who had proven himself a man. Two magnificent monuments have been erected, one at Raleigh and one at Asheville, but they are only slight tokens of the great love, admiration, and reverence that we feel for this great statesman.

This noble man has been dead for a number of years,

but the influence of his life is still fresh among us. His soul has long since passed to a better world, but we still hear the echo of the arch-angel's voice saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" His having lived in the world has given him a warm place in the hearts of the people; it has made North Carolina a better and more noble state; it has won for him a high place in the history of great men—a name that will live on and on while nations rise and fall, while worlds pass out of existence, while the corridors of time become worn and delapidated with age, for there is no memory that we cherish more, love more, and honor more than that of our greatest statesman, Zebulon Baird Vance.

E. H. M.



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VOL. XXV.

Commencement Number

No. 1

Editorial

History is ever continuous. From the creation of the world, we have history, at first traditional and then authentic. Today, we both as individuals and as a nation are making history. Who knows but that our actions may change the whole course of history? Is it not then

A Plea for a Current Event Club for Women.

important that we should know and not only know but also think and consider what the world is doing today? Should we not keep up with our times by reading good current literature?

There is a tendency among the girls to pass over the newspapers and periodicals and read fiction. They say that these are not interesting or rather that they do not care what happens out in the world—that such things do not effect them. But it does effect them and moreover it will effect history and the progress of the world. The future political, religious and social welfare of our nation depends upon our knowledge of what is going on around us. If a good movement is started then we should know about it and use our influence to make it lasting. On the other hand if it is a bad one then should we not use our influence to defeat it?

When we come to think about it, this lack of interest among our girls is depolrable. The other day a girl said she was a Republican. A little farther on in the conversation she told me she was for Woodrow Wilson. I happened to say I was glad she was, for the best man even though he were a Democrat. "What," she exclaimed, "is not Wilson a Republican?" This girl is an upper classman. She is not alone by any means. After the last set of orations the other night two or three of us were talking them over. One remarked during the conversation that she did not know that there was or had been any trouble in Persia. If these girls had read the papers they would not have had to confess their ignorance in any such manner. If this ignorance continue what will become of our country? Something must be done.

There is at least one solution for this problem. Awake girls! Let us throw off this yoke of indifference and ignorance! Let us organize a current event club! Let

us keep up with our times! Shall we allow ourselves to go out from this institution clothed in ignorance as to the great movement before the world at the present time.

Girls, think of this during the summer months. Get interested in some of the great problems confronting the world and above all come back to Guilford next fall with a determination to organize a current event club and get acquainted with the world.

Along with the old true sayings, "Work while you work" and "play while you play," there should be added one of similar form and meaning, "*Live While You Live*" ing, "Live while you live."

This does not mean to encourage or to uphold a worldly, epicurean view of life. On the other hand it does not encourage the exclusion of all pleasures. But it does mean, however, to distinguish between the real pleasures of life and the hollow, superficial pleasures—between the duties which count for much and those of minor importance. This art of distinguishing between the real and the imitation of the real is not a common one. How many people spend their life striving for material gain as an end without seeing that it is only a means to an end. How often this servitude to material duty cuts people off from real living, keeps them from seeing the beautiful in nature, the richness in literature and the worth in the people about them. Life is short at its very best; so as thoughtful people we ought to strive for the best and highest in life and not to lose the best by squandering our whole life on secondary matters. We ought to do the duties which make for life in the highest sense, and enter heartily into pleasures which are real and make life more worth while.

Exchanges

Of the magazines that come to us this month, "The Wake Forest Student" is one of the best. The number of articles in this magazine makes it instructive as well as entertaining. "Some of Shakspeare's Clowns" contains good criticism. It shows a study and an appreciation of the comic element in Shakspeare's plays. All the poems are good, but the rythm of "My Bride" makes it superior to the other two. The detailed description and the entertaining style makes "The Solution of His Greatest Problem" an excellent story. The substitution of simple words for many of the prevailing long ones in "The P. O. M. E." would make this story more interesting, for the simplicity of Anglo-Saxon words is usually more suggestive to the average reader than long colorless ones of French extraction. The editorial department, although not up to the standard of the rest of the magazine, is worthy of mention.

"The Illusionist," though short, is the best poem in "The Trinity Archive." The other three poems are, however, very creditable. The author of "Lying" could have more profitably used the time spent in writing this article. The public is already well enough informed on this subject. "The Philosophy of a College Student" is well worth reading. If every student would put in practice the advice in the last paragraph of this article, college standards would be raised. "Durch Ewigkeit" is a story that appeals to almost every one. The description is vivid. The reader can clearly see Felicia as she stands on the mountain side meditating and can almost hear her repeat on her way home, "Ich liebe dich zur Ewigkeit."

"Two Leap-Year Letters" are interesting. The magazine is lacking, however, in editorials and jokes.

"The Lenorian" is not as good a magazine as one would expect from the Junior class of a college. It lacks fiction and verse. The meter of the poem entitled "The Builders" is not suited to the subject matter. "A Proclamation" is a good article and shows a commonsense view of the subject treated. The editorials are good.

The first thing that is noticed about the State Normal Magazine is the beautiful and attractive cover. The stories in it are a little longer than those in the other exchanges we have received this month. But when they are read it is quite evident that the length in no way detracts from the value of them. Indeed, it only proves the ability of the authors in this line, because it is a known fact that it takes more skill and greater literary knowledge to write an interesting long story than an interesting short one. The plot of each is well handled. The essays are well chosen, but they lack a depth of thought. The real merit that one would expect of such subjects is not apparent. The poems are short but excellent.

The Earlhamite contains a splendid characterization of John La Farge. When we have finished it we feel that we are well acquainted with his main qualities. The story is also good. The editorial has a healthy ring to it. It shows that there is a wide-awake student at the college who wants others to realize a common fault.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges and also hope that we will receive them next year: "The Buff and Blue," "The College Reflector," "The Trinity

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

Archive," "The Comenian," "Central College Magazine," "M. H. Aerolith," "The Penn Chronicle," "The Haverfordian," "The Oracle," "The William and Mary Literary Magazine," "The Ides," "The Red and White," "Mercury," "Gettysburg Academy Ides," "U. of Tenn. Magazine," "The Blue and White," "The Crescent," "Davidson College Magazine," "The Erskinian," "The Pacific Friend," "Tileston Topics," "The Acorn."

Personals and Locals

Teacher—"When did the revival of learning begin?"

Pupil—"Just before exams."—Ex.

Russian Official—"You cannot stay in this country."

Traveller—"Then I'll leave it."

Russian Official—"Have you got a passport to leave?"

Traveller—"No."

Russian Official—"Then you cannot leave. I will give you 24 hours to decide what to do."—Ex.

A pious minister once explained—"My mission is to save men."

Whereupon an old maid burst out—"Save one for me, please."—Ex.

"Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of my sausages I bought here last week?"

"My dear madam, the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere."

Lois (studying for Chemistry final)—"I just know I'm going to 'flunk' for I can feel the little flunks sitting out all over me."

Pack! Pack!! Pack!!! 'Tis all one sees or hears in Founder's these days.

Who took the make-up exam. on Chemistry Monday, May 27? "Adw."

Bad to Chem. students who talk in the Lab.* 50 is their "star" grade on final exam.

Emerson (showing a visitor around the campus pointed out Prof. White's cottage with the remark)—"Prof. White lives there, he's the treasury of Guilford College."

Fike, the invulnerable, has fallen a victim to the charms of "Ethyl of Troy."

Geno (reading Miss Allen's name out of her Shakspeare book)—"I wouldn't have a name like that."

Kate—Neither would I if I could change it.

Who said they came home from the train on May 24th with a bill of lading for one "wash tub?"

"Wedding bells, sweet wedding bells!!" Who says they can't ring around G. C.? Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hoyos on their "honeymoon" to Cuba.

And still they come! Who? The flies and mosquitoes—and more folks!!!

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The Guilford Collegian.

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OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 2

THAT PARROT OF OURS.

That parrot of ours was a holy terror. Yes, a holy terror—I know of no better word or words in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary that would describe her better. Why she kept us on the go from morning to night, and when we were not running around after her we were living in fear lest she was playing havoc with some of our choicest possessions. Polly reigned supreme from the time she came until she left. She went everywhere and was into everything.

But you say why did we not keep her in a cage or chained? Yes, why didn't we? Well, just simply because we could not. Putting her in a cage was merely givnig her a few hours' amusement and us—a few hours of peace and—a few dollars thrown away. But, ah! how sweet were those few hours of peace. Then we knew where polly was, and then, too, we knew that our flowers, our books, our everything—in the house and outside too—were safe.

At last, after she had destroyed several cages, we decided to chain her. Yes, here was a way to keep polly out of meanness. We bought a nice light chain, got a good strong leather band to go around her leg and chained her. Then we all sat down close by so that we could see the fun. Ha! ha! Miss Polly wouldn't enjoy that very much we knew. For a few minutes she acted like a fish out of water. (Now we had that old parrot where she could not bother us any more.) But soon she began to examine the leather band and yes actually before we knew what she was about, that bird had cut the band from around her foot and was walking about as big as you please.

With all her faults, Polly was a fine bird. She was an ex-

cellent talker—that is when she wanted to talk. People from all over town and the surrounding country came to hear her. And do you suppose she would say one word. No, not a bit of it. Hundreds and hundreds of times have I worked and worked—done everything I knew how to do to get that bird to talk, but all in vain. Not a word could I get her to say until she had tired of the visitors and then she would signify her desire that they would leave by saying “good-bye.” Then let them start to go and polly would begin. At first it was only a repeatedly “good-bye” and then after they would get down the street a little way such another spell of talking as she would have.

Polly could say anything that she wanted to. It did not take her long to learn all our names nor much longer to imitate our tones of voice. Many are the times that I have stopped playing, listened to make sure it was mamma calling me and then when I was positive that it was she, just to be a little more sure, called out before I went into the house, “Did you call me mamma?” And to the “Oh, Susan, hurry quick!” or something to that effect, I would rush into the house wondering what could be the matter that mamma was in such a hurry. In the house from room to room I would go until I found mamma, quietly talking, sewing or otherwise engaged. By that time I was usually beginning to doubt whether it had been mamma after all.

“What’s the matter mamma? Did you call me? What do you want?” all in the same breath would cause mamma to look up and reply:

“Why there is nothing the matter with me. No I did not call. It must have been polly, I heard her calling you a few minutes ago.”

I was not however the only victim of polly. The whole family suffered in like manner at her hands. More than once mamma has run to the front door to see whether some of the neighbors were calling her, and more than once my little brother has come home from some neighbor’s house to see what mamma wanted only to find that polly had been calling.

One morning, Jim, my older brother, chanced to be up one end of town collecting. As he was walking along the street, he heard the cry of "Fire, fire, hurry, hurry up!" He stopped, Again he heard the cry, this time more exciting and distressing. The sound came from the direction of our home. "Was it our house," he thought. "Yest it must, that was mamma calling." He quickened his pace. Still he heard the cries of "Fire, fire," but he began to reason. "There was no disturbance, surely the fire bell would ring." Then all of a sudden the truth dawned upon him. It was one of polly's favorite pastimes to get out on the front fence and hollow "fire" just as loud as she could.

Polly was fearless; that is, with one exception. She was scared to death of our old cow. If polly was on the back fence near the gate and she would happen to see one of us leading the cow toward the gate, she would start out as fast as she could and never stop until she reached the other end of the fence. The reason for this was as follows: One afternoon, all of us (polly and the old cow included) were out in the back yard. We were laughing and talking and enjoying the cool air of a late summer afternoon. Polly was enjoying it too. At the same time she was trying to out talk us. The old cow was contentedly grazing in the back yard. We, including the old cow, were minding our own business and bothering no one. Polly was trying to look after everybody's business. It was the old cow that finally brought her down a peg or two. She (polly, of course) talked, she laughed, she sang, she cried, she whistled, she barked like a dog. She did everything she could think of, still no one paid her any attention. She paused a few moments and then she started up again with, "Oh! Jim, Jim, oh! Jim, come on and water the cow. Oh! Jim, the old cow is so thirsty, come, give her some water. Hurrpy up, Jim!" By this time the old cow was grazing pretty close to polly. All of a sudden she gave a toss of her head and landed polly just about as far as she could send her. After that polly always managed to see that a considerable space separated her and the old cow.

In many respects polly was like an Indian. She was stubborn, mean and treacherous. She would climb up on the top of the house or fly up in some tree, and get her down—well no, we couldn't, not until she got ready to descend. More than once have we had to get some one to climb after her.

You never knew just how to take that old parrot. You would call her to come to you and she would start. Why, you would think that she was just dying to get on your hand or to have you pet her. When lo, she would bite you and bite you again. You hardly knew whether something had bitten or stung you, or whether you had picked up a piece of red hot iron. At any rate, you had a great desire to strike back and this you usually did. Polly never forgot an insult. One afternoon shortly after we got her, a friend of mine thought that she would have a little fun at polly's expense. Polly got mad and never did she make friends with that girl. I have actually seen her run the girl off our front porch.

It is said that no matter how mean a person or thing is, yet there is some good in them. Polly was no exception to this rule; but I will admit that I did not always admire her methods. My brothers and I were very careless about throwing our hats, coats and books just anywhere when we came into the house. My brothers, after having several new hats cut up so they could not wear them and after having all the buttons removed from their overcoats, and I after several coats and books had shared a similar fate, began to be more careful about our things and to put them out of polly's way.

As I have said before it was impossible to keep flowers and the like. Every flower that mamma would plant or set out sooner or later would come under the list of things which polly had cut down. I have seen mamma watch and work with her flowers to keep them out of polly's way, when lo, she would forget them some day and polly would do the rest.

Time and time again we tried to start an orchard, but, alas, all in vain. Let the trees just begin to grow in the spring and polly would strip them of all their smaller limbs as well as

their last leaf. One day mamma found polly stripping one of her fine young peach trees of all its limbs. Polly had been doing lots of damage lately and mamma had taken just about as much as she could stand.

"Oh, polly, you are a grand old rascal," she said.

Polly threw her head to one side, blinked her eyes and calmly replied: "I know it."

"POLY."



WHO PLAYED THE LEADING PART?

"Well, I guess I'll be on time," said Madge to herself, as she picked up her books and walked quickly out of the broad hall and followed the winding path which threaded its way in and out among the trees down to the village street. "It's only a quarter till eight, but it will take some time to decide on the parts in the play, and early morning is such a good time to work."

By this time she was walking briskly along the street, shoulders back, head high, eyes sparkling and every nerve in her lithe young body tingling with the delightful sensation of being alive. She drew in a long breath of pure sweetness as she looked about her. The maples were clothed in a soft mist of living green, and from behind them peeped fruit trees, bursting into a cloud of delicately tinted, blushing pink and snow white blossoms. The sunlight fell in broad golden patches across the old-fashioned lawns and wide graveled street. A gentle breeze wafted the song of the birds into her very heart.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled,
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

The world indeed looked bright to Madge. All the sadness that had come into her life came when she was too young to realize it. Her parents had died before she could remember, and at the age of six she was taken to live in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, a well-to-do family in an old Southern town. They almost idolized Madge and had granted every in-

dulgence her childish fancy had craved. Now at seventeen she was slender, graceful, attractive in feature and form—especially attractive this morning in her fresh sailor suit of blue linen and her broad blue hat. Yes, all the world looked bright to Madge. Just this morning she had decided on the last of her commencement dresses. Her wardrobe was now complete, and she had just what she wanted. What can bring greater satisfaction than this to the heart of any wide-awake girl of seventeen who loves "pretty things?" And, too, she knew the other girls in her class had decided to let her marshal at the time she wanted to and with whom she wanted to during commencement week. And now this morning the parts in the play were to be assigned, and she would probably be given the most important one. She knew that Jack was to be leading man in the play and she was intensely anxious to have the heroine's part.

"Let's see," mused Madge, "the heroine must be pretty, graceful and able to sing well. My voice isn't as good as Lucy's, but my eyes are as blue, my complexion as fair, my form as good and carriage as graceful, but Lucy—

"Some violets, Madge, to match your eyes," came a voice close to her side. Madge turned to see Frank Brown gracefully offering her a handful of delicate beauties. Madge had already reached the High School building and was pausing at the top of the great stone steps to enjoy the beauty and freshness of the scene about her, when Frank broke in upon her reveries.

"Thank you, Frank, they are beauties," she said, looking up into his eyes with an expression which more than paid him for the dainty tribute.

"Yes, indeed, they are beauties," he answered, gazing significantly into the depths of her deep violet eyes.

"O, I meant the flowers," she retorted coloring.

"So did I," came the mischievous reply.

"Well, you needn't have looked at me so significantly then."

"I can't help that when I look at you."

"Hello there!" came a third voice. Frank gave an impatient grunt, but Madge turned gaily to greet Jack.

"Hey Mad, is that you under that great palmetter? What in the name of Virgil did you wear that thing on your head for. You ought to get the advantage of some of this spring air and sunshine and flower scents," he said, giving the hat a tweak.

"Oh, Jack, quit! You'll get my hair all out of shape, and I had such a time getting it fixed in the new style," scolded Madge.

"Pshaw the 'new' is what you want and I only bothered the style. Say," he continued, "all the other dignataries have arriv' and we'd better go in if we want a finger in de pie."

"Miss Madge, I presume we'd better first decide whether you or Lucy is to be heroine," said Prof. Ainslie soon after Madge entered the room, accompanied by Jack and Frank.

Then followed a discussion with the members of the faculty and Madge as the chief participants. Lucy was absent, for she could not spare the time to come at such an early hour.

"Well, now," continued Prof. Ainslie, "the actress in question should be pretty and graceful, and be able to sing and to act. Both girls fulfilled the first two of the requirements reasonably well. As for the two later Madge has had more experience in acting, and Lucy has the superior voice."

"Yes, they are both pretty and graceful enough for that part," spoke up Miss Wight, "and either is competent of acting the part satisfactorily, but I heard this play last year and the most effective part was the singing. No one can fail to recognize the unusual beauty and power of Lucy's voice, and it will be such an advertisement for Lucy, as she wants to get a place in the city this summer. We all know how much that would mean to her. Madge would be Lenore in the play just beautifully, and I am sure she is so generous, that she will be willing for Lucy to have the leading part."

"What do you say, Madge? It will mean quite a deal of work for either of you," questioned Prof. Ainslie.

"I am sure it will mean quite a deal of work for either of

us," replied Madge, sweetly, "and poor Lucy has so much to do at home, perhaps it would be better for her to sing between the acts. I shall have plenty of time to study and practice my part in the play, and I will have Prof. Strassburgh from the city to train me for the song. I shall do all I can to make it a success."

"Under those conditions, I presume it will be best for you to take the part, Miss Madge. You are very generous with your time and talents, and I am sure you will do your best, which is never anything small," heartily responded the dignified Professor. "I presume that under the circumstances we all think it is best to give Miss Madge Hunter the leading part. We are anxious for the play to be a success, as it is such a good one and has been so highly recommended by Prof. Strassburgh, there will doubtless be quite a crowd here from the city and surrounding country. It is essential that we have as leading character the very best our High School can afford. I hope every one thinks we have made a wise selection." He looked questioningly at Miss Wight—every one else apparently had consented.

Miss Wight, the elocution teacher, was a broad-minded, gentle woman. She spoke in her usual gentle, yet firm voice:

"Madge usually succeeds at whatever she undertakes. If she thinks that Prof. Strassburgh will train her voice so she can render the songs, I am sure the other parts will be an easy matter for her. Yet I say again I am sorry for Lucy to miss this chance, and as there is so much singing in the play, I fear it will be detrimental to have any more between the acts. But I am willing to abide by the decision of the majority and to help wherever I can."

"Miss Wight," began Madge with her winning smile, "Lucy is certainly richly endowed with a loyal friend. I am sure that her singing is always enjoyed and appreciated and will prove detrimental to nothing, except my reputation as a vocalist."

In spite of her outward calm and assurance, Madge's mind was somewhat troubled with thoughts of Lucy, but she reso-

lutely cast them aside and filled her mind with visions of herself on the stage in elaborate evening dresses and dainty afternoon frocks, with Jack and herself as central figures

"He can't fail to recognize my attractiveness then," thought Madge, and then she bit her lip at the realization of her conceit. But she calmly hung up her hat, fluffed out her dark puffs and smiled happily as she met Jack in the hall.

"O, you've got off your palmetter now, so you can show your new style have you?" began Jack teasingly.

"I thought you were going to say something about my part in the play," she replied.

"Oh, yes, I forgot, please allow me to extend my sympathy."

"Oh, I know, Jack," said Madge in a disappointed tone, as she turned to go up to the auditorium. He thinks I should have given the part to Lucy. He looks at the principle of things so much."

"Well, you may be sure there are many who are glad you have it," answer Sadie, who adored Madge. Already the girls were surrounding Madge and heaping upon her compliments and congratulations.

"Madge you'll be perfectly beautiful," "Everybody will be crazy about you," "You're an ideal heroine," such were her greetings and she felt very much gratified.

A little later Arthur Thorne came up and extended his hand. "Allow me to congratulate you. I knew you would have the place. I talked to Uncle Robert (Prof. Ainslie) last night. I told him that you were positively the only one for the place, and that as public opinion was for you, you should have it."

"O, thank you Arthur," exclaimed Madge, with real feeling in her tone.

"You will be ready for that ride into the city this afternoon, Madge? All right, I'll have the car around at four-thirty sharp," he said with his usual assurance, not waiting for any reply.

"Yes, I'll be ready promptly this time. I want to see Prof. Strassburgh today," answered Madge, as she went into the class room.

C. M. P., '14.

(To be continued.)

HARRIS BRISTOW.

The death of Harris Bristow, September 16th, has brought sorrow to many Guilfordians. While many years have passed since he was a student at Guilford, he has visited the college from time to time since, and renewed old friendships and formed new ones. Every one who knew him loved him. He always seemed to be in vigorous health, and was of a most cheerful and kindly disposition.

His interest in Guilford hardly knew any limit. Any addition to the equipment, or to the resources of the college was learned by him with great pleasure; and he himself contributed to the needs of the institution. Recently when it was decided that a new dormitory would be built, he gave money enough to furnish in an adequate way the rooms to be occupied by the officer in charge of the young men who have rooms in Cox Hall.

Harris Bristow was noted for his generous spirit and for a remarkable devotion to the welfare of those whom he met along the pathway of life. His keen sense of justice, his frankness and courage, his breadth of comprehension, and his quick insight into social and political problems fitted him, in a very marked degree, for a large place of usefulness in his county and state.

The report of his death was a great shock to his many friends at Guilford, and the COLLEGIAN makes this record with a deep sense of loss.

THY SAINTLY EYES, ELLANE.

Beyond life's turbid maze of care,
Without the pale of doubt and pain,
I know a port where sweet rest lies,
Nor knows sin's surge, 'tis in thy eyes,
Thy soul-soft eyes, Ellane.

Beyond the thick and scorching heat,
Beyond life's dreary desert's main,
I know a spring where fresh peace lies
To soothe tired souls—'tis in thy eyes,
Thy pure, deep eyes, Ellane.

And oft, and oft I've sought that port,
And fain would in its rest remain;
And oft, and oft by want made wise
I've quenched my thirsts deep in thy eyes,
Thy clear, pure eyes, Ellane.

And couldst thou come to me tonight,
And hold me close, nor scorn my stain,
My yearning, restive soul would rise
To meet the Heaven in thy eyes,
Thy saintly eyes, Ellane.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT—HARRIS S. BRISTOW.

Whereas, The Father in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call to His presence one of our former loyal members, Harris S. Bristow, we, the members of the Henry Clay Literary Society, recognizing in him a worthy representative of the purpose for which our organization stands; honest, upright, and useful citizenship, and sharing the grief of those nearest him, desire to express our genuine sorrow in the loss of such a powerful force in the promotion of individual and public welfare and to pay high tribute to his memory as such.

To the grief-stricken wife and children we extend our sincerest sympathy, feeling that their loss will leave in our ranks an irreparable void. To his departed spirit we bid a god-speed.

We order that this expression be enrolled upon our minutes and copies sent to the family of the deceased and to the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for publication.

September 27, 1912.

Committee on behalf of the Society,

D. D. CARROLL,

R. J. M. HOBBS,

S. S. NELSON.

The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials.

Self-Reliance. Any student would be offended if he were called dishonest; yet there are some students in nearly every institution of learning who deserve to be called dishonest. The term "rogue" is usually applied to that person who steals some material thing from another, but does not the student who copies his classmate's note-book, who turns his Cicero or Livy into an interlinear translation so that he may

be able to read fluently on class without studying his lesson, and who even copies from the text book on examination, deserve this title? He is certainly stealing—stealing both from his classmate and himself. He is robbing his classmate of the distinction which his own self-reliance should gain, and himself of his reputation, of his self-confidence, and of his opportunities to improve his mind. Men and women of experience tell us that the place to lay the foundation of life is in school. If this is true, it is certainly time for each student to decide whether he will lay a foundation for his life that will crumble quickly, or one that will not wear out in time. The latter is obtained by self-reliance. Therefore, may each new student at Guilford, as well as each old one, realize that it is better to get a “D” on his own work than an “A” on that of somebody else.

Be Frank. Nothing could be so beneficial to the whole student body as a resolution put into effect by each student to be perfectly frank. If one stops a moment to consider the question, it is easily apparent that very few people are really and truly themselves except when they are alone. This is not as it should be. If simulation could be discarded and each student could stand before his fellow students, his teachers and the world as he really is, what a change there would be in the ease of friendship, scholarship and in the general welfare of all concerned. If such frankness existed, there would be less trouble in choosing between the high and the low things of life, between the friendships which are worthy and those which are unworthy, between scholarship and pretended learning. Simulation at its very best is only partial, yet if it could be wholly done away with, and if in its stead there could come true frankness, there would be more success and less truth in the lines:

“O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true.”

Wasted Time. In every college there are always a number of students who are inclined to be careless or negligent in the employment of their time. These students put much emphasis on the present, but seldom stop to look into the future. They seem not to realize the necessity of preparing themselves here in college in order to meet better the requirements in later life; but rather "live and have a good time, while young," is their motto. But psychology teaches us that habits are chiefly formed during the first twenty years of life, and that during our college days the habit-forming period is at its height. How, then, shall we form the habit of employing that most valuable part of life—our time? As students at this institution, shall we pass away our time this year in loafing around the stores, reading joke-books and cheap novels, or in indulging in other wasteful practices? Most emphatically no! Every student will admit that such an expenditure of his time is inexpedient, unprofitable and wasteful. Not only does that person who is negligent of time and its employment, injure himself, but more often he is found to be a general disturber of the peace and welfare of others. It is he who, with nothing-to-do during study-hours, disturbs other students either by loud talking, or singing, or by lounging in the rooms of other fellows. Not only idle himself, but moreover keeping others from work, he is the man who proves to be a breaker of promises, a know-nothing in class, a serious annoyance to the faculty, and in the end a failure, while with just a little care in the economical use of his time he would secure a good grade and standing, as well as sufficient leisure for pleasurable amusements. Then let us as students, economize in our time, drive our work instead of being driven by it, and bear in mind that hard and consistent study always leads to success. In the words of the poet:

"Then if thou lovest life,
Do not squander time;
For that's the stuff life's
Made of."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

We are delighted to tell to all readers of THE COLLEGIAN that our Y. W. C. A. is really doing things that are worth while. We have succeeded in enrolling all but three of the students. Our Bible Classes have entered into their work with very little friction and everybody seems filled with that even tenor of interest which is much more apt to last than the undue and excitable enthusiasm which often occurs in the beginning. All the cabinet with the exception of the social chairman, Margaret Cox, returned. In her place we elected Tecy Beaman, who we think can ably help carry on the social functions of the year. We have already had one general social besides the opening reception. In spite of the fact that the rain changed some of the plans, the opening reception still seemed to be a success. A little G. C. booklet and pencil was given to each student in which he was to get as many autographs as possible. By the help of this little scheme we tried to see that each new student met all other students.

The committees have all been revised and we hope that each girl will be willing to do her part. The finance committee has already reported that our systematic giving amounts to about ten dollars more in the year than usual and that the collection for the first month has been very successful. We have included in our annual budget the ten dollars for the support of Miss Sharpless' Sunday School class in Japan and we hope to send it to her soon. The Association also plans to give to its girls a picnic at the Battle Ground early in October. We have done this before, and though it costs us no little amount of money, we still feel that it pays in the long run.

We are very anxious to make some improvements in our Association room in the way of a sectional book case and similar things. We also hope to help buy a curtain for the stage at Memorial Hall. Owing to these facts we are already planning for our Play, Bazaar and Sales.

The religious meetings committee has been very prompt and

faithful in securing leaders and having them posted in ample time. Along with this I might say that the poster committee has not failed so far to have our meetings published as early as could be wished and due partly to this fact our Association room is filled at each Thursday evening prayer meeting.

We are very happy in having our work begin so nicely and we pray that the interest may not fail but increase.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Almost every former member of our Y. M. C. A. who returned this fall did so with renewed strength, zeal, and enthusiasm; with a determination to aid all they could in bringing about a true Christian spirit among the men. The various committees have been energetically planning their work for this term. All the new students were given hand-books by some member of the committee on new students which met all the trains.

The Y. M. C. A. rally was held at the first regular meeting of the Association. At this time the president gave a short talk in which he set forth the aims of the local organization and after his talk various members of the Association spoke briefly of its influence over them. Then following the meeting a canvass was made for new members which resulted in the enrollment of all except eight, a part of whom we hope to have soon. This we consider to be a good record and we trust and believe it can be maintained.

The social given by the two Associations to the new students took place on the evening of the seventh, and despite the fact that a little shower broke into the plans of the social committee, the social was from many standpoints a success. This phase of college life is considered important and it is the hope of the two Associations so to regulate the social functions of the institution, as best to suit the needs of the students and meet the approval of the higher authorities.

The Bible study is very favorably organized, and is now in

good running order. We are working these classes on the same plan as we have for the past two years, namely, having them in the place of Sunday School under the auspices of the two Associations. We found during the past two years that more real interest was manifested and thus more good accomplished than ever before. It is the hope that every man in college will recognize the great value of Bible study and seek to make this phase of Y. M. C. A. work still more beneficial.

There has been a change in the personnel of the cabinet owing to the vacancy created by the marshal's failure to return to the college. This vacancy has been filled by Roy C. Mitchell.

We are aiming to make this year the most successful year that the Y. M. C. A. has had, but to do this we need the whole-hearted support of every man connected with the Association, and above all, we need the help of Christ. Then let us look to our Heavenly Father for advice and guidance, remembering that "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

SOCIALS! SOCIALS!

The opening social, which is held the first Saturday night of the fall term, took place this year on September 7, and was greatly enjoyed by all. As the students, old and new, filed in, they were given a blank book and told to get the name of every one they met. This afforded much fun, for it kept the crowd busy and mixed up. Because of the storm we were unable to hold the social on the campus, and according the Society Halls and parlors were thrown open for the occasion. Among the old students who attended were Annie Benbow, '11, Annie and Ed. Benbow, Gertrude Frazier of '10, Baxter Sellars, Will Holt, of '10; Thomas Covington, of '11; Jennie Bulla, of '11; Wilson Hobbs, of '07; Richard Hobbs, of '09; Robert Doak, of '09, and Geno Young, of '12.

A new boy at the above social presented his book to Annie Riddick Benbow with the request that she write her name. Annie wrote "Mrs. Ed. P. Benbow" with a flourish and returned the book. The boy gave one look and with the exclamation, "Lordy, she's married," he vanished into thin air and was seen there no more.

A social was also held on Saturday, September 14, on the campus at Guilford College. Sofa pillows were scattered around and the lights revealed new and old faces grouped around or strolling about, two and two. Games of all sorts were played and many of the Guilford songs were sung. The party broke up about 9.30 and a "good time" was the unanimous vote of all.

The Seniors had a very enjoyable little social on the evening of September 10, when they met at Founder's Hall and went in a body down to Anna Davis' to eat watermelons. The day was hot and the cool melons were a most welcome treat. The Senior class extends hearty thanks to its kind hostess.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Will Welch, of the class of '08, and Elizabeth Winslow were married on September 18, 1912, at Belvidere, N. C.

Elmina Wilson recently made a present of two pictures to Guilford College. One is done in colors; both pictures are of what all G. C. knows of as the "Revolutionary Oak," which stands in the graveyard now. Both pictures are neatly framed.

Janie Brown, of the class of '11, is at Corinth Academy, Va., this winter.

Grant Otwell, of the same class, is in Wilmington, N. C.

Mamie Lamb, of '12, is the principal of Belvidere Academy, at Belvidere, N. C., for this coming year.

Flora White, of '11, is at Sallenburg with Alma Edwards, of '07, and Mollie (Roberts) Jones, of '96.

Alice Woody, of the class of '09, and Alva Lindley, of '08, were married at Guilford College in June, 1912.

Ovid Jones, of '08, is at Columbia taking a further course in law this winter.

WELCOME.

A greeting to every student new,
THE COLLEGIAN is pleased to extend
We want co-operation
And to call each one a friend.

If I find trouble in rhyming
I hope you'll pardon me,
I'm not so very expert
As you no doubt will see.

The Bulla boy with Farlow
And Beeson for Sophia stand,
Then come Ballinger and Perry,
And the Blanchards from Woodland

Harold Budd's from Siler City,
While Reece Bell comes from Troy,
And to see another Benbow
Fills Frances' heart with joy.

Miss Braxton and Bess Guthrie
We find from Snow Camp, near,
And Edwin Carroll from Mispah
And Cranford, we're glad you're here.

Helen East and Tuthill are from
The city of N. Y.,
And still there's Josie Coble
And Mary Doan so spry.

J. Creel and Mary Daniels
Are the next we find enrolled,
And while each keep on coming
We'll have no room to scold.

Miss Cude and Kathryn Dorsett
 From Colfax and Farmer are cast,
 While Kerns came in just lately,
 In fact, I believe he's last.

Davis and Moore from Genoa
 (The one in our own state),
 While Winston-Salem gives us
 Mobley, Penry and Lloyd Pate

Bernice and Margaret Hodgin
 Are sisters, so they say;
 And we hope that they, and others,
 Will like us and all stay.

Deans, by name Arabella,
 So very quiet seems,
 While in contrast is Will Futrell,
 Whose wit and humor gleams.

"Phil" Garner and Essie Hedgepeth
 Help to swell the G. C. tide,
 And also Earlsie Hudson,
 May they all here abide.

We have Misses Sallie Hyatt
 and Reece, whose eyes are blue,
 Also Christina Marshall
 And Morris, and the Troxlers, two.

Murry and Laughlin, both Beulahs—
 To you some space I lend,
 And to "Rufe" Neece who comes here
 For one year at least to spend.

I find a few more students left,
Among them Sharpe and Swan,
And I want to get all mentioned
Ere my inspiration's gone.

So here's to Rhera Newlin,
And Nichols and Nannie Payne,
And Raper and Archie Riddick
Come in for a share just the same.

Miss Robertson and Dorothy Stuart,
And Smith, and Strang, and Voss,
Grace Taylor and Mamie Ulrich,
All want to be their boss.

Giles Thomas and Lola Thompson
And E.J. Sampson, the strong,
With Elizabeth Walters, the baby,
And Exum White come along.

My list is nearly completed
With Carl Stewart from Tennessee,
So I will bring it to a close
With R. E. Zachary.

Now we've left just Cecil Warsham
And New Hampshire J. D. Wood,
And now I think I'll end this
(I'd sooner if I could).

Along with my introduction,
My apologizes I send,
For sure as I's a livin'
Dis here poetry's 'gwin to end.

CLIPPINGS.

SAYINGS OF ISAAC FIKESPIEGELHAUSER.

"Lo, I am with you alway"—Pass that Casey Jones.

"Man cannot live by bread alone"—Throw the butter at me.

When a man tells me what he is going to do to me I don't generally wait until he does it

It always pays to follow up a hot track.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "G. C. COURIER."

The new well will be finished in 1930. We hope those who attend Guilford then will have plenty of water.

Cathleen Pike has developed a fondness for "Herbe" during the summer.

Leora Chappell having been under the care of a good physician all summer, shows a marked improvement.

Annabella is so glad to be "Back" in school.

Kate Allen spent two weeks at the Shore this summer.

Frances prefers her trip to the Shore to come this winter.

Mabel says she knows Perry was successful (or will be).

"Beccy" sings, "Gene, My 'Gene," with quite a great deal of feeling.

Fike—"Lo! I am with you always." Who? Ethyl, of course.

Same way with Kinnie and Catherine.

Estelle is not so Hardy this year as she was last.

"Lil" says "Red" isn't her color any more.

Josephine says all the Prices this year are low ones.

Callie thinks Tennessee would be a grand place to live.

Blanche still admires Short fellows.

Hugh likes cozy Korners.

Fred—"Juliet's the play for me."

Roy says cousins are all right (especially adopted ones).

Well, have you heard the latest? This summer we were informed that we would have only two mails during the day and that the water would only be on about half the time. Of course we didn't let a little announcement like that bother us or jar our customary serenity and amiability. When school began this fall we gradually became accustomed to waiting patiently (until after chapel) for the letter which used to come just after breakfast. And we also found that if we were thirsty enough we could go down on the first floor to the "Ice Water Free" tank.

But listen! When the long period of study and work was over, we were free to go out and talk over our troubles with our friends, not to mention Hershey's and peanut butter which we could purchase at the store. This pleasant 20 minute period was the oasis in the desert, the rock in a wilderness, the one thing to which we might look forward. But after one memorable Faculty meeting, Miss Louise informed us that there was to be *no more twenty minute periods!*

I shall leave it to the reader to imagine our surprise, consternation, and dismay. It seemed as if half the world had dropped out! Why! just think!! Go to one's room at 7.30 and not see even your next door neighbor until breakfast the next day. If the boys and *some other folks* have to put up with *this*, the 20 minute bell would soon sound again its welcome "release from study."

But as it disturbs the work (?) of the young men to have the bell rung at this particular time it was the most *logical* conclusion for the 20 min. *had* to go.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

More weddings!!!!

Prof. Carroll (to student classifying): "You have a complexity that must be seen after."

Student: "Shall I consult a Dr. or a dictionary?"

Paul None (on Constitutional History): "Prof., did you say read from 43 to 26?"

Paul seems to be going backwards.

Prof. Crosby: "Who first settled New Jersey, Miss Allen?"

Kate: "The mosquitoes."

Miss Louise (in collection): "Now I want you *all* to have the very best time possible this year, but *don't* get any serious that are likely to culminate before commencement, *please*."

That new disease, "Pa-feed-us" seems to be prevalent among the students here and threatens to be much more serious than the measles epidemic of last year. Guilford always gets things in the worst form.

When Tommy had the "tummyache"

And the Dr. came, said he,

"Are you in pain?" And Tommy sobbed,

"No, sir, the pains in me."

Prof. Crosby (in English IVa): "How should you liked to have been Miles Standish, Mr. Richardson?"

"Back": "I'd *rather* have been John Alden."

Ask Tecy if she always drops what she has when a certain long, lean, lank blue suit looks her way? 'Cause watermelons "buss" when dropped.

Bob Critz (on Plane Geometry): "Say, Prof., where do you find the answers to these propositions anyhow?"

Guilford must be "awfully" wicked. Year before last the

locusts made life almost unbearable, last year we had a plague of gnats and then the measles; this year 'tis "Pa-feed-us," and the mosquitoes. What next?

THE COLLEGIAN extends a hearty welcome to all the new students—boys and girls. We also welcome the new Faculty members to their respective fields.

New Student (after jerking the transom up and down):
"This light just *won't* go out."

Leora (to Prof. Downing at the opening social): "What class are you in?"

Prof. D.: "Why—I—er—I"

Leora: "Oh! you are a "prep." aren't you?"

Old Student: "Come go to Collection."

New Student: "Mercy! Do they take up a collection? How much is it?"

Wonder how old some of the new students take Kate to be. We hear *some* took her for a teacher.

John Woosley and Cassie Mendenhall, of the class of '12, spent Saturday at G. C. on their way to Haverford and Bryn Mawr respectively.

Between the hot weather in the day-time and the mosquitoes at night, how can a body get any work done?

A very cross-eyed man was so afflicted that when he cried the tears ran down his back. Drs. and oculists both gave up his case, so they brought him over to G. C. and Prof. Binford is treating him for "back-tear-ia."

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on September 4 in the new meeting house when Eula Cotton became the wife of Dr. Coble, of Greensboro. The groom is a prominent dentist there and the COLLEGIAN extends heartiest congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Coble for long life and happiness.

The mosquitoes arrive at Cox Hall singing "Where is my

wandering boy tonight?" This soon changes to "There is a fountain filled with blood," and they leave at daybreak singing "God be with you 'till we meet again."

To get even the boys sing to the tune of "Absent."

"Sometimes threw long shadows on the wall

The little band of 'skeeters' rise and fall,

Mine eyes grow fierce with hatred at the sight,

Thinking I feel them, thinking I feel them—bite".

Mr. Kerns: "What's the matter with all these girls? I am wasting my sweetest smiles on them and can't get *one* in return."

Miss Doan: "Oh, dear———"

Uncle Sam: "A—a—a were you talking to me."



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NIGHTFALL AT CAMP

Serenely gray, a peaceful rest
Has wrapped the earth, the rosy crest
Has blended into calm;
The boats lie safe a-shoal for night
And the glimmering camp-fire's friendly light
Wraps everything in balm.

"What luck," is passed from friend to friends
Until the moon o'er all ascends,
Then as the embers fail,
With pine and fir and blankets spread,
With sky and stars and moon o'erhead
All dream of morrow's trail.

AZTEC CIVILIZATION.

Wrecks magnificent and mysterious of palaces and temples along the bank of the Nile, speak of a glorious age of freedom. The ruins of Luxor and Karnac—those marvelous Egyptian structures—mark the greatness of a now forgotten race. When those edifices were reared, Egypt could boast of a wise and potent people. But in the course of time the ravishing hand of a conqueror passed over the land—and as a vanquished race, Egypt forever lost her prestine magnificence.

We stop and wonder at the ancient Greek civilization. We admire Grecian statuary and literature; masterpieces of art unsurpassed or equaled in our day. But today the Greeks who live in that same land, under the same sun and surrounded by the same scenes as those viewed by the host which fell at Marathon, can scarcely understand the language of their ancient bards and poets. Tyranny has passed over the land—Greece is a conquered nation.

While Egypt and Greece thus reveled in unequaled glory, far away in a world to them unknown, the hearts of men of another race were striving after the beautiful and useful in life. About 600 B. C. a semi-nomadic people began a long march in quest of a place in which to build a city. They set out from Aztlan to the north of Mexico and journeyed southward. Guided by their priests they paused along their way building cities and admirable temples. At times it seemed that they would cease their wanderings. But the restlessness of their fathers and priests still urged them on. Six hundred years after leaving Aztlan, these Aztecs found a suitable location for their home. Their priests had declared that the true site for their city should be that place where an eagle, with wings outstretched, and devouring a snake, should be found sitting upon a cactus growing out of a rock. Coming upon such a combination, they established themselves in the valley of Anahuac. Here in a short time "their realm was an empire; their sway was absolute; their lives were one of luxury and ease."

The monarch of the Aztecs was selected by four principal nobles and the two royal allies of Fezcuco and Tlacopan. He was chosen from the same family to which the deceased prince belonged. The candidate, however, ere he could be crowned amid the gory pomp of human sacrifices, must have made himself famous in war. Spacious palaces were built for their princes and their attendants. In the king's palace every eighty days there was a meeting of Parliament over which the king presided in person. This was the Supreme Court of the Aztecs.

The laws of the Aztecs, preserved in hieroglyphic paintings, show that they were more solicitous for the security of the person than of property. All the great crimes against society were made capital. Boundaries and measures must not be changed or altered. And although they countenanced slavery, nevertheless, the slaves were allowed to have their own families. "His children were free—no one would be born to slavery in Mexico."

The Aztecs' principal aim in war was to gather "hecatombs of captives for his altars." Before entering into a battle, ambassadors were sent to their enemies to see if they would accept the Mexican gods and pay tribute. If this embassy proved unsuccessful they would then betake themselves to arms. Having divided their armies into companies of eight thousand men, and these again into companies of three hundred or four hundred with their own commanders, they would proceed against the enemy. With standards raised on high; with singing and shouting; retreating and making use of ambuscades and sudden surprises, they advanced into the fray. They never scalped their captives. The strength of a warrior was judged by the number of prisoners he had taken.

Their sciences, seen through the misty medium of hieroglyphics, present simple and unique systems. In mathematics they counted by fives, having for the first twenty numbers "a corresponding number of dots." Ten and fifteen had each a separate name; twenty was represented by a flag. For the square and cube of twenty they had a plume and a purse or sack re-

spectively. Fractions were denoted by drawing only the required part of the hieroglyphic picture.

The ruins of the Palace of Palenque, Nritla and the tevcalis or temples scattered over the land tell the story of a people who were advanced in civilization. The sculptures on the buildings of Palenque, unlike the intaglio drawings of the Egyptians, were made in bas-relief. The Aztecs in this way manifested a more artistic sense than that of the Ethiopians. The great pyramid at Cholula is twice as long as that of Cheops in Egypt. Cholula itself was the holy city of Anahuac, the mecca of the Aztecs.

The Aztecs were, moreover, exceedingly religious. Besides their scientific and artistic knowledge they recognized the existence of a god. They had a divine book. According to Aztec tradition the forbidden fruit was the banana. Cioacatl, known by the Aztecs as that woman "by whom sin entered into the world," was represented with a serpent by her side. The very name Cioacatl means, "serpent woman." Furthermore, some of these ancient races had the tradition of a flood from which Coxcox and his wife survived. They were represented by united heads above a boat floating on the water near a mountain. Another tribe near the Aztecs had the tradition that Tepzi had escaped the deluge with many beasts and birds. From Tepzi's boat a vulture was sent out but never returned. Then a humming-bird was sent which came back with a twig in its mouth. These, and other similar traditions of unknown origin the Aztecs had.

The greatest blot on their religious feasts was the human sacrifices. Those who had been conquered in battle were kept in sumptuous ease, attended by beautiful maidens, until their fatal day. When the term of their short-lived glories had ended, they were stripped of their gaudy apparel and in the midst of a motley company of witnesses, were taken to the shrine. Arriving at the summit of the pyramid, the captives were received by six priests wearing robes with mystic hieroglyphic symbols. Then a captive was taken to be offered to the gods. The priests "led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of

jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and limbs, while the sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of itzli (or obsidian stone) and, inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart." When the steaming heart was raised before the Sun, the people bowed in reverence. At the dedication of the Temple of Huitzilopotchli the ceremony consumed several days and seventy thousand captives, which had been reserved for the purpose, were immolated.

The Aztecs looked for the destruction of the world at the expiration of the great cycle of fifty-two years. At this time idols were broken, garments were torn, furniture was destroyed and even the holy fires were suffered to go out in the temples. As the last day was closing, the priests, dressed in the robes and ornaments of their gods, left the city for a lofty mountain six miles away from the capital. Thither they took one of the noblest prisoners to be sacrificed and some sticks for kindling. The new fire, the success of which was a sign that the cycle would be renewed. "On reaching the summit of the mountain, the procession paused till midnight, when as the constellation of the Pleiades approached the zenith the new fire was kindled by friction of the sticks."

"On his bare breast the cedar boughs are laid;
On his bare breast dry sedge and odorous gums,
Lay ready to receive the sacred spark
And blaze to herald the ascending sun
Upon his living altar."

While the body was burning with this fire, shouts of joy and victory filled the air. A new epoch was added to the world!

In the words of their noble Nezahualcoyott: "These glories have all passed away like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popsocatepetl, with no other memorial of their existence than the record on the page of the chronicler."

JOSEPH PURDIE.

WHO PLAYED THE LEADING PART?

PART TWO.

"It is too bad Madge that you can't get Prof. Strassburg to train you for the songs," said Lucy in her sympathetic way as Madge came into the musicroom one afternoon about two weeks before commencement. "If there's anything I can do to help you, I'll be glad to do it," she continued.

"Thank you, Lucy, how good of you. I'm sure you can help me," returned Madge enthusiastically.

Then followed a half hour training. Lucy was a competent, patient teacher, and Madge was an earnest student. But try as she might, she could not help feeling her own inability and Lucy's infinite superiority in that line. After many efforts, cutting short a heavy sigh, Madge asked Lucy please to sing this last part just once more. As clear and sweet as notes from the birds in spring time, came the music from Lucy's slender throat. Madge forgot herself and sat almost breathless. Jack, coming whistling down the hall, heard Lucy singing and stopped at the music room door, charmed into breathless silence also. When the last note died away he exclaimed, only half aloud, "My, what a voice!"

Lucy flashed him a bright smile of appreciation, and Madge was immediately brought to her feet.

"O, Jack, have you seen the costumes for the play?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, I guess so. I saw some kind of 'fol-de-rols' up in the north dressing room," he answered carelessly.

"Oh, you don't know what you're talking about—they're simply great," replied Madge eagerly. Then turning to Lucy, with the air of performing a duty, she was about to forget, she said with a certain degree of warmth, "Thank you, Lucy, so much for my lesson. When you have plenty of time again, I'll be glad to take another."

"You're quite welcome. I'll be glad to do it," answered Lucy sweetly.

"How good you are," said Madge conventionally, as she drew on her gloves, and she passed out chatting gaily with Jack.

The next morning found the High School students early at the building to practice the play. Again Madge stood on the stone steps in the early morning light taking in the beauty all around her. The leaves were nearly grown now, and the turf under the fruit trees, in the orchard nearby, was covered with petals as with an early snow. Again nature seemed to speak to her.

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue."

She raised her face to the wind—the fresh wind, sweet with the perfume of violets and peach blossoms, and as it lifted the hair from her brow, kissed her cheek and lips, it whispered a question into her ear, "Are you true to the highest, the noblest, the best that is in you?" Quick as a flash the play came into her mind. Was she treating Lucy quite justly? There was yet time to give her the part. And it had been decided to have the orchestra at the play, so Lucy would not sing between acts.

"Meditating, Madge?" asked Frank Brown in his familiar, winning manner. Then without waiting for any reply, he began talking gaily, telling her of his friends he had invited out from the University for commencement, of how he had told them of her, and of what great things they expected in the play. Madge with her usual ease of manner, gracefully thanked him for the compliment, and said to herself as she turned away, at the sound of the bell, "I just must do it—do it all. I *can't* give up the play." The dress rehearsal was all that her heart could desire. The costumes were beautiful and becoming. She knew it, and with intense satisfaction she threw herself into the play with more zeal than ever. But somehow a little of the satisfaction seemed to steal away as she went home through the still night and heard Lucy in her sweet voice singing with more than usual pathos.

"We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Hung over many a cherished plan,
Why songs were ceased when scarce begun,
Ah, yes, some time we'll understand."

Frank soon, almost, if not entirely, reassured her however.

"Madge, you certainly are doing the school a great favor by giving so much of your time to that play in order to make it a success," he said.

"Yes, it does take quite a deal of time," said Madge, (and she was accustomed to using her time as she chose to) "but I don't mind doing it. I only hope that I can do credit to the school and to myself," she continued earnestly.

"Oh, you *will*, you always have," her companion heartily assured her.

"Well I have sure enough," she said to herself, after she had told Frank good-night and was going up to her room. "I *have*, and why not this time too? I *will not* give up the play."

"It's really commencement day," said Madge as she awoke early Tuesday morning, two weeks later; and when she was dressed in spotless white from head to foot, and standing before her mirror fastening a cluster of creamy white rosebuds in her hair, she said again with excited breath, "It's really commencement day."

In a few minutes Arthur came for her in his car. She marshalled that morning with Arthur at the school building and people smiled, when she met them, and usually looked at her twice. She saw many of her friends from the city, and enjoyed either the spoken or unspoken admiration which each of them gave her. Arthur too was so fascinating, and pleasant to her.

In the afternoon Madge was with Frank and his cousin. She exerted herself to be charming and she was successful. The day was at all events a happy one, and passed, as such days will—on wings.

In the evening Madge was glad to see Jack coming up the walk to her home. But he came only to tell her about some further arrangements for the play and stayed only a very few minutes.

"Jack, I've hardly seen you all day," said Madge, with a little reproachfulness in her tone.

"Oh, I guess you haven't," he answered with his boyish laugh.

"Well, you needn't say anything; it was *your* fault," she retorted.

"You know better than that," he called, as he left.

Madge had looked beautiful all day, but that night she was unusually so. In the first act the audience applauded every time she appeared. She did her part perfectly. In the second act she was to "star." She came out, and no wonder a hush fell over the audience.

She stood before her lover, the perfectness of her form brought out by the graceful lines of her dress, which hung in soft shimmering folds about her, her throat and arms perfect in their whiteness and roundness, her cheeks flushed naturally with excitement, her violet eyes dark and bright with the happiness of it all, her dusky hair falling in soft rippling masses about her high white brow, she stood before her lover in a penitent attitude. Raising her head, she poured out her soul in song. The first notes were low and sweet, but as they got higher her voice quavered, then failed entirely. She pitched it lower and got through somehow. Then the blessed curtain fell. No one realized more than Madge that the effect of the scene had been spoiled. She came off of the stage white and rigid.

"Jack," she called, "get Lucy immediately. He obeyed as quickly as possible.

"Lucy," she said when she had her in the dressing room, "you'll do this last act won't you? You can, will you?" Her voice was tense with excitement.

"Yes," answered Lucy quietly.

With quick, deft fingers Madge arranged the dress on Lucy, painted her cheeks, put a dark wig over her bright curls and with a few skilful pats fixed in a good imitation of her own hair, talking rapidly as she worked.

"The singing is the most important thing for you in this act," she said, "and act as you've seen me do it." "Now," she

said, looking at her critically, "the audience will know that you're not me, but you do look enough like me not to spoil the effect. The good-night song you do wonderfully, wonderfully, Lucy. It will be a success, just feel it all, and *act!*" was the last thing Madge said as she led Lucy out of the dressing room to the stage entrance. Then turning her back on the words of sympathy and commendation, she went into the dressing room again, but she heard Jack say in her ear, "the bravest thing you ever did." The quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"No, I must keep them back," she said. She looked around the room, all was chaos and confusion. She went to work with almost fierce determination and in a remarkably short time everything was in perfect order. She was more calm now, and soon she heard the hum of voices and tramping of feet. The play was over. She escaped the throng of sympathizing friends as quickly as possible—all except one. Jack understood and truly sympathized.

"Let me take you home, Madge," he said gently.

"Yes, you, Jack," she answered brokenly.

For a few moments they were silent, as they walked along a quiet street. Then Madge broke the silence.

"Jack, I don't believe I ever can face my friends again. I don't see how I can stay here," she said passionately.

"O, yes, Madge, you can, you will. It wasn't all that bad. Your voice just gave out, that's no disgrace. After that you did the most heroic thing possible."

"No, I didn't do the most heroic thing, Lucy did, and after the way I've treated her."

"It is natural for Lucy to be submissive. You are naturally proud and ambitious, therefore it was harder for you. Hard things must come to all of us, and our strength of character is tested by the way in which we take them. You have been taking this nobly, Madge. You must keep it up. I know it hurts more than you can express, and I do sympathize with you. Remember, Madge, that as your friend, I care and understand."

"I will, Jack, and that helps me. I will try not to let this

failure down me. My pride alone has been hurt. I know I'll never be so selfish again; and Jack, really, friendship and sympathy are worth more than fame or honor anyway," she said as she bade him good night.

"Indeed they are, Madge, and that's a lesson worth learning. Oh, by the way, don't you want to go for a horseback ride in the morning?" he asked as he was leaving.

"Indeed I do," she answered quickly.

"That night a strange pain annoyed Madge, and too a new peace comforted her. It was humiliation.

The next morning she stood again by the gate looking down the street. The same little bird that had sung "The Year's at the Spring" to her a month before, flitted across the road, and it caused a sharper pang when she thought of how full she was of hope and joy then, but the pang lasted for only an instant a new message came ringing into her heart.

"Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough.

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

Be our joys three parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain,

Learn nor account the pang; dare never grudge the throes!"

"I will," said Madge, with determination, and into her life there crept a great peace and happiness, and with a light step and a light heart, she ran to meet Jack.

C. M.P., '14.

THE OATH.

The views of the binding operation of an oath and the consequences of breaking it (apart from prosecution for perjury), are indefinite. Its meaning must be sought, not among those who administer and those who take it, but in the history of older states of culture in which it arose. An oath may be defined as an asseveration or promise made under non-human penalty or sanction. It is sometimes defined as an appeal to a deity. It will be seen, however, by some following examples, that the harm or penalty consequent on perjury may be considered to result directly, without any spirit or deity being mentioned; indeed it is not unlikely that these mere direct curses invoked on himself by the swearer may be more primitive than the invocation of divinities to punish.

Oaths scarcely belong to the lowest or savage level of life, unless when rude tribes may have learned them from more civilized neighbors. We find that they originated in a somewhat higher barbaric stage of society, where legal forms had already come into use, and oaths were needed as a means of strengthening testimony or promise. An example of the simplest kind of curse-oath is to be found among the Nagas of Assam, where two men will lay hold of a dog or fowl by head and feet, which is then chopped in two with a single blow of the dio, an act which is emblematic of the fate expected to befall the perjurer. Another stage in the history of oaths is that in which the swearer calls on some fierce animal to punish him if he lies, believing that it has intelligence to know what he says and the power to interfere in his affairs. In the apparently primitive forms, the curse on the perjurer is to take effect in this world, as when an African negro swears by his head or limbs, which will wither if he lies. This kind of oath by the swearer's body is still found in both the Eastern and the Western worlds, and generally with the same imprecation of evil to fall on the part sworn by. But as nations became more observant, experience must have shown that wild beasts

did not measure up to the standards of discrimination that had been ascribed to them. As a general rule, therefore, the supernatural retribution on perjury has been transferred from the present world to the regions beyond the grave, as is evident from any collection of customary oaths. A single instance will show at once the combinations of retributions in and after the present life, and the tendency to heap up remote penalties in the vain hope of securing present honesty. The Siamese Buddhist in his oath, not content to call down on himself various kinds of death if he breaks it, desires that he may afterwards be cast into hell to go through innumerable tortures, among them to carry water over the flames in a wicker basket to assuage the thirst of the infernal judge, then that he may migrate into the body of a slave for as many years as there are grains of sand in four seas, and after this that he may be born a beast through five hundred generations and an hermaphrodite five hundred more. Oaths by weapons were frequent in ancient times, and lasted into the Christian period; for instance, the Lombards swore lesser oaths by consecrated weapons and greater on the Gospels. The Israelite form of oath included the gesture of lifting the hand towards the object or deity sworn by, and has continued to modern times. In the ancient world sacrifice often formed part of the ceremony of the oath; and connected with such sacrificial oaths was the practice of laying the hand on the victim or the altar, or touching the image of the god. An important class of Roman oaths invokes the deity to favor or preserve the swearer in so far as he shall fulfil his promise.

The history of oaths in the early Christian ages opens a controversy, which to this day has not been closed. Under Christ's injunction, "Swear not at all," many Christians seem at first to have shrunk from taking oaths, and, though after a time the usual customs of judicial and even colloquial oaths came to prevail among them, the writings of the Fathers show efforts to resist the practice. This was a tendency which obtained among the Anabaptists, Mennonites, and Quakers. Influential teachers, however, contended that, since Paul in his epis-

tles repeatedly introduced oaths, judicial and other serious swearing could not have been forbidden. The laws of Christendom from early ages have been directed only against such swearing as was considered profane, or otherwise improper, and against perjury. Thus from the third or fourth century we find oaths taking much the same place in Christian as in non-Christian society.

Moralists have placed much reliance on oaths as a practical security. They have made such expressions as these: "An oath is the bond that keeps the state together," and, "No country can subsist a twelve-month where an oath is thought not binding; for the want of it must necessarily dissolve society." When the supernatural interference becomes weakened, oaths become a serious moral scandal. The yet more disastrous effect of the practice of swearing is the public inference that, if a man has to swear in order to be believed, he need not speak the truth when not under oath. In times of revolution in Europe oaths of allegiance and other official oaths are violated with little scruple. In the United Kingdom it is doubtful whether they have any more practical value than, if so much as, simple declarations. They do have a certain measure of influence, however, upon witnesses, especially the ignorant and superstitious.

Nevertheless, all who practice in courts of justice declare that a larger proportion of the evidence given under oath is knowingly false. Such a practice conduces to the lowering of truth in ordinary intercourse—an effect foreign to their purpose, which is to use the sanction of religion for the enforcement of obligations.

An oath, then, should be regarded as one of the most sacred instruments for securing justice and the performance of civic and official duties. The man who has been convicted of perjury has committed a most serious crime aside from the consequences of the law; he has broken an obligation which should appeal to his very highest self, to the noblest virtues he possesses. An oath, in the truest sense of the word, should be considered as a promise reenforced by one's moral and spiritual life.

U. G. WHITE, '13.

OUR PURE FOOD SUPPLY.

One of the most vital and perplexing problems with which a nation today must grapple is that of the public health. The preservation of the life, liberty and happiness of its citizens should be the prime object upon which any government is based—for in saving the individual the nation is saved. Nourishment of the proper kind lies at the very foundation of the health, both in body and mind of every individual. Wholesome and proper diet, then, is the quality essential to all other useful industries and occupations. Accordingly, unless a nation protects the health of its citizens by an adequate regulation and adjustment of its food supplies, it cannot expect other than defects and hindrances in its growth and progress. In other words, the destiny of a people depends upon how they feed themselves.

In the early days of the United States the problem of supplying the people with clean and wholesome food was almost entirely neglected. The then existing conditions and environments did not necessitate that a vigilant watch should be kept by the government over the public diet. The colonists, for the most part, lived on large estates; their food was supplied in summer direct from their own farms or by local dealers, while in winter it came from the carefully preserved family store. Then, each member of the family contributed some part in supplying food for the household. Each one understood and aided in caring for the food, health and happiness of the home. In short, each consumer was his own producer, and consequently there was every incentive to keep the food pure and wholesome. But today many changes are in progress, by which the problems of the family supply are growing much more difficult than in previous years. The mass of the population has been concentrated into large and crowded cities—dependent upon others for the supply of their daily consumption. Naturally this increasing demand for food on the part of the public has brought about the large packing and canning establishments

throughout the land. The old products of the farm have been converted into numerous varieties of food by the packing house, cannery and the market, which agencies, together with the modern methods of transportation and storage, have completely changed the diet of the people. The consumer is no longer his own producer, but must rely upon food prepared upon an immense scale by manufacturers. This prepared food-stuff is launched upon the public and is there being eagerly consumed without thought or care. The chief result of such acts has led to an extensive abuse of the sacred trust placed in food producers—such as adulterating, misbranding, introducing injurious preservatives and in various other ways deceiving the public by fraudulent practices. So that today the problem of obtaining pure and wholesome food has become still more entangling and requires much greater skill in its handling.

Of recent date numerous varieties of foods have been preserved in cans and packages, which at all public places may be found for sale. But in the production of these canned goods do the manufacturers always comply with the requirements for the health and best interests of the consumer? If care is not used in the selection of the raw food-stuff or delay allowed in the making of the raw material into the final article, the finished product will not reach the standards of purity. Again if the utensils and equipments used be left uncleaned, the premises be unsanitary, the employees careless, nothing but an article contaminated by disease-producing germs will be turned out. Often, however, the manufacturers purposely mix unsound fruit with the sound; use artificial preservatives; sacrifice cleanliness to color, and in truth satisfy their own selfish interest rather than contribute to the consumer's health. Now since every individual is at some time or other a consumer of food so put up and sold, it becomes of the utmost importance to the nation that extreme cleanliness and care be exercised in the manufacture and disposal of canned articles.

Another urgent problem of the present time is that concerning our milk supply. Its importance is due to its extensive

use—practically every family being a participator in its consumption. The adult person needs the proper milk nourishment in order to produce the most efficient results of his labor. The growing child requires pure milk and unadulterated food in order to develop into a strong and healthy man. An infant brought up on milk robbed of its cream and adulterated with water will not have, at maturity, the same robustness of health and the quality of development as when fed on the pure unadulterated article. Statistics show that impure feeding in the first two or three years of life has caused almost as great a destruction of the human race as the diseases of adult life, besides paving the way for such deadly maladies as tuberculosis, cancer, diphtheria, and the various fevers. Now since milk forms almost the only diet during this stage of growth, how important it becomes that this article of diet should be absolutely clean and pure when given to infants. Then should not most decidedly our dairies receive very careful attention following the laws of hygiene and sanitation? Then too, for its own welfare should not every city keep the most vigilant watch over its milk supply?

But perhaps a problem greater in its scope and importance than any of the other present-day reforms is that of the care of food in the home. In every household the health and efficiency of the family devolve to a great extent upon the person styled the "cook." If she be careless in her habits, negligent in the preparation of food for the table, or grossly ignorant of the laws of bacteriology, it is the members of the family who must bear the punishment. The present-day cook must have a clear understanding about the microscopic forms of life which are harmful, and know how to apply all the weapons which modern science has discovered for their destruction. Moreover, in the preparation of food for the home, she should use intelligently the forces of light and sunshine against the germs carried by the insect or those lurking in damp and dirty places. All in all the housewife must exercise every care to prevent micro-organisms from getting into the daily victuals. But the individual should not be satisfied merely with cleanli-

ness in the kitchen, but it is an essential duty that the raw food brought into the home shall be clean and of a good quality. If meat bought from the market be in a stale condition or be handled by careless or ignorant employees, the cleanliness of the cook will not serve to remove the impurities. If provisions ordered from the grocery have been previously exposed to flies or not protected from the dust and filth of the street, no amount of care used in the home will produce a wholesome diet. Therefore the family is obliged not only to enforce habits of care and skill in the preparation of food in the home, but also, as a measure necessary to good health, must investigate the sources, and demand that standards of cleanliness be kept there.

The food problem then is not one of mere existence, but one which with proper combination will produce the highest state of development and efficiency in mankind. Any food that fails to nourish is deleterious to the health; whatever conduces to the physical deterioration of a race equally conduces to its moral and intellectual deterioration. Then how may each individual aid in attaining this end? First as a member of the family he can practice the eating of pure and wholesome food. He can learn to know the dangerous bacteria germs and know how to destroy them. Then not only would his own as well as the family life be made more useful, but also the influence would be exerted to his neighbor and remain ever an example to posterity. Then too, as a consumer, each individual is capable of doing much toward insuring better standards of cleanliness and honesty on the part of the producer and the dealer: First by refusing to tolerate dirty markets and shops; second, by seeking out food distributors noted for reliability and by patronizing only the clean, progressive and sanitary shops. Again as a citizen he can use his vote toward demanding laws and regulations calling for purity, "square" measure and honest dealing. He can support those national officers in their struggle against entrenched interests for better food standards. He can co-operate with the state and country boards of health in preventing contagious diseases. He can

unite with his fellow-citizens in a determination to have better and cleaner food regulations in the community.

When the consumer has been awakened to his responsibility as a buyer of food-products, then will the pure food law accomplish its full purpose. With wholesome diet as a basis we will have laid that foundation essential to all industries—health, happiness and efficiency.

G. A. HARTMAN, '13.

IN MEMORY.

We met but for a quivering space,
But, oh, I never can forget
That slender form, all soul and eyes,
And hair twixt dusk and jet.

No word was said, I touched her hand,
I felt her breath, her love—we parted.
She died, her soul has found its peace;
I live—ah, brokenhearted!

The Guilford Collegian

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NO. 3

Editorials

"Politician or Statesman." Originally the word "politician" meant a student of the science of government, a man who investigated the effects of the application of various policies to the workings of government and sought to use his knowledge thus acquired for the improvement and uplift of his own government. But, like so many other words in the language, usage has diverted it from its original signifi-

cance, and carries with it an intimation of artful intrigue, selfish cunning, and impatriotic scheming. One of the two most serious charges made against Champ Clark by his opponents in the recent Democratic campaign was that he was a mere politician. The original definition of a statesman was that of a man possibly a little less technical and a little more august than a politician, a broad-minded, far-seeing, sagacious exponent of good government; but the two terms, politician and statesman, were used synonymously. The present meaning of "statesman" is pretty much the same as its original, although there has been some slight change for the better. In fact, "statesman" is fast becoming the antonym of "politician." The statesman is unselfish and has his country's interests at heart; the politician is selfish and has his own interests and those of his clique at heart. The statesman is open and above-board in his methods, the politician resorts to trickery and doubtful scheming. The statesman is our ideal public servant; the politician requires to be watched.

We need more statesmen in this country and fewer politicians, more statesmanship and less politics. How to get them is the problem. With our mouths we deplore the scarcity of the old-time patriot and the prevalence of the modern office-seeker. But are we very consistent in this? We can bring the question nearer home and see. Every college student body is a political arena in which there are politicians and statesmen, politics and statesmanship. In the various organizations of our college life there is carried on proportionately as much or more genuine politics than there is in the cloak rooms and private offices of the capitol at Washington and we fear as little or less statesmanship than there is on the floors of the House and Senate. College students, by midnight artifice and underground scheming seek to promote their own selfish interests and those of their set. College professors deplore the mercenary spirit which to such a great extent characterizes the activity of present-day public men, while under their very noses, and, if the truth must be told, sometimes with their co-operation, are being educated and developed typical, trained

politicians to fill up the ranks in public life when older ones drop out. We have miniature Tweed rings and amateur political bosses who seek to dominate college political activity just as truly as any Joe Cannon or political combination ever tried to dominate national and state politics.

And to what purpose is it all? If there be any such who will read this, what do you hope to gain by it? It does not increase the respect of the student body for you. Even if your selfish methods should always succeed, they will not make you of very great note. If you do get elected to the highest or most influential office of your organization it will certainly not get your name into the Halls of Fame and two hundred years from now all the children that are named after you, as a result of it, will be dead. You do not even know and probably have never heard of the men who filled your place twenty years ago nor will many people know twenty years hence that you filled the place. What you get is not worth what it costs.

Did you ever compromise your conscience for political advancement? Then you are a politician. Did you ever bargain to help one man to promotion provided he would help you? Then you are a politician. Would you be willing for your methods in your own behalf and in behalf of your circle to be made public? If not, you are a politician. Do you put the general good of the school body before your personal interests? Then you are a statesman. Have you ever made sacrifices for the common weal? Then you are a statesman. Would you be willing for your methods to be made public? If so, you are a statesman.

Are you a politician, or are you a statesman?

B. S., '13.

*The True,
the Good.*

“Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.”

We have known these lives from childhood and they have

impressed us. We have thought of them and allowed our minds to wander to those men and women who have come face to face with great problems of life. How we admire those who have met these difficulties with a steadfast purpose and have chosen the right although it meant loss of money and friends. On the other hand, do we not scorn that man or woman who, because he is so weak that he has not the courage to choose the right, rather chooses the false, the ignoble? But we spend our time admiring the good and scorning the bad at a distance and never stop to realize that here in college we have opportunities for choosing the true or the false. What kind of friends are we choosing? Are they students whose influence over us will be for the good or the bad? What kind of a record are we leaving in the class room? Are we studying or are we sliding?

When it comes to the election of COLLEGIAN officers and officers for our Y. M. and Y. W. Associations, we have a wonderful opportunity of showing our colors. Who are we going to put on our COLLEGIAN staff? Are we going to choose men and women who have never been known to contribute to or even help support the COLLEGIAN? Let us rather elect those students who can write and who are willing to give themselves to make our magazine a success.

In like manner should we not be careful when it comes to the election of officers for our Christian Associations? Are we going to choose men and women who are interested, whom we can depend upon in a crisis, and who have the ability and willingness to do the work? We have here men and women who are willing to serve well their college, their Associations and their fellow-students. They will work for principles and what is best for all concerned, not for a few personal friends.

Then when it comes to the election of these officers let us lay aside all personal prejudices and put the people best fitted for the work in office. And when the time arrives, let us choose the good and the true even at a sacrifice to our own personal desires.

•

EXCHANGES.

There is a saying that bad money always comes back. This might be taken literally, but it triples the meaning if taken figuratively. Let the bad money represent mistakes or errors and the same principle will hold. A politician, for instance, hardly ever prizes himself, because his time is occupied in contradicting and explaining the blunders charged to him by his opponents. An author hears more about his waste-basket piece than all his other productions. This is unjust. Because a person should have some credit for trying to do his best. The exchange department at Guilford intends to keep this in mind as it passes an opinion on other college magazines. Although inexperienced in looking through the glasses of a critic we expect to give the square deal to all and not ride the hobby of adverse criticism to death.

The Davidson College Magazine is pretty well balanced—verse and stories predominating however. The thought and wording of the poetry is splendid. The appreciation of Burns is worth reading by all. It is not just a collection of biographical statements, but is a discourse upon the qualities of the man that made him famous. His real worth is brought before our minds in a very clear manner. The stories are interesting and somewhat humorous. A moral can easily be seen in them.

"The Wake Forest Student" is balanced better, but the material is not as good. Although the articles are instructive they are not interesting. The authors lacked the art of moulding them so as to lead the mind on. The stories are interesting and well written. The poetry is also good.

"The Red and White" consists mostly of "soldier stuff." The articles vary in quality, but on the whole are good. One is especially glad to learn the particulars of the raising of the Maine.

We are very glad to receive "The Comenian," "Gettysburg Academy Ides," "Elon College Weekly," "The Earlhamite" and "The Haverfordian."



November is here, with its cooler weather and showers, so that the baseball boys get little practice, while the tennis courts are wet the most of the time. As the boys must have some outlet for their playful natures, they make for the "Gym" to play basket ball.

This game is, after so long a time, coming more and more into prominence. Colleges are seeing its harmlessness, its capacity for physical training, its qualities as a mind-trainer, and promoter of skill and quick thought. Students are realizing the acute liveliness of the game and its peculiar adaptation to those winter months which cannot be utilized in other games.

This year our boys are particularly interested in basket ball on account of a prospective Basket Ball League. The organization of this league has been entered into by nearly all the leading colleges of this state, and it is now being earnestly encouraged and promoted. Only on October 26th of this year a meeting of the managers and coaches of the various teams among the several colleges of North Carolina was called at Raleigh, where the complete organization of a league was effected. All is now on a working basis, and arrangements are being made as to dates for the games.

Our boys at Guilford are hilarious over the league. Our

faculty sanctions it. Our team is anxious to be scheduled. Our Association stands willing to offer its support in the way of promotion and encouragement. This league will not only increase interest in basket ball but it is a broad step toward clean athletics of this particular phase, and we trust that basket ball may soon become of widespread importance and cleanliness.

E. H. M., '13.





On Saturday night, October 5, a very successful social was held at Memorial Hall. When the bell rang we left Founders and we arrived at Mem. were met at the door by the young men who showed us our places. If we were "Teddyites" we sat on the left. If "Wilsonites" on the right, while the seven "Tafties" men occupied the middle tier of seats. The members of the Progressive party had the wall fantastically decorated with "Bull Mooses," square deals, Teddy and Progress signs, while all the crowd wore red bandanas about their necks. The Wilson "men" also had banners, pictures, etc., to show whom they were for. Speeches were made for all parties, then the polls were opened and excitement ran high as woman suffrage was allowed for the first time in the history of Guilford College. The returns showed the following result:

Wilson, 115; "Teddy," 76; Taft, 7.

"Hurrah for Pres. Wilson!!!"

TENNIS.

Juniors vs. Seniors—girls—October 7, at 4.15. Misses Lasley, Hughes and King played against Misses Worth and Futtrell. The latter, or Juniors, won. Next in series will be played soon.

TENNIS.

Elon vs. Guilford, October 18. Result, 2-0, in favor of Guil-

ford. Messrs. Hartman and Brown, of '13 and '14 respectively, represented Guilford.

BASEBALL.

"Teddyites" vs. "Wisonites," October 9, at 4.15. Not being content with being outvoted 76 to 115 the "Teddyites" challenged the "Wilsonites" for a ball game. A large and enthusiastic crowd attended and excitement ran high, as is always the case where politics is concerned. When the result of 6-0 in favor of "Wilsonites" was announced the crowd went wild and of all the yelling, it seemed as though the very heavens gave back an echo.

The first public musicale will be given by Misses Craig and Dawson on Saturday night, November 2, 1912. Following which the Sophomore-Freshman basket ball game will be played. All come to both.



ALUMNI NOTES.

✓Annie Mendenhall, '09, is now one of the teachers in the Mt. Airy High School.

Joseph E. Blair, '97, made a flying visit to the College during the recent illness of his father.

✓J. Wilson Carroll, '00, is again at the head of the Summerfield schools, its first and only principal thus far.

✓Ida E. Millis, '03, is now principal of the Blue Ridge Academy, and with Mamie Anderson as assistant, the year for the "mission" has a prosperous outlook.

✓Edgar E. Farlow, '96, was one of the North Carolina delegates to the Five Years' Meeting and thus enjoyed a privilege which all the Quaker Alumni might be glad to get.

✓David H. Couch, '06, now of Porto Rico, was married during the summer. His mother is still at their home at Guilford College, but intends to visit her new daughter as soon as it is cooler.

✓Samuel H. Hodgin, '95, is now president of Wilmington College, Ohio. This is certainly a place of opportunity and advancement and the good wishes of the COLLEGIAN go with our alumnus.

✓Eunice Darden Meader, '95, is now in Philadelphia. Her husband is in one of the leading nerve hospitals of that city and when sufficiently recovered they hope to go on to Florida and spend the winter.

✓Mary E. M. Davis, '91, spent the summer with her aunt, Eliza Lindley, of Minneapolis. This is the only surviving member of the group of brothers and sisters of which Mrs. Davis' mother was one, and to be together must have been a great pleasure to both aunt and niece.

JINNETT—COULTER.

Lillian Lenora Jinnett was married Sept. 29, 1912, to Mr. George Nowland Coulter, of Jacksonville, Fla. The ceremony took place at the home of Mrs. H. C. Comins, Northampton, Mass., where Miss Jinnett was boarding. Miss Jinnett graduated in the class of '07 and since that time has taught in the city schools of Jacksonville, Fla., and the past year taught sixth grade in the Vernon Street school, Northampton, Mass. Mr. Coulter is first assistant engineer of the steamer "Algonquin" of the Clyde Steamship Co. The "Algonquin" runs between New York and San Domingo.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

President Hobbs (to Grace Hughes on Psychology)—“Now tell me all you can about that peculiar state called “love”?”

(Grace was still talking when we left.)

George Dees' highest ambition is to be a good carpenter. (He is already skilled in “Mendin'halls.”)

Estelle singing through the halls. “I love Hugh, I love Hugh, I love Hugh”—that's as far as she got.

“For Shines”—apply to the Biology “Lab.”

Grace (talking about poetry)—“What is two longs and a short?”

Henry (not hearing the first of the conversation)—“Why, that's Peacocks' phone ring.”

Mabel always take Matthew's account of thing in Bible class. (Reason obvious.)

Hell-en East!! Same in the West?

Frances stays close by the “Shore.”

Alma says there's “Nunn” like him.

Ben Watkins went home. He had a “Payne” in his heart.

Callie—“Don't you think Prof. Crosby is a very versatile man?”

Tecy—“Well, now, I shouldn't just like to say that. But he is getting rather stout.”

Mary Doan never objects to going to “Chappelle.”

Midnight feasts are all right for awhile, but the novelty soon wears off.

Tecy says chicken for her every time. If not chicken, at least, “Chick.”

Baxter (on Shakespeare)—“I’d rather be the ‘King,’ wouldn’t you?”

Frances—“I ‘Shore’ would.”

Gilly is extremely fond of “Pearls.”

As the couples left one of the tennis games Gilly was accompanying one young lady home when Miss Louise yelled out: “O you Christine Marshall! Come back here.”

(These linen Norfolk suits do all look alike.)

It was fortunate that the Zatasian-Websterian reception didn’t come off on Sunday night, else Mr. Downing could not have been present. Important work in the “Lab.”

A very distinct shock was felt at Guilford on the night of October 17, awakening the girls and causing much consternation as some said “earthquake,” while others declared it was “judgment day.” Not until the next morning was it discovered that it was Hellen East who had rolled off the bed when she heard Miss Louise coming. She was spending the night “out” and had no wish to be caught. We hope the next time she will hit easier.

Some folks believe in “Short” engagements.

Mr. Carroll (illustrating a point on Sociology)—“We, here at G. C., are co-operating and yet *I* haven’t cooked a single meal since I’ve been here.” Strange!!

Why is Bryant the greatest orator of the day? Ask Tecy.

Playing basket ball on Thursday we lacked one player, so Mr. Carroll played until she came. Frances guarded him. We were always calling fouls for embracing—the ball.

Has been learned recently that “Hay” and “Wood” are necessary for up-to-date “Parks.”

A popular expression among the girls is—"Doggett!!" With some it's "By George."

Mr. Binford sure can make things plain.

Catherine: "Kinnie?"

John Chappelle "Doan" like to go to socials—until some other folks can go too.

Did you all ever hear of it raining apples? Guilford experienced such a phenomenon not long ago.

Mr. M. B. Young, of Front Royal, Va., spent Saturday and Sunday at Guilford with his daughter, Ella.

We affirm that it is all right to get black eyes in a fair fight with a good opponent for a good cause. But when it comes to getting liquid blacking to beautify one's personal appearance, we are not so sure. Ask Kearns as we hear that he is an authority.

Mrs. P. C. Edgerton, of Winston-Salem, spent October 30 with us. She was formerly a student of Guilford and her visit to us was enjoyed by her many friends.

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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXV

DECEMBER, 1912

NO. 4

THE ADVANCING AGES.

Science has no warfare to wage against religion—her crusade is against theologic systems which have impeded the development of the knowledge of nature for nearly 2,000 years. Again and again has she found theology at fault in its preposterous adherence to obsolete doctrine; she has found it groping among sinister and sophisticated creeds; she has pointed out its vulnerable beliefs. For theology and religion are not synonymous words. Theology is the shadow cast by the immutable pillar of religion; the shadow varies as time moves onward, but the shaft remains the same. A misunderstanding of these terms, however, has wrought fearful carnage on innumerable fields of battle, whose blood has written the most deplorable pages in the records of the past. These sad conflicts of individuals against individuals, of nations against nations, filling the revolving cycles with heart-rending echoes, can nevertheless be painted on one canvas in the features of one man. Him we shall study as a picture of the great struggle between science and theology.

In the background of our picture the changing years had left wonderful tints. On the outer edge traces of the dark age in obscure stains; within, the glow of the Renaissance radiates around our model and makes the figure stand out in all its glory.

The Renaissance was the re-birth of ancient learning; it was a strenuous struggle to be free from the bonds of ignorance. Theology had for long been holding a despotic hand over all the affairs of men, and all subjects whether scientific or religious had to be brought under its inspection. Men, however, drinking deep at the uncovered ancient fountains, felt the

throb of liberty pulsate through their whole being. Over all matters of human endeavor was written the word: Investigation.

The great movement of research rapidly sweeping over all Europe and awakening men to a consciousness of their power began in Italy, a country torn by internal strifes. Pisa, although nestling in the heart of beautiful scenery of mountains and plain, suffered in her rivalry with her sister cities. To the west the Mediterranean, upon whose wave-beat shores so much of the poetry and history of the world has flourished, sweetly sang a carol full of the hopes of a better day.

And with radiance almost divine that day came—a day teeming with mighty men. In Germany, Luther was breaking the chains of theologic superstition and priestly degradation; in England, Milton was battling against civic narrowness and religious bigotry; Shakespere was immortalizing his name by his peerless literary achievements, and Newton was revolutionizing the world with his scientific discoveries. It was in this abnormal period of the world's history, in Pisa, in 1564, that Galileo was born.

Galileo's early life was marked by restlessness in studies of classical literature, music, drawing and painting. At the age of 17, by the request of his father, he entered the University of Pisa to study medicine. But here to his father's disgust Galileo in a short time changed his course in order to give full scope to his genius for mathematics. Reverently he entered upon his work, not dreaming of the possible outcome. Watch him in his 18th year as he enters the stately bronze doors of the great Cathedral of Pisa and sits down to worship there. There in the midst of admirable workmanship, where the dim light diffused through painted windows falls upon the white marble floor; there amid marble pillars gathered from Elba, Giglio and the spoils of ancient Greek and Roman structures, filled with a certain intense reality, he worships. Before him the great bronze lamp, kissed by the gentle breezes, swings with untiring oscillations. In this temple of religion, science

whispers to that reverent breast and discloses to Galileo the law of the pendulum.

Galileo was now drinking from the hitherto untasted fountains of wisdom; he was peering into the book of nature and reading her wonderful laws. Ascending the Campanile at Pisa, that white marble tower which leans 13 feet out of the perpendicular, he proves to a great concourse of his fellow-citizens that he is right concerning the theory of falling bodies and that Aristotle is wrong; thus becoming the father of experimental philosophy. But as he begins to destroy ancient scientific beliefs he shakes the foundations of theology.

These terrestrial investigations were destined to be eclipsed by Galileo's celestial discoveries. Having made a rough telescope he now turns his attention towards the sky. Copernicus had declared that the earth is not the centre of the universe and had made other equally astounding assertions which Galileo nevertheless heartily accepted. In 1610, at the age of 46, Galileo astonishes the world by saying that there are orbs more important and more favored than this earth. He watches the satellites of Jupiter as they whirl in ceaseless motion around the planet. There indeed was the demonstration of the Copernican theory writ large in heaven with God's own finger. This discovery and proof not only revolutionized astronomical science but also called to action the mighty sacroscientific forces of Ecclesiastical apologists. Theology clinging to the Scriptures said that the earth is the centre of the universe and that the sun in all its perfection, the moon and the stars revolve around it for man's benefit alone. Galileo's soul had taken flight to higher realms; surely in the creation of myriads of stars, hitherto unseen, there was a greater motive than merely to illuminate the nights for man! Galileo found that the sun is not perfect, but that it has spots, and that there are more than six or seven stars in the Pleiades. But lo! while he so majestically increases the wonders of heaven the boasted authority of the Church he as steadily diminishes. The theologians had not yet learned, in the words of Cardinal Baronius, "that the Bible is given to teach us, not how the heavens go, but how men go to heaven."

1614, Galileo was cited to Rome before the inquisitors to answer for his teachings maintaining the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun. Galileo's opinions being contrary to Scripture were condemned and he was forced to renounce them and pledge himself never again to sustain them. Nevertheless he again lifts his telescope under the malediction of the Roman priesthood and surveys the mighty expanse of the heavens.

Years thus rolled by in quietness and again the storm burst out afresh. In 1632 Galileo published his great work, "The System of the World," in which the decree of the inquisition he treated with severe irony. Again the Church asserts her authority; again Galileo must appear before the Ecclesiastical Council. Now almost 70 years of age and infirm, the old man is scarcely able to answer the summons. His love towards God was warm and noble, although science and theology had broken the bonds of fellowship within him. Once again we behold Galileo stand before the eternal facts and in opposition to his own knowledge deny them. The timid astronomer lacking the courage of his convictions invokes divine aid in abjuring scientific truths. But "truth falls not when her champion turns coward." For a while he was kept in prison; the severity of his sentence being relaxed a few years later when the venerable old man became totally blind.

His long life of trials and triumphs closed on the 8th of January, 1642. Before his departure he said these memorable words: "I seem to myself to have been only a boy playing on the sea-shore . . . while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me." There he rests beside Dante, Machiavelli and Michael Angelo—thinkers who by their noble attainments have engraved their names upon the hearts of their successors with glittering letters of eternal gratitude.

The long, sad strife is not yet over. The whole civilized world looks back at the opinions of the inquisition as objects of scorn and shame; it stands aghast as it beholds the altars of truth besprinkled with the blood of martyrs. But all through the ages, even to this age of amazing exploits, the inquisition of

fanatic minds has condemned and burned the greatest thinkers of the world.

"Fagot and stake were desperately sincere:
Our cooler martyrdoms are done in types."

It has taken more than two centuries of ever-increasing light to reveal unto us the greatness of Galileo; two centuries to wipe away the stain of condemnation. But Hume, Rousseau and Voltaire still writhe under the weight of rash intolerance. A century ago they sang the requiem of a degraded and demoralized clerical despotism in Europe and turned to call men to offer a more "reasonable sacrifice." For this, regardless of their environment, they are still mocked and censured. Coming near still and within our little circle of years, Charles Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are "hooted" because they climbed high steeples of knowledge and sounded the death knell of petty traditions and ignoble bigotry. We of this new age boastfully assert that we seek the victory of a higher order; we claim to have won the long-deferred triumph of toleration and charity. But in spite of our proud claims, fresh in our memory stands a 19th century victim, President Harper, of the University of Chicago. Behold a sincere man, of untiring activities, the leader of Bible research, subjected by hostile critics to the charge of disloyalty and heresy.

Yet "Humanity sweeps onward:

While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Thus science in her search for God's eternal truth has her inevitable triumphs over ill-considered creeds and dogmatic theology—victories which clear away the mists from before the advancing ages as they march toward the realms of light.

JOS. M. PURDIE.

AN ANECDOTE OF WILKES.

During the war between the states, Wilkes county, North Carolina, was full of bush-whackers or Union sympathizers. These bushwhackers were men who kept out of the Confederate army by hiding in the woods to escape the conscript officers. They were men of little character, whose main reason for remaining at home was to pillage the country and commit all sorts of heinous crimes while the brave men of the land were fighting at the front.

In the spring of 1865, about the time of, or just following the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, General Stoneman passed down the Yadkin valley with ten thousand Union cavalry. During Stoneman's march through Wilkes, two of his cavalymen, Wade and Lockood, deserted and organized the bush-whackers into a band of thieves and robbers with Wade himself as leader. These brigands took possession of a vacant house belonging to a Mr. Hamby, and they called it "Fort Hamby." It comprised two old-fashioned log houses, the larger one of which was two stories high and was the one used as the fort. The other building, only one story high, was about thirty feet from the main building and served the purpose of a kitchen. These buildings were situated on the north side of the Yadkin River upon a high hill overlooking the Yadkin valley and about six miles west of Wilkesboro. It was an ideal location for a fort and no doubt Wade and his gang felt secure inside the heavy log walls. These robbers were a terror to the people round about and committed many depredations, robbing dwellings, smoke-houses, and stores, destroying what they could not plunder and killing innocent women as well as men.

The people were so enraged at the conduct of this band of marauders that they determined to drive them out or capture and destroy them. Companies of the home-guard from Wilkes, Alexander, Iredell and Caldwell counties, each in turn made unsuccessful efforts to dislodge and break up this robber

league. In these attempts several men were killed, among whom were General Clark's son of Lenoir; Sharp, of Iredell, and Linney, of Alexander. It seemed almost impossible to dislodge them, for their fort, situated as it was upon a high hill, and in an open field, was almost impregnable. It gave the deserters a good chance to see any one approaching and they could effectively shoot down their assailants through the holes between the logs of the fort.

About the time that Linney, Clark and Sharp were killed, there returned to Alexander county a brother of the slain Sharp, a one-armed Confederate soldier, who had been through the four years of war, and had surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. This was "Wall" Sharp, an intrepid fellow who feared neither man nor beast. When Sharp came home and his mother told him that his brother had been killed by the deserters at Fort Hamby, he resolved to avenge his death. Gathering about forty men from among his neighbors, they started, with their guns on their shoulders, for Fort Hamby.

It was about sundown when Sharp and his men arrived within two miles of the fort. Here they waited till dark, when they again took up the march. Arriving about ten o'clock at the foot of the hill upon which the fort was situated, Sharp's men halted. The company was then divided into two squads, one commanded by Evan Ellis, of Wilkes, and the other by Sharp. One squad dashed around to the north side of the hill while the other remained on the south side. Then they surrounded the hill and began the attack simultaneously from all sides. The robbers within the fort returned the fire and a desperate battle followed. The deserters had all the advantage of the fight, as they were protected from the fire of Sharp's men by the thick log walls of the fort. After seeing that the attack could only result in disaster, Sharp and his men returned to the shelter of the woods, but remained sufficiently near to keep the fort surrounded. They maintained their vigil all that night and the next day. Awhile before daylight of the second night, Sharp, hitting upon a strategy, at the uttermost risk of his life, crawled upon his stomach, worming his

way through an open field 'neath a bright moon to the fort, with his pockets full of pine faggots. Underneath he crept into the shadow of its walls and snake-like made his way between the pillars directly under the floor. A moment later the pine faggots were burning beneath the imprisoned bandits above and Sharp, exultant, was crawling back to the shelter of the forest.

When Wade discovered that the fort was on fire, he shouted to Sharp and his followers, who had already begun to advance upon the fort, asking what quarters would be given if they should surrender. Sharp triumphantly cried:

"We will give you a passport to hell!"

But Wade thought it better to give themselves up than to remain and be burned up in the fort ;so he announced that they would come out and surrender. Nevertheless, by some means, presumably by jumping from a window, Wade got out of the fort without being detected, and instead of surrendering, made a break for the river. He reached it in safety. The others came out and surrendered.

After the fort had been burned to the ground a court martial was organized and the robbers, unceremoniously condemned to be shot, were taken a few paces east of the burned fort and tied to stakes. When prayer had been offered for the bandits by two Baptist ministers who were among Sharp's men, the signal was given and the detailed men fired upon the robbers. Their bodies were riddled with bullets and left a prey to wild beasts and buzzards, while the triumphant Sharp and his followers marched away exulting in the consummation of their revenge.

TOM PERRY, '16.

A SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

Scarcely more than a generation ago the progress of the world was at a comparative standstill, but for the past fifty years the steps of progress have been quickened to such a pace that the sound of some great event or discovery hardly dies away until the world is startled by something new. Progress has trampled upon every line of industry; improved methods of farming, manufacturing, commerce, invention, and new discoveries are startling the world in every line. Its magic wand has touched almost every side of life. Already there have been brought about many things which, it was once said, could never be.

As time advances it gathers momentum like a falling body. Through the employment of methods of scientific inquiry to medical problems more progress has been made during the past sixty years toward an understanding of the nature of diseases and their control, than has been made in the previous twenty-three centuries. As we look upon the brilliant achievements of men, we single out one who is like a comet in the starry heavens. Others have worked out in the laboratory of their brain some achievement or invention that has won for them world-wide fame, but here is a man who has added discovery to discovery in the medical world, who has been styled the physical Saviour of Society, because the consequences of his investigations must lessen forever plague, pestilence, and pain, and must permanently remove much of the blind struggle against mysterious agencies of disease and death.

Eighty-five years ago in the little town of Upton, England, nestled a little unpretentious home, with nothing to mark it more than a lovely Quaker family of the common class. Now attention of travelers is called with pride and interest to that house as the birthplace of Joseph Lister. As the morn fore-casts the day, so, even early in childhood there were seen qualities in him that gave promise of greatness. His broad, deep forehead indexed his thinking powers, his firm, closed lips, his

determination and will power to follow up his line of thought. Surrounded by the magic of fortune, he was given a liberal education at the University College, London; but after he graduated he continued at the college as a medical student, and he was not long in bringing his faculties to bear upon pathology and the practice of medicine. His quick, sharp eye was ever on the alert in the field of observation, and practical knowledge. While house surgeon in the college hospital, he had charge of certain cases during an outbreak of hospital gangrene, and here he carefully observed the treatment. This started him on the scientific search for an antiseptic treatment in surgical operations. There were woven in his fibers forwardness, shrewdness, and self-confidence—th very make-up of a great man. He possessed to a high degree the quality of a genius, in not overlooking what to the ordinary mind would appear minor circumstances. If an experiment did not turn out as he expected, he proceeded at once to ascertain the cause, and he did not throw it aside as simply an accident. In this way he was led to a great variety of information, which the ordinary observer would have missed altogether. But Lord Lister, as a surgeon, did not direct his attentions solely to the treatment of wounds and the avoidance of septic troubles in connection with them. As soon as he found that he could reckon with reasonable certainty on the avoidance of these troubles, he proceeded to consider in what way he could improve the existing methods of treatment.

From the earliest ages the fatal consequences of wounds, whether occurring accidentally or as a result of an operation, have occupied the minds of all those who had to deal with their treatment, and all sorts of attempts have been made to obviate these evils. The practice of those former generations was not to avoid noxious agents which interfered with the healing of wounds as was Lister's conception. From the time Lister was a student, his mind had been occupied with the terrible fatal results which so often constantly followed operations, however perfectly they were conducted, and he had definitely come to the conclusion that these troubles were associated

with, and indeed the result of, the putrefactive changes which occurred in the blood and serum in the blood and serum in the wound. He felt that if only these putrefactive changes could be avoided, the dangers which resulted would, in all probability, also disappear. So long as this view was held, that these changes were due to the contact of the oxygen in the air with the discharge of matter the solution seemed hopeless, because it seemed impossible to perform an operation under conditions that would exclude the oxygen of the air. When, however, Pasteur discovered the bacteria in the air, the outlook became much more promising; for it was quite a different matter to have to do with particles which were simply floating in the air, and were often in small numbers, and even sometimes entirely absent, than with gaseous substances which could penetrate everywhere.

His views and methods were constantly undergoing expansion and modification as the result of experience. Starting with the crude notion of bacteria in general, he very soon found that there must be many different species of bacteria, each having its own life's history, and producing different noxious effects or none at all, and that the harm following the entrance of bacteria into the wounds was, in the main, not due to those putrefactive fermentations. However much he modified his views and his methods of dealing with wounds, he held to the leading view that no bacteria should gain admission to the wounds in a living state, although it was not long before he recognized that it was an ideal aim, and that practically bacteria must gain entrance to wounds to a certain extent in spite of all precautions. After this discovery Lister was not spoiled by his success, but his ingenious mind was led to postulate the second factor, the fact that the tissues themselves prevent the development of these micro-organisms; and in connection with that he struggled for years to reduce, and, if possible, avoid altogether, irritation of these tissues in the wound, while at the same time, as far as possible preventing the entrance of bacteria. His ingenious mind was ever progressing, which

finally led him to his great discovery—that of antiseptic surgery.

Lister has been called the founder of modern surgery, and he is justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. By his discovery of antiseptic surgery, he made possible operations that were considered impossible under the old procedure, and rendered perfectly safe many methods that were thought to be dangerous final results. This he did by recognizing that in nine cases out of ten danger to the patient resulted not from the mechanical features of the operation, but from subsequent infection by bacteria. Through this discovery today there is no living organ on which it is not considered safe to operate. Apart from the heart, the liver, the pancreas, the brain, and the spinal cord, there is none that has not already been totally extirpated or the extirpation of which is not considered possible.

By the death of Lord Lister, which occurred in London February 11th, the world has lost one of its greatest men, and one who without any question conferred more benefits on humanity than any one man had ever done before. His great achievements were doubtless the revolution which he carried out in the science and practice of surgery, and by his investigations into the causes of septic disease; and one has only to look back at the state of surgery up to the time when he began work to gain some idea of the enormous advance which has followed.

We are glad to know that the British people were awake to the fact that they had a great man among them. For his discoveries and scientific attainments, Lord Lister received many honors. In 1896 he was president of the British association for the advancement of science, and of the Royal Society from 1895-1900. In 1883 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Kinross. He was one of the twelve whom the world raised to the distinction of the order of merit.

His discoveries have touched and improved other men's discoveries until now the safety in operations stands out as a monument to his wonderful ability. On account of his con-

tribution to suffering humanity, some one has styled him the Saviour of Society.

The result of his work has helped more suffering people, and has added more to the march of civilization perhaps than that of any one man. Dr. Saleeby says "that Lister has saved more lives already than Napoleon took in all his wars." Since this is true, we can hardly comprehend what his marvelous work will mean to the future generations.

He has built a broad foundation on which his name rests; he is justly called the father of surgery. Baron Joseph Lister passes into history not only as the greatest medical discoverer, but so completely was he devoted to, and full of sympathy for suffering humanity, that his name is placed high among those whom the world delights to honor as a man, as a patriot, and a benefactor.

"DAD."



LABOR UNIONS.

Ever since there has been a distinction of classes among men, the laboring masses have been grasping for some instrument with which they could enable themselves to share in the pleasures of the rich. In earlier times, when might was right, it was the revolution, when the slave rose up in insurrection against his master. Then as labor became more diversified and civilization spread her peaceful wings over the bellicose peoples of Western Europe, the trade guilds rose into prominence. Still tracing human history we find that the laboring people felt their needs more and more and accordingly began to make demands. But there was no force or instrument by which they could enforce the recognition of their wants until about the opening of the eighteenth century, when "labor unions" first began to be organized. Great Britain (as might easily be foretold) was the mother of these organizations, which at first were purely local in character. Each trade union saw only its own personal grievances, and as the capitalists were now driven into syndicates, no marked advance was made on the part of labor. The germ, however, was there; the seed had been sown in good ground and as early as 1824 the unions had succeeded in their efforts to carry out Parliamentary plans.

From this time on the local branches grew so rapidly that by 1842 practically every union in England was welded together in a national federation, the realization of which not only meant success, but served as a landmark and as a prestige to all succeeding generations. This was the morning star of what is now fast becoming a world power and a mighty instrument in the hands of the poor. This was the rising sun of an organization, the parallel of which is found in every modern nation upon the face of the globe, and the power of which all governments and industry must now recognize.

The trade union is the refuge of all working men, the national federation is their strength, the strike is their weapon

and the latter is stronger and more effective than modern artillery. The calling of a strike is the announcement on the part of the employees that they have been unable to peacefully overcome certain differences which have arisen between them and their employers. The strike is a declaration of war, the object of which is to bring capital to terms with labor through the loss of time and money.

In earlier times the strike, from the nature of the unions, was purely local and effected only one phase of one industrial corporation. Such early battles as these were fought by the pioneer labor leaders who appreciated the winning of every victory and who looked forward to the welfare of their class rather than to their own personal gains. During this era of childhood, the general public looked upon organized labor as they had previously seen the trade guilds. They saw nothing alarming or powerful in the quiet, steadily growing movement which had been born in the lower social ranks. They saw nothing of consequence in their weapon, the strike, until in 1889 the London dock laborers laid down their tools and left the laden ships to ride the gentle tide. Not only did the union men refuse to work themselves but they guarded away the strike-breakers so that the food supply of that city was cut completely off.

Parliament now stepped in and labor organizations began to realize that they were taking on political significance. Great statesmen intervened and a settlement of this labor question was brought about by a Royal commission which awarded a great victory to labor, in the fact that wages were, by their decision, forced upwards.

In the United States also the trade unions had fused into a national federation. Great skill and diplomacy on the part of both capital and labor leaders held off the outbreak of any serious war until 1902, when the memorable anthracite coal strike burst forth upon this country. So affective was this strike that the population in such cities as New York and Chicago began to be in serious need. State militia were stationed about the mines to prevent acts of violence but the determination of

the employees forced them to hold out, at the cost of \$25,000,000, until the President of the United States intervened. He, by calling a conference of all parties concerned, introduced a compromise measure which resulted in a victory for labor parallel to that of '89 in London. The entire cost of this strike is estimated at \$97,000,000, \$72,000,000 of which fell upon the mine operators. This great victory thrilled the soul of every union man with joy. This great victory ushered in the thoughts and dreams of international federations which are now apparent in every land.

Following these two great strikes, exerted efforts toward labor legislation was set on foot and politicians found themselves reckoning with a mighty force which the workmen themselves had never before realized. Reform, however, came too slow and in August, 1911, the greatest and most effective strike the world has ever known found its genesis among the dock hands of the British Isles. By this time the labor unions were bound together so firmly that what is known as the sympathetic strike, being brought into play, threatened the whole nation with famine and starvation. The result of these sympathetic strikes, including railroad men, teamsters, porters and transportation hands in general, was nothing less than famine in London, Liverpool and other seaport towns. Food products jumped to prices never before heard of in the history of England, while many a cargo lay rotting at the docks. Post-office authorities were forced to seek permission from labor leaders to bring in grain for their horses, while hospital corps begged them to feed the sick.

Never before in the annals of civilization has labor showed so much strength and endurance; and now that labor has found this instrument in which they have realized the cold, grim truth of their actual strength, we can only surmise in what direction they will turn their arms. If politically, nothing can stand before them. If industrially, they can stop the wheels of industry and lock the doors of cities and of nations against their food supplies. If they stand on neutral ground, they can largely determine the policies of political parties and

regulate the rules of commerce. Therefore the only logical conclusion which we can draw is, that Federations of Labor, armed as they are with that deadly weapon, the sympathetic strike, will be a force in political and industrial regulation and will be a most prominent factor in shaping the future history of the world.

"HOCKUM."



PATSY.

The roomy carry-all drew up to the stately entrance of the college and out piled girls of all descriptions with eager greetings for each other.

"They all seem to know each other," thought Patsy, wistfully watching them from her window.

She had only arrived the morning before from her Southern home and so far not a girl had spoken to her.

"Maybe they will tonight, though," she said, hopefully, jumping up to dress for dinner.

It was a very dainty little figure that looked back at her from the mirror, a half an hour later as she started down.

"Perhaps they think I ought to speak first," thought Patsy. I believe I will try it."

So when a pretty girl in blue came towards her down the hall, she smiled graciously and started to speak, but the girl drew herself up haughtily and passed. Poor little Patsy was utterly crushed.

The beautiful autumn days passed slowly by and gradually lengthened into weeks, but still Patsy had made no friends. She took long walks through the woods, with her kodak for a companion; but even this lost its charm.

At last she could stand it no longer. "I believe I will write to Daddy tonight," she thought, he will understand." As she started back to the hall, a laughing group passed her bound for the tennis courts. She drew aside behind some bushes to let them pass. The girl who had cut her so rudely seemed to be the leader of the group, and as they went by she heard this remark:

"That little Southern girl hasn't tried to get in with us again. Just keep on giving her the dead cut and maybe she will see that we don't want her here."

This was the last straw, running up to her room Patsy threw herself on the bed and sobbed herself into quietness. She did

not go down to dinner, but no one seemed to miss her or ask where she was.

At last she dropped into a fitful sleep, disturbed by feverish dreams. Suddenly she was awakened by cries and sounds of confusion. Sitting half upright she found her room bright with a lurid glow and the reflection of angry flames dancing on the walls. From her babyhood Patsy had been pitifully afraid of fire and now she was almost paralyzed with terror. Summoning all her courage, however, she threw her kimono around her and rushed into the hall.

Here was a struggling mass of girls almost suffocated by the blinding smoke, clinging to each other and pushing and crowding like a helpless flock of sheep. The main staircase was a fiery furnace now and it was only a matter of a few moments before the flames would spread to the only other way of escape. Suddenly Patsy's terror slipped from her. She saw only the other girls' danger. Her mind worked with lightning rapidity. "Quick," she cried, "turn and run to the back staircase, it is safe there." Pushing, commanding and urging them, she at last got them out into the night. From here all was a wild, grand spectacle. The flames leaped crackling to the skies and showers of sparks fell to the ground. Patsy looked up to her room for a last glance, for she knew that within a few minutes the roof would fall.

Then she caught her breath in horror. There at the window next to her room was the despairing white face of Martha, the girl who had made the remark that afternoon. For only an instant Patsy hesitated—then throwing her kimono over her head she plunged into the flames.

Gasping and choking she made her way through the smoke. Almost fainting she staggered into Martha's room, and with superhuman strength, seized the now unconscious girl, wrapped a blanket about her, and slowly made her way to the door. Down the halls she went staggering under her heavy burden. It seemed an eternity before she saw the door and felt the cool air on her face. It was only a step now. Could she make it? She must. Putting all her strength into a last

desperate effort, she ran through the door and fell into the arms of the sobbing, hysterical girls. Then all went black before her.

* * * * *

When consciousness returned she was lying in a dim room with cool wet bandages about her burned face and body. She stirred, felt the bandages and tried to think what had happened. Then it all came to her in a flash. "Is she safe?" she asked faintly. A nurse in white uniform crossed the room and knelt down by her.

"Yes, little girl," she said softly, "and thanks to your bravery, not a girl was hurt. They all want to see you as soon as you feel like it. Turn over now and try to go to sleep." Patsy turned over and realized with a happy glow in her heart that at last she had made friends.

J. A. B., '16.



THE SUNSHINE AFTER THE CLOUD.

The little village of Mapletown was all astir with preparations for the coming festivities. From outside appearances every one of its inhabitants were filled with the spirit of Christmas. There was one, however, who felt a sense of loneliness and sadness creep over her for the first time in her life. On Christmas eve, Evelyn Urnheart sat alone in her father's large and beautiful library. The fire was burning briskly on the hearth. An open letter, which read as follows, was in Evelyn's hand:

"Dear Miss Urnheart: As you advised me, I have waited. At last I have found the woman that I love. I shall be at home for my Christmas vacation. LEON MILLER."

To understand this situation fully we must review, briefly, the life of Evelyn. From earliest childhood she and Leon had been the closest of friends. It was he who had taught her how to skate, how to fly a kite, how to play marbles, and the numerous other things which small boys like to do. He, however, was not so eager to learn how to make mud-pies or play with dolls.

From the first Leon had played the part of a lover, even though a mere child, and when he was eight and Evelyn was five he proposed to her. He wanted to play "keep house" under the old apple tree; and, when he returned from his day's work he would bring her something dainty to eat. She would not listen to this, but ran home where she remained for the rest of the day.

The next proposal came when he was nineteen and she was sixteen, just before they left home for their respective colleges. He feared that some other boy would claim her attention and, perhaps, win her. He tried to persuade her to promise that she would have nothing to do with any other fellow and that she would write to him often about her life in college. He was refused for this, for Evelyn was a sensible girl and saw

far into the future. She did not care to bind herself with promises which she was not sure she could keep.

Since she spent her summer vacations in the mountains with her parents, and he spent his in traveling, they did not meet again for four years. Their college days and years flew as if on wings. It seemed but a short time until they had both graduated, with honors, from prominent colleges. For the whole four years Evelyn had dreaded the time when she and Leon should be at home in Mapletown again. She knew that she should be obliged to answer a certain question in the negative, for she thought that she could never love her old comrade in any but a friendly way; therefore when the moment of trial came, she bade him go away and wait till he found the woman he loved. She had endeavored to make him realize that his was only a boyish fancy, that he did not really love her.

From that time she had not seen nor heard from him until she received this letter, on the day before Christmas. He had pursued his studies in law; she had been teaching in a high school for five years. She had thought that she could always be happy in her work. Now she believed that if he had asked her again, she would have given him a different answer. She could see nothing, think nothing, but his words: "At last I have found the woman I love." Although Evelyn knew that she had brought all this upon herself, she could not become reconciled to the situation. After it was too late she realized her grave mistake. How solitary the life before her looked, in contrast to what it might have been! No longer did her work hold any charm for her. She began to muse:

"If only I had known—"

Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by a step on the porch. Then it came into the hall. She looked up and beheld Leon, standing in the library door. She greeted her old friend as cordially as if nothing had happened to disturb her. When they were both seated, silence reigned for a few minutes. Neither seemed to be able to frame his or her thoughts into words. Finally Evelyn felt that she could stand it no longer.

"And so at last you have found the woman you love?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "I have found her, and I have learned that the old proverb is true which says: 'Whatever is worth having is worth waiting for.'"

"Is she pretty?" asked Evelyn.

"No," replied Leon, "she is lovely."

"Has she promised to marry you?"

"No, I haven't asked her yet, but I trust that I shall be rewarded after all my years of waiting."

"Have you her picture?" Evelyn asked nervously.

"Yes," he answered as he drew a small picture frame from his pocket. "But before you look, remember that I have waited long and that I deserve a just reward."

Then he slowly turned the frame, and she saw her own blushing face reflected in the small mirror.

"Am I to receive my reward?" Léon asked.

This time her answer, which was read in her eyes, was in the affirmative. It was then that the Christmas chimes could be heard from without. They had blown away the cloud, as it were, from Evelyn's life and left the sunshine brighter than ever before.

L. E. D., '16.

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Editorials

The Balkan War. Perhaps no more interesting affair at present in the world of events, is the great disturbance in Southeastern Europe known as the Balkan war. This war is being waged by the four petty kingdoms of Greece, Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria on the one hand, and Turkey on the other. The object of the war involves not so much territorial aggrandizement on the part of the Balkan

states, but rather it is a blow for freedom from under the weak, non-progressive and tyrannical policies, which Turkey has attempted to enforce over her subjects. However, the present condition of affairs involves another object so vast in its scope, so important in its intensity, and so dear to the hearts of its adherers, as threatens to involve the religious world into one great bloody death struggle, the conflict between the Christian and the Mohammedan adherers.

The Balkan war then is a war for the emancipation of the Christian population of European Turkey. From the time when the Turk crossed the Bosphorus and made himself master of the Balkan Peninsula in the fourteenth century to the present time, the native subjects have suffered unspeakable injustices and cruelties. For five centuries the Turk enforced his religion with an iron hand. But little by little, petty kingdoms in the outlying districts arose from under the cruel yoke, asserted their independence and emerged into nations. But the remarkable thing about the present situation in Turkey is that these little nations, hitherto weak and unfriendly toward each other have suddenly settled their differences and have secretly formed a compact and most formidable union—the Balkan confederacy.

That this confederation will accomplish its full purpose is yet to be seen. The prospects, however, are all favorable to such an attainment. Thus far the Turks have been decidedly beaten in every important engagement; the larger part of Turkish territory has fallen into the hands of the allies; and vast hordes of defeated, starving and discouraged Turks are flying headlong into Constantinople, there probably to make one last stand for a dying cause.

For this reversal of affairs, the Turk has no one to blame but himself. His religion, established and maintained by force of arms (on that account oppressive and tyrannical); and his government to enforce his religion, are alike condemned by all civilized peoples. Certainly the Balkan allies have the sympathy and best wishes of the Christian world, and no regret will be felt when the Turk and his religion are driven out of Europe, back into the regions from whence he came.

EXCHANGES.

No magazine which has come to the exchange department for this month surpasses "The Haverfordian." If it contained only "A Master of Make-Believe," it would still be highly worth while, because this is a production exhibiting a masterly skill in composition, material and interest. If more of our colleges could secure such material it would be very helpful indeed. The little verse, "The Child in the Garden," deserves praise for its true poetic feeling and expression. Indeed, all the contributions are of high order, the only fault being that the magazine is rather thin for a college of such a standing as Haverford.

"The Wake Forest Student" is full and attractive this month. All its stories and poems show that they are student productions, and as such they interest other students. The poem, "Thanksgiving in the Quarters," and "Thanksgiving on Shakerag," by the same author, are filled with fresh country spirit and cheer. The story is especially entertaining, though it lacks a little at its close. "Among the Scottish Lakes" is well worth the attention of literary students because it tells in a natural, easy way things which are of historical value in the study of the classics. The whole magazine is well balanced, though the poetry, however, is lacking in imagination and the true touches of poetic feeling.

We could not pass over "The State Normal Magazine" because it has on its usual attractive and classical appearing dress. The little poem, "At Night," has a quiet and pleasing atmosphere, but the metre is decidedly mixed and the rhyming bad. More poems would add very much to the Magazine's force. However, the prose work for this month makes up for a loss in poetry. "Great Art and What Makes it Great" is well written, entertaining and instructive. Equal power, though in a different way, is shown in the character drawing in the "Pink Bridesmaid." Phyllis' aunt stands out as a well marked, nervous grumbler—life-like and amusing. This is a good

proof of the impression of character by words by the person instead of about the person.

"The Red and White," "The University of North Carolina Magazine" and "The College Reflector" are other magazines which have come to us and are quite worthy of mention.





In most colleges throughout the state the game of tennis is becoming more and more a game for the fall of the year rather than for the spring. The absence of other fall athletics has made this especially true of tennis at Guilford, beginning the term without a single court (the old courts having been destroyed for building sites) yet the season has been a success. Besides the construction of three new courts, four intercollegiate tournaments have been held (losing two to Trinity and winning two from Elon); a prize tournament of 32 entries was successfully carried through. In these contests several good players have come to the limelight, and considerable interest has been stimulated in tennis. All in all the management has emerged from the season without a loss to the Athletic Association, and has stored up a little surplus.

But the greatest drawback to the progress of tennis at Guilford is the inadequate arrangement of courts. The courts built within the past few years have been destroyed and used for buildings, roads and other purposes. Each year the tennis management spends considerable time and money building new courts, which perhaps before fully completed are torn up and used for something else. Thus when building new courts the tennis manager has no assurance whatever that his expenditure will remain even through the season; consequently,

under such conditions the maintenance of an adequate number of good courts is impossible at present. Now it is apparent that the best arrangement would be for the trustees to lay aside a certain part of the campus, well suited for tennis courts, to be used for tennis purposes and nothing else. Then do the proper amount of grading and other work necessary for constructing about six good courts, which are to be kept up by the Athletic Association. This proposal carried out would insure permanent courts, guarantee that any money and time spent in the way of improvement would not be wasted, and give a splendid opportunity to all fellows who would like to take exercise in this way.

We understand some sort of a plan is being considered for the construction of several courts east of Cox Hall. Here's hoping the trustees will give their consent and that the proper arrangements can be made for the carrying out of their plans as regarding tennis.

The basket-ball team has been doing some steady practice during the past month, getting ready for the coming season, which will start immediately after Christmas. Several games in this state have already been arranged and an extensive trip in Virginia planned for. Our team this year has great prospects of being the strongest yet in the history of the college, so says our captain. At the present writing the following games have been arranged:

The basket-ball schedule for the coming season has thus far been arranged with the exception of some nine or ten games to be arranged shortly:

Guilford vs. Elon at Guilford, January 25.

Guilford vs. A. & M. at Raleigh, February 6.

Guilford vs. Wake Forest at Wake Forest, February 7.

Guilford vs. Elon at Elon, February 8.

Guilford vs. V. P. I. at Guilford, February 24.

Guilford vs. Wake Forest at Guilford, February 22.

Guilford vs. U. N. C., at Guilford, February 28.



A very enjoyable social and cooking sale was held at New Garden Hall on Saturday night, November 16, 1912. "Eats" of all sorts were furnished and music and games made the time pass quickly.

On Saturday night, November 23, 1912, a basket-ball game was played between the Junior girls, who won over the Seniors by a score of 6 to 15; and the "Preps" who won over the "Freshies" to the tune of 9 to 6. A fast game was played with the result standing 27 to 12 in favor of the Juniors making them the class champions of Guilford College. As this was the last Saturday before the Thanksgiving holiday the faculty played a game against the Senior boys for the entertainment of the public and were defeated.

It seems that socials got to be a habit at Guilford College during the Thanksgiving holidays. Quite a few of the students remained at school and all rules were suspended Thursday. The boys and girls were allowed to be together all the afternoon and fun of all sorts ran riot. That night immediately after supper an all-round social was given. Both of the socials Thursday were given in and around Founder's Hall; but Friday night the scene of action moved across to New Garden and held sway there. On Saturday night also they had a social at New Garden and those who stayed at Guilford College noted a "good time" and a reluctance to return to study, but were persuaded to, finally, when they remembered that Xmas was only

three weeks off and they would all go home and have a social for two whole weeks.

We must say that holidays spent at G. C. are not so bad after all, as faculty and students co-operate to give the best time possible.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Lola is anxiously waiting for "June" to come.

Prof. Peele (on Arithmetic class)—How do you find the area of a right angle triangle?

Essie Hedgepath (standing)—Why, you—you multiply the base by the multitude.

Lillian Simmons (after the basket-ball game)—O, Roy, I know I won't be able to walk to church tomorrow.

Mr. Mitchell—Why?

Lillian—Because I—I skinned my elbows.

English B.—Gene Payne trying to recite but interrupted by Junius People's laughter:

Prof. Peele—"Junius you are excused from the room."

June (after class)—"Payne, you caused me to have to leave the room."

Woodrow's Reply to Taunts About His Face.

"As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
The people in front get the jar."

Grace Taylor—Why Thanksgiving will be on Friday next year, won't it?

Mary Doan never misses going to "Chappelle" when the bell rings.

Bob Critz says the sun rises in the "East" and sets in the "East" these days. Quite a natural phenomenon, eh?

Marguerite says she won't mind coming to class meeting after Christmas. "Tommie" will be there.

Prof. Downing (in Chem. I)—Now I have some square cubes which you may see if you will stop by after class.

Juliette, tell me who wrote Roosevelt's life.

Juliette—E'er—er—Carl-yle.

Nelson (in German class)—"I love a maiden."

Prof. Davis—"Oh! Samuel, you are rather limiting in your affection, that means 'I love all mankind.'"

By accurate experiment the Freshman Physics class have discovered a fourth class of lever arms. This class is much more important and is commonly called the "cannot lever arms."

Fred wouldn't eat chicken,
Liver, steak or ham,
But never does refuse
The Lamb, Lamb, Lamb.

Juliette B. (in Eng. I)—Prof. Crosby, which is the most formal way to begin a business letter, just "Dear Mr."?

Prof. C.—"No, my dear—er—why!?*—"

When you put your hand to the plow never turn back!

Student translating difficult passage in German, "er"
"Damit."

He met her in the meadow,
As the sun was sinking low,
They strolled along together
In the twilight's after glow.
She waited patiently
While he lowered all the bars,
Her bright eyes bent upon him
As radiant as the stars;
But she did not smile or thank him,
Because she knew not how,
For he was just a farmer boy
And she—a Jersey cow.

Let all young Romeos be careful in addressing Miss Doan.
Hear, John?

A sentence in German I reads thus: "Ich liebe das Menschen" (mankind). Uncle Sam translated it to read "I love the maiden."

For dreams and their interpretation apply to the Soph. English class.

The college and community were fortunate in recently hearing a lecture by Dr. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest.

Mac. says that Gil isn't the only person who thinks that "Pearls" are valuable jewels.

Several old Guilfordians "dropped in" at the college during Thanksgiving, among whom were Will Welch, Elizabeth Winslow Welch and Leslie Pearson.

There isn't anything in the report that Will Webster's married, is there? He went to Durham Thanksgiving.

For the correct method of pronouncing "I see," apply to Pearson.

B. K. laughing to himself.

E. H.—"What's the matter, 'Bac'?"

B. K.—"O, I just told myself a joke."

"The Everybody's" and "Everything" magazines have consolidated and have their headquarters on the hill. Their publication is "Everybody's business but your own"—a daily.

Mr. Theo. Perkins, of Morganton, N. C., a former student of Guilford College and also University of North Carolina, was a visitor here between the dates December 7 and 9. His presence here was a source of pleasure to his old friends of the class '13.

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The Guilford Collegian.

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EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION IN CUBA.

The recent educational revolution in Cuba is the most striking event in the last decade. But yesterday a pall of darkness hung over the whole island—today the torch of progress throws its rays of hope into every town and city. Those were dark-some days when Cuba saw her sons and daughters bound by the relentless hand of the oppressor; Cuba saw her life-blood freely flowing as she fought for independence. But it was not her destiny to be forever held by the chains of slavery, nor to be locked within the prison walls of ignorance; and today she owes her emancipation to our country. After a short but decisive struggle with Spain, Cuba was placed in the world's list of republics. Scarcely had the smoke cleared away from the battlefields of Cuba when our nation began a more vital and far-reaching warfare against ignorance. With her army of engineers, mechanics, physicians and educators she stood face to face with perplexing problems of reconstruction. Among these, the most important was the establishment of a perfect, practical system of education.

When the island was discovered the natives were wild and untutored. They, however, had a religion—a lofty one—devoid of rites and ceremonies. They believed in the existence of a great beneficent Being and the immortality of the soul. After the discovery a long, obscure period passed leaving us no record of educational advancements. Doubtless the aborigines had the same crude knowledge generally possessed by savagery. Spain, instead of seeking the education of her far off colonies, sought wealth and self-aggrandizement. Three long centuries elapsed ere Spain endeavored to free her colonies from the yoke

of ignorance—three long centuries of indefinite, insecure plans without a free public school sustained by the government.

In 1728 when all Cuba had but 150,000 inhabitants, Havana already had a University. Here it was such an easy matter to get a diploma that with propriety a Cuban writer has said: "The island was flooded with priests, physicians and lawyers, but the mass of the people could not read."

Just before the outbreak of the war in 1868 "the question of education excited some interest among the creole population." In this new movement the liberal portion helped to bring about the establishment of "La Sociedad Economica," (The Society of Economics) of Havana and Santiago de Cuba. This institution had for its chief aim the advancement of education and industry. In these cities, moreover, there were colleges established for ecclesiastical, humanitarian and philosophical studies. Also several private schools were opened, but none were opened to the masses. Even the literature of the country was scarce. Dailies and weekly journals supplied the poor demand for literature in Havana, and these were under severe censorship.

From the standpoint of theory, Spain's system of government schools was beautiful and able to stand severe criticism. The courses offered in the schools of primary and secondary instruction were excellent. They were composed of a long list of useful subjects. Especially was the secondary instruction interesting as it comprised a five years' course of general studies in science, arts, language and philosophy. Some students, however, prepared themselves for the University at Havana by means of private schools. While the law provided inspectors for the periodical examination of educational institutions, the church also zealously examined the text-books and the instructions of the professors, lest anything detrimental to the Catholic doctrine should creep into the training of the child.

The appointment of teachers for small schools did not depend on a rigid examination; it usually was a mere personal or political question. Those who had met misfortune in other undertakings would grasp at this as their last resort. Good

salaries were promised to these teachers, but they were never paid. And yet, out of this they were expected to pay the rent for a school room. This room, moreover, was to be furnished with desks, books, and other school-room apparatus, from an unpaid monthly allowance.

Thus it followed that the teachers had their pupils at home, and usually devoted the most inconvenient room for school purposes. It resulted, on the other hand, that the school was furnished with such things as belonged to the child. In these ill-furnished rooms the children, regardless of race, sat for hours on benches with no backs. Here they received a well night profitless instruction out of books which "were of the crudest and most antique editions."

Spanish system of education, although beautiful in theory, could not stand the test of modern requirements. Had it been carried out by the aid of liberal appropriations; had it even received ordinary attention the scheme of popular education would not have "utterly failed to accomplish its ostensible purpose." Cuba although impoverished by the misfortunes of generations struggled to free herself from the hand of the oppressor.

When the United States took charge of the island on the 1st of January, 1899, little did she dream of the difficult problems that confronted her. Before the ambitious spirit of the reformer all was chaos and hopeless confusion. One-tenth of the children under 10 years of age had never gone to school. More than 57 per cent. could not read or write. The cruel storms of war cast 50,000 orphans upon the shores of destitution and misery.

Here was the test of American genius: the Anglo-Saxon training the Latin Race in the first principles of self-government and progress. But America boldly faced the circumstances. In 60 days after the occupation the island was being swept by the mighty wave of educational reforms. By March of the following year there were over 3,000 schools established with 3,500 teachers and 130,000 children enrolled. By the end

of that month the expenditures amounted to three and a half million dollars.

The great work of reconstructing the school system, and setting the wonderful machine in order, was accomplished by one man—Alexis Everett Frye, a man of ardent zeal and persistent energy who labored without pay. He was born in Maine and was at sea for a year when a youth. Having earned enough for his education, he afterwards distinguished himself as a lecturer and author of text books. After the Spanish-American war, he became the superintendent of public instruction in Cuba. One of his first movements, and one that brought him much fame, was to bring over 1,000 Cuban teachers to this country. In this undertaking he was supported by the Secretary of War, Root, Gen. Wood, and President Eliot and the faculty of Harvard. Harvard was the place where these teachers were to receive special instructions for a few weeks. In a great mass meeting in Boston, \$10,000 were raised to carry out the plans.

But the whole scheme was ridiculed in Cuba. The mediaeval moslem spirit, deeply rooted in the breasts of Spanish descendants forbade the young ladies from going many steps from the sight of their guardians. Frye was accused of trying to Americanize the people, and change the religion existing. Letters were sent to the chief officers of this nation requesting his recall. Frye, notwithstanding, faithfully followed his noble idea and brought it to a successful issue. One of his chief purposes was to unify Cuba by bringing the better classes of the people together. Many begged to be brought northward, and in June, 1900, about 1,500 teachers left their native land to visit this land of freedom. What sensations of astonishment! what feelings of joy must have filled the hearts of those who had never been outside of their own loved island, nor far from their little pueblo. The very sight of our harbors and civic institutions must have inspired them with noble thoughts and holy aspirations.

Frye found a mass of ruins and an impracticable school-law. But soon barracks, hospitals, jails and nearly every available

place was changed into a modern school-room. Frye also found it was impossible to advantageously operate the Spanish system. One night, in his room, by the dim candle light, he wrote all night and the next day he presented, to Gen. Brooke, the school-law as it stands today. This law was promptly signed. The signature marked a new era of education in Cuba. Frye's name stands foremost in the list of Cuba's benefactors. Once his name was scorned, but now it is honored and exalted. Amid the turmoil of political changes the cause of education moves steadily onward. How strange to find in the annals of Cuba such a sentence as this: "The first hard-dressed stone building of any kind erected in the island of Cuba during four centuries is a school-house in the city of Santiago de Cuba." The tireless resonant waves eternally beating upon the rugged shores of Cuba were not destined to sing the requiem of a disgraced and lost civilization, but are already beating the onward march to enlightenment and prosperity.

J. M. PURDIE.



THE MODERN JEW.

Scattered far and near in every clime throughout the world, there exists today a peculiar race of thrifty people; a people who date the origin of their race far back into the distant past. Their ancestors have looked on with sympathy as they watched other nations rise, flourish, and decay. They have seen civilization in its swaddling clothes; they have watched it grow and develop into its full maturity. The world has grown old as they have looked on, yet they are as pristine in their vigor, as strong in their faith and as complete in their honor as they were on that day when they marched across the River Jordan and entered the land of Canaan.

For the last two thousand years the Jews have been scattered over all parts of the earth. They have been persecuted by almost every nation now in existence. The countries of the old continent never looked with kindly eyes on the Jewish people. Great Britain fiercely expelled them from her coasts; Spain banished them from her territories, and other countries persecuted them most cruelly.

It is no wonder then that there were Jews on board the ships of Columbus as they were wafted across the unknown seas; nor is it a surprise that a few years later there was a band of sturdy Jews among those who settled along the coasts of America, and risked their lives along with the Gentiles in founding a colony. This country offered to the Jew liberty and freedom, where Europe had given persecution. In America there was at least hope for some kind of existence—dreary though, it might have been, best with the dangers of the Indians and wild beasts. The American Jew began to realize that in the whole history of his people there had never been a period of tranquility parallel to that in the United States. Gradually he became proud of his adopted father-land, and while in his heart of hearts he was ever yearning for that prosperity which had been his forefathers, he realized that this country was his Canaan, the Promised Land.

This then is the dawn of the modern Jew. His sun did not rise, as other suns, in the Orient; but came up in all its splendor in America. His star did not give him light in the old country as he served in the bonds of slavery and suffered untold persecution at the hand of his fellowman. He was ignorant as to what had been his pillar of cloud and of fire that had guided him into this favorable country, but he was thankful that at last he had found a place in which he could live and thrive.

Today when we speak of the Jew, no longer do we mean the long-bearded recuse who prays daily for the Messiah; no longer do we allude to the Yiddish-speaking emigrant who pushes his cart through Hester street, or makes a machine hum in some dingy sweat-shop. That Jew has passed away as a shadow. The modern Jew is clean-shaven and speaks a faultless language of whatever his native tongue may be.

Since the Jew of today has no land that he may call his distinct nation, his spirit of patriotism is questioned. Can a man be a patriot in a country that is not his own? This has been answered in the affirmative by the Jews in America. They came to this country and labored hard in founding a republic and in building up a nation. The Jew is as fond of the Stars and Stripes as were the noble veterans who marched to victory with Washington. He looks with delight and admiration on this waving emblem of freedom because to him it is the boon of his liberty. He eagerly looks forward to the time that he can become naturalized and no longer be questioned as to his loyalty and patriotism. In the two great wars that swept our country, there were noble heroes who shed their blood for their country's sake; and along with these heroes, side by side, in trench, on field, in bivouac and in camp, first in the red gap of danger, last to turn their backs to the foe, there were many of the sons of Israel, and who will deny them a share in the glory as they were partners in the danger? Who will say that they too were not American patriots?

The Jew of today is often found in the business world. He seems to have been created with a strong love of gain and a

propensity for making money. In order to accomplish his ideal and to develop his one greatest talent, he engages extensively in the commerce of our large American cities. The Jew makes a success in this line of work and is to be commended because he attends strictly to his own business—dealing in his natural way with his customers, and asking of his Gentile brother in business nothing but fairness. There is a mistaken idea that the Jew is a cheat and in this way becomes wealthy. The Jews as a race are true and honest. (We think of them as cheats only because it is this type that we deal with most often.) There is no greater fallacy known to men than the term, "Rich as a Jew." All over this fair land of ours this race of people is struggling for success, hindered with just as great, aye even greater difficulties, as come to other Americans. It is impossible that the Jew should not have these same drawbacks since he enters every profession that other Americans enter. The Jew is in the factory as well as in the store; he is farmer as well as broker; he is pedler as well as traveling man; he can work in a mine as well as he can run a hotel or manage a theatre. There is nothing that he cannot do, nothing that he refuses to do, and nothing that he does not do in his active life in America. Senates have been enraptured by the eloquence of Jewish orators; courts have been convinced by the acumen and learning of Jewish lawyers; vast throngs have been excited to the wildest enthusiasm by Jewish art; the world has listened with rapture and with tears to Jewish songs and melody.

In the field of science, invention and philosophy the Jews are among the leaders of the world. They have effected some of the most valuable and startling discoveries in mathematics and astronomy. The Jewish race has produced in the past and is still producing profound medical students, skillful surgeons, and able physicians. As an inventor and a discoverer, the Jew has contributed much to the knowledge of the world. He has manifested mechanical genius of the highest order by inventing textile machinery, farming implements, and electric and automatic engines. He has discovered countries, islands,

and hitherto unknown seas. The Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, has been considered the greatest sage since the existence of Socrates. Benjamin Disraeli stands out as the great novelist of the Jewish people. The productions of his pen go to prove that his people, too, can produce a Charles Dickens, and perhaps even a Shakespeare.

There is a great future for the Jew in America if only he may receive fairness at the hands of our people. His thriftiness in the different fields of labor and enterprise together with his natural ability for making money, is an evidence that he will rapidly increase in wealth. His change in religious views, his growing love for this country, and his anxiety to gain the good will of our people tend to make him a better citizen and a stronger American.

Thus it is that the Jew in his nomadic march over the earth has taken up his abode in our cities, and towns, and country seats. This country is his haven of rest. It is the long-sought ideal of his dreams. Now since America has opened her doors and given him a place among us, let us, her children, lay aside every vestige of prejudice and treat the Jew as our best brother, that in the coming years when he has reached the zenith of his glory and power, we may hear him say with all the fervor of his being, "I was a hungered and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger and ye took me in."



THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

It has been many years since the United States was engaged in a war with Great Britain. The two nations speak the same language, and look back to the same history; one known to the other as the mother-country. Natural bonds seem to hold them together. Yet a dispute which had its origin during the civil war came near involving the two nations in a fierce conflict in which perhaps thousands would have lost their lives and a multitude of happy homes made desolate.

The story of this dispute and its final settlement is interesting in the extreme, since it presents in such a forcible manner what can be accomplished by arbitration.

During the war between the States a number of vessels were fitted out in English shipyards and were launched upon the high seas as privateers, making attacks on the commerce of the United States in support of the South. The vessels carried the flag of the Confederacy, of which the most destructive to Northern commerce was the Alabama.

The English government knew nothing of its construction as it was ordered from one of the ship-building firms there. The American minister at London learned of it and warned the British government that such a course would tend toward hostilities between the nations and furthermore, would be looked upon by the United States as an act of open warfare on the part of England. Just about this time a decision was rendered by the English courts ordering the detention of the Alabama, but it had escaped just in time to prevent the execution of the order. The destruction of Northern commerce by this vessel with the assistance of a few other privateers was enormous. Vessels could no longer carry the American flag with safety, and those engaged in Northern commerce were practically driven from the seas. At last when the war was over and the North had triumphed it had to be determined what blame rested on Great Britain for the evils inflicted through the Alabama, which had been fitted out in an English

port. America felt that it was equivalent to an act of war on the part of England, and demanded reparation of some kind. The British government would not admit that it had violated any phase of international law. For a time it looked as if war was inevitable between the two nations. The English government did not wish to give in and admit a mistake. The American people felt that if they did not demand reparation it would be a surrender of the honor of the country.

At the very time that feeling was the highest and war seemed certain, it was decided by both parties to submit the dispute to arbitration. There were to be five persons chosen as judges, one by the King of Italy, the President of Switzerland, the Emperor of Brazil, the President of the United States and the Queen of England. The court convened at the city of Geneva in Switzerland.

It is needless to go into the details of the hearing except to say that although it was decided against England, she submitted to that decision as absolutely as America herself. A great war had been averted by the principle of arbitration. It was a method of settlement both humane and rational instead of resorting to the method of force and brutality. For years to come the story of the Arbitration Court at Geneva over the Alabama claims will be told with honor to the two countries. What is more, other nations have followed this example, they are following it now and we hope will continue to follow it. Other possible wars may be averted in the same way and these two nations can look with pride upon the fact that their example has been of inestimable value to the cause of arbitration and peace. It will be a lasting example that nations as well as individuals can control their feelings and eventually cause the demon war to pass into oblivion.

KILL DEVIL HILL.

It will no doubt be safest to preface what is contained in this article with the words of Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights, "whether this be true or only legend is past finding out, but Allah is all-knowing." So much of legend has been interwoven with the facts relative to the narrow sand bank which stretches along the North Carolina coast that the dividing line between truth and fiction has grown very indistinct and is well nigh obliterated in many instances. Much has been said and written since the days (1584) when the bold navigators, Amadas and Barlowe, made their report to Sir Walter Raleigh in regard to what they found and saw during their two months' stay upon this strip, a report which noted the luscious scuppernong grapes and said "the fragrance, as they drew near the land, was as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding in all manner of odoriferous flowers."

Of the legends surrounding this and subsequent efforts to make a permanent settlement on the Carolina coast none are more familiar than that of the "White Doe" so beautifully told us by Mrs. Cotton. Neither are the people of our state ignorant of the conjectures in regard to the "lost colony"—a truth as well hidden as the riddle of the sphinx. The words Croatan and Hatteras will always arouse in our minds suggestions of the ill-fated colony, especially when it is found that the Croatans have a legend among them that some of their ancestors "could talk out of a book"—and today there is found among them at times light hair and hazel eyes, both of which characteristics are very foreign to the usual Indian. It is the strip of land which cuts Albemarle Sound from the sea, which is the present point of interest and which owing to its proximity to Roanoke Island could and in all probability was the point upon which Amadas and Barlowe landed. Leaving that to the sphere of uncertainty there is still much of interest about Kill Devil Hill and Nag's Head. Kill Devil Hill is now

a place of world wide interest for it was from this point that the Wright brothers made their aviation experiments and "took their flights." Nag's Head has long been a popular seaside resort and still is such. The inlets thereabout were a favorite resort for Grover Cleveland on his duck-shooting expeditions. But for none of these reasons were Nag's Head or Kill Devil Hill so named. The Carolina coast, always a terror to seamen, was a source of gain to those who lived upon the "banks" and so comes the legend.

When seas were calm and wreckage scarce and the "bankers" were hard run for lack of plunder, they would put a lighted lantern on a Nag's head. As the animal grazed along the beach the bobbing of the light appeared to seamen not unlike a ship's light—a ship riding safely at anchor—and they thinking to steer for a friendly harbor became wrecked upon a sandy bar. And the "banker" had the profits. And so the place received its name of Nag's Head.

But at one time when a vessel was wrecked the seamen for the most part escaped and as the various bits of cargo washed ashore, themselves piled it upon a nearby hill. Two at a time they served as guards to their treasure at night. These guards noted that a box or bale would leave the pile and without aid seemingly betake itself to the wood near by. The doughty sailors grew fearful and declared that nothing but the devil could take their goods off in that manner. There was only one of the group who was fearless enough to try to trap or catch his satanic majesty, and this one vowed he would "kill the devil." Waiting quietly till after midnight with gun set ready to fire, suddenly a box began its mysterious march to the wood. The sailor gave chase and in heading it off tripped on a taut rope. Upon regaining position he descried a small black object at the other end of the rope. He let fire and down fell the black object. To make sure of accomplishing his object, he fired again and then ran to see what shape the devil had assumed, and also to make sure he had "killed the devil." To his surprise this devil was nothing more nor less than a "banker pony"—so common in those parts and which the piratical in-

habitants had harnessed for their use; and so to this day we have and are likely to continue to have "Kill Devil Hill."

Some one else can tell the COLLEGIAN readers why the portrait of Theodosia Burr Alston hung for more than twenty years in one of those "banker" cabins. Another can tell of Black Beard (Edward Teach) and his piratical crew, describe his home on the banks of the Pasquotank, and his marauding skirmishes in these very waters. But beside all this Currituck county, named for the Indians who once lived in those parts, and Dare county named for the first white child of English parents born in America, will both continue places of interest in our state—not only for past history and legend, but from the very fact that these are the counties most affected by the great inland waterway connecting New York and Beaufort—a waterway which safeguards our mariners against that great monster of nature, that gorgon of the sea, voracious insatiate dread, namely, Cape Hatteras and the Diamond Shoals.

JULIA S. WHITE.



THE NEGRO—AN ECONOMIC ASSET.

After the Civil War was over the industrial life of the South was forced to readjust itself. The great plantations could no longer be worked by hundreds of slaves and so ceased to yield dividends. People had recognised the need of home manufactories and as soon as possible began to establish these. Commercial enterprises increased in great numbers, and no longer was the farm the one pursuit of the South. And yet, in spite of the rapid increase of manufacturing enterprises, and the large number of growing towns and cities, the South is, and for a long time yet will be, essentially an agricultural section. The wealth of the farm then demands our most careful conservation and improvement; for the amount and quality of farm products will, in a large measure, determine the position which the South shall hold in the world of commerce.

A matter then of vital importance to the Southern farmer is the question of a sufficient and satisfactory supply of labor. The white man may not depend upon members of his own race; for they either wish to employ laborers themselves or are engaged in some other phase of industrial activity. He may not depend upon the horde of immigrants who are today coming to our shores; for they almost invariably settle in colonies in the large cities. His hope lies in the ten million members of the Negro race. The statement has been truly made, "That the real negro problem is the question of the character and the future of the laborer." And with equal truth may we in the South say, the real labor problem is the question of the character and the future of the negro.

In discussing the negro from the standpoint of labor, it is not to deal with the political or social side of the question; it is not necessary to mention any of those things which might arouse the emotions either of sympathy or hatred; it is not necessary to review the question of slavery save in as much as it affects the present character of the negro: the one thing needful is to honestly and carefully consider a cold business

proposition. There exists today in the South a dual dependency. If the cotton planter would reap real results, he must have capable labor. This he will find nowhere save in the negro race. Again, if the negro would prosper, he must have profitable employment and this he will find nowhere save in the South. He has realized, considering the facts that he is excluded from trade unions and is subject to close competition, that he will not be successful north of Washington City. He is, therefore, ready to take his place in the South, but he has as yet vague ideas and small ability to fill that place.

To fully understand the present situation, it will be needful to consider the effects of slavery and of sudden freedom. Slavery to the negro meant much; it meant intelligent supervision, enforced systematic habits of life, mastery of certain branches of labor; but it meant also a failure to develop personal responsibility. Edgar Gardner Murphy, himself a Southern man, says, "Slavery was a restraint, certain limits were set beyond which the negro should not go either to rise or fall. Restraint withdrawn, negro life is released in two directions; the smaller number of better negroes is permitted to rise and many of them do rise; the larger number of weaker negroes is permitted to fall and most of them do fall. It was inevitable. The mass of the race has shown a tendency to moral and physical reversal, but it was to have been expected that the masses of negroes would first become worse before becoming better." Freedom, then, was not the exchange of outside mastery for self-mastery, but for no mastery at all. The great needs of the negro were intellectual and moral strength, mastery and self-control, and a capability to sacrifice present for future. After half a century of freedom, we find that these qualities have been developed to a comparatively small degree. And yet that the negro is capable of rising is no longer a question; for the upward process, although of the smaller number, must be borne clearly in mind. Achievement is a demonstration of possibility, it gives authority to anticipation.

If we are to gain the most profitable results from negro labor, certain evils must be overcome. It is charged against

the negro that he cannot be depended upon in a pinch, that he is dishonest in small things, that he is not as capable as are other laborers; in short, that he does not produce results. That these charges are in a measure true no one can deny, and yet that they apply only to a certain class of the race is equally true. To advance as a theory for the solution of these evils an unconditional system of education would no doubt be considered foolish. Indeed, considerable prejudice exists against any form of negro education and the statement has been made that the negro proves economically valueless in proportion as he is educated. It is well established that certain kinds of schooling have been detrimental to the black race; a superficial knowledge of books and a false teaching as to the real essentials of success have in many cases existed, and with disastrous results. Such has been the condition where incapable teachers and methods have been employed. An attempt, then, to make a general but limited literary education beneficial has failed, and there can be no hope of obtaining anything like a general college course for the entire race. The final idea then must center on a certain amount of manual and industrial training.

It is impossible to answer prejudice, we must have a practical demonstration in order to meet it successfully. The statement, however, that industrial training would benefit the negro race is based on no fine theory, but on actual experience. Proving this information has been gathered which shows that not a single graduate of Tuskegee or Hampton Institute can be found in prison, and not half a dozen graduates of any respectable negro institution in the South. Furthermore of the more than six thousand students who have remained at Tuskegee for even a short time, not one dozen are today in idleness. This institution has sought to find the chief occupations by which the people of its race earn a living and to train them for these. So well has it succeeded not only in training, but in instilling the spirit of willingness and unselfishness into the students that it is impossible to supply the demands for men which come to it every year.

That these higher institutions can for the present reach only a small number of the race is true, but their influence is such that all over the country colored teachers are emphasizing manual training in primary schools, and these schools are being taught by men and women who have the good of the race at heart. It is a settled fact that the leaders of the negro race must be negroes, and the ideas and intentions of these leaders will very largely determine the future of the race. The fact, then, that the leaders are being trained at such institutions as Tuskegee and Hampton, and that they are introducing such systems throughout the South, is, to say the least, hopeful.

Such training, however, should not be, and is not, confined to industrial fields; for I have asserted that the wealth alike of the South and the negro depends on the negro farmer. In support of this statement the following statistics have been given. In 1900 there were in the South, in addition to the three million day laborers, seven hundred and fifty thousand negro farmers who worked twenty-three million acres of land, an average of thirty acres to the family, and produced two hundred and fifty million dollars of wealth. At this time more than half the cotton crop of the South was produced by negro labor. In 1910 it was found that the number of negro farmers had increased twenty per cent., making an increase of over ten thousand in North Carolina alone. Such facts show that the negro is not only capable of rising, but that he is rising and is becoming more and more essential to the industrial life of the South.

Far from being solved, however, the immensity of the problem is simply becoming apparent. The great value which the negro may some day be is clear, and to an extent we have discovered means of developing this value; but the work has just begun. To instill into the negro deep principles of moral life and personal purity, of responsibility and thorough honesty; to make of him a capable and valuable laborer; to give him the stamina and power of a strong race; these are the opportunities of the future. Such will be accomplished not by social

equality, not by intellectual supremacy, not by political triumph; but in his own essential field, that of industry, thrift and the production of wealth.

TO A MOTH SEEN IN NOVEMBER.

Too late for the primrose and thyme tipped clover,
O, little light dancer, you've come;
Too late for the bluet, the violet, the lily,
Past the season for crocus and gold daffodilly—
Gone, gone is the spring time,
Too late came your wing time,
Too late, little dancer, you've come.

You've missed all the rosy parades on the clover,
Where others beguiled the may;
You've missed all the dances by fire-fly belighted,
And the thrill of melodious music excited
As fairy feet bended
Sweet blooms till they blended
Sweet music, all stilled e're your day.

I'd like for a song to possess all your splendor,
And list not of riches nor rust;
To sever the sin from a wanton free living,
Where the sheer worth of life is the sunshine of giving
A lotus lipped breath time
Oblivious of death time
To joys untainted with dust.

A. L. D.

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Editorials

True Greatness. It is a natural tendency of the human mind to misinterpret the real meaning of true greatness. As human beings we are too prone to magnify the great things of life and to ignore utterly those things which, however trivial and insignificant they may seem to the casual observer, are the necessary steps to greatness in the true sense of the word. All the world loves and honors

the heroes of the past. Men and women who have risen at a time of supreme need and by their strength of character and loyalty to the right have made their impress on time and eternity. It is a high and worthy ambition to aspire to noble attainments in life, to have as our ideal the lives of those who have counted for most in this world. But we should remember that we cannot all be heroes in the common sense of the term. There are only a few chances in a thousand when we are given the opportunity to render our names illustrious before the world. Few of us can be a Washington or a Joan of Arc. But this does not mean that it lies beyond our power to achieve anything worth while. The trouble is that too many of us get so imbued with the idea we can accomplish nothing great in the world, that we let the little opportunities for doing good pass heedlessly by, while we look in vain for a chance to do some great deed, or perform some act of heroism, and thereby win the honor and applause we so much desire. Even if some of us were not to wait in vain for a chance to show to the world how brave we are, it seems to me that in order to be ready for the crisis when it does come, it is absolutely necessary to train ourselves to see the seemingly unimportant duties of life, and to perform these faithfully, realizing that they are necessary rounds in the ladder to fame and usefulness.

How did Washington and Joan of Arc become great? Was it all in a moment? No. It was because they had shown the true greatness of their souls by being faithful in the little things of life. This is a lesson that we all need to learn. There is not one of us, it matters not how low and degraded our position in life may be, who do not have that inborn desire to become great; to show to the world that we are not so indifferent as we may seem to the better impulses of nature; that beneath our rough exterior there is a power pleading with us to be true to this noble impulse.

It seems to me that one of the best ways to do this is to cease our vain longings to have our names wafted over the world as heroes or heroines, and to awake to a realization of the fact that all around us are scores of opportunities for do-

ing good which, if we embrace, will result in untold happiness to others and a consciousness on our part of having been true to our better selves. For, as Shakespeare says:

"To thine own self be true
And thou canst not be false to any man."

The world is demanding just such souls as these today; men and women forgetful of self, who are absorbed in the needs of those around them; men and women who do not desire to be called great for the mere honor it brings, to have their names heralded abroad as heroes or heroines, but men and women who are content to shape their lives in accordance with the sphere of usefulness in which they are placed.

*The Needs of
Guilford College.*

We think that it is the concensus of opinion among the people of the state that Guilford College is one of the thoroughest and most religious institutions of learning in North Carolina. Its past has been laudable; its present is glorious, and its future is promising. It is the generator of powerful intellectual and spiritual force, which is destined to unlock the wheels of progress and set them in accelerated motion.

We cannot but admit, however, that in certain respects Guilford, as well as numerous other colleges, needs to make some very desirable improvements. There is no use to enumerate these prerequisites to a fuller and more efficient life for the institution; they are at once apparent to any one who gives the matter careful and thoughtful consideration. In making this statement we are not trying to cast any reflection upon the officers of the college. It is our honest judgment that they are exerting every possible effort towards its further development and efficiency.

In order to meet the demands and exigencies of this progressive age, Guilford must free herself from the limitations of staid conservatism. This is not the only college in which such

action must take place; similar ones can be found throughout the Southland. The old type of institution is crumbling away under the pressure of the irresistible tide of progressiveness. Any one who knows anything at all concerning the life and current history of free institutions in this country knows that the old regime is in process of decay. The sooner the colleges realize this fact, the better it will be for them. They are, in a large measure, fighting public sentiment, and thus wasting a considerable amount of precious energy.

Guilford College has great possibilities and it is our sincere and earnest desire that she will take advantage of them in the near future. By so doing she is likely to develop beyond our most sanguine expectations.



EXCHANGES.

The Buff and Blue for December is attractive from cover to cover. From the outside appearance, the thickness of the magazine, and from the contributions a general spirit of industry is recognized. The drawings especially deserve commendation. They are neat, suggestive, and add a very great deal to the general tone and appearance of the paper. The first article, "Christmas," gives a thorough and very interesting account of Christmas as it is and was known by the Celts, the Germans, English, Polanders, Scandinavians and Russians. The historical part of the article is put forth in an interesting, simple style which makes its reading a pleasure as well as a profit. The writer of "Fussy Administration" deserves credit for his keen and sane views of the relations between employers and subordinates. Such articles, dealing with every-day, yet vital questions are entirely worth while in our college magazines. The strictly literary side of the article, however, would be very much helped by a more careful study of connective words, phrases and sentences. A lack of these gives the whole a cold, business-like tone. The two editorials are well written—but more of them written about subjects of vital school interest would add to the magazine's worth. The very best thing about the whole magazine is the full and carefully prepared part given to athletics. If our college and others could have their sport life thus represented to other institutions it would be a great gain.

In glancing over the table of contents of *The College Message*, the great variety of stories and fiction attracted our attention, and as we read we were by no means disappointed in the worth of the material. Best of all, however, and very good indeed is "The Green Satin Lady." From the first to the last this story is full of sincere feeling, natural beauty and true, deep pathos. All the characters portrayed are vivid and life-like and the events are natural though novel. In short this story is a model one for a college magazine. "The Flight

of Years" is another interesting story. The plot is not complicated, yet it is well worked out and its finish is good. The other two stories, "A Picture is a Picture for a' That," and "Under the Mistletoe," are interesting at their start, but fall to a commonplace close. "A Warning" is a pleasant bit of verse. The one thing which the exchange department would suggest to The College Message is to have more non-fiction articles and more poetry.

The Penn Chronicle shows a good amount of college spirit and energy. "Being a Good Loser" is a fine little article, well adapted to college students needs—especially at exam. time! "Home-making as a Profession" and "At Lake Geneva" are quite worth while.



ALUMNI.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the COLLEGIAN to know that on New Year's Eve in New York City there was a small group of Guilford people gathered together by the kind invitation of Miss Ada Field at an informal reception. The conversation of the evening, very naturally, did not wander far from our alma mater. We exchanged interesting happenings about our college life there and from different sources gathered quite a store of recent news.

The cozy apartment was prettily decorated with Christmas greens, white narcissus and ferns. There was such an air of festivity and good cheer about the place that in spite of the noise of the constant traffic on the street below it was quite easy to imagine that we were at Guilford in person as well as in thought. I think, however, that it added zest to the occasion to remember that we were in New York and yet were being so cordially and hospitably received and entertained.

During the evening those refreshments were served without which no holiday party is a success: Cocoa, wafers, nuts, fruits and candies. Everything was especially good and it was quite proper for one to take all one wanted.

The guests present were: Misses Amy J. Stevens, '96; Cassie Mendenhall, '12, and her two Bryn Mawr friends, Hope Tongate and Helen Steward; Messrs. John Greenfield, '98, and Richard Hobbs, '09.

It was a very profitable way to spend the last evening of the year and certainly a very pleasurable one.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Notice.—Earl Weatherly says he'd like to have that 10c. that purchased that "eye beautifier" mentioned in one of our back numbers.

Miss Louise (in the hall)—"*Quiet, girls, quiet, I say, you must be quiet.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Dan (the unconscious cause of the noise)—"O, we are sorry we made such a racket."

Miss Louise—"Oh, *that's* all right, I nearly fell all over myself when I found it was you all. I thought it was some of the girls."

Mrs. Dan—"Fell all over thyself! The floors *are* rather slippery. I hope thee wasn't hurt."

Callie (debating)—"I tell you, here in this 19th century—* * * —"—Wake up, Callie.

Miss Julia (in Sunday School class)—"We are studying Matthew's account this week. I'm sure, Mabel, at least, will be interested."

Callie suggests that we send to every publishing house we know of to get samples of curtains for our Society Hall. We must remember Callie lives in Troy and the publishing house there may keep curtains.

Mr. Crosby has a new hat and overcoat since Xmas. Mr. Binford's attention being called to the fact remarked—"Huh! must have had a fire in New York." (Et tu Brute!!)

Miss Julia—"Grace, how much did Judas get for betraying Jesus?"

Grace—"Thirty cents."

We are indeed glad to welcome the new students who are among us. We hope that Guilford will gain by having them and that they, too, will gain from being here.

✓ We were very glad to have our English friends, Arthur Dan and his wife, with us from Tuesday, January 14, until Sunday night, January 19. They held a series of meeting and I am sure that we are all much benefited by the sermons, chapel talks, and private conversations held with them while with us. We wish them a safe journey and much success on their tour of our country and hope that Guilford may soon again be honored by their presence.

A basket ball game was played here on Saturday night between the first and second teams, and we can say that they showed the result of steady, hard practice and the efficiency of their coach. Here's hoping you all success in your series of games which will soon be "on." We are counting on you, boys, so be up and doing, and give every opponent a hard, fair fight. Success!! Success!!!

Exams. are once more, like Xmas, a thing of the past. To some they are only another milestone left behind in our college march toward graduation. In this new term let every one strive to make a record better than that left on our last page.

At our next Senior class meeting the names of quite a few who are proposed for honorary membership will be voted on and elected or rejected. Among them are: Kathleen Pike, Blanche Futrell, Estelle Korner, Rebecca Phoenix, Mary Doan, Russell Wood, Carl Steward, Dr. Cox (of High Falls, N. C.), Katherine Watkins and Pearl Dawson. We hope these will all be accepted as honorary members of the class of '13.

On Saturday night, January 25th, Guilford College will play her first game of inter-collegiate basket ball with Wake Forest. All attend and lend support in any way.

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The Guilford Collegian.

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MAY.

They've all come back, the buttercups
And the frail anemone,
And the woodbine twines where the warm sun shines
On the south side of the lea.
The red-breast's working on her home,
Wild violets dot the dell,
And a thousand, thousand signs of May
Lurk in the blue-flower's bell.

Last night one plaintive whip-poor-will
Dared voice her heart's warm stir,
And now tonight with soft delight
Her good mate answers her.
The moon beams touch the tender leaves
Till on the grass below
Queer pictures play as the bloom steeped breeze
Blows the branches to and fro.

I care not where the May God keeps
His magic power 'till May,
Nor how his breath checks winter's death,
And drives the gloom away,
But, somehow, when the blossoms burst
And the bees are on the clover,
I feel that everything is well
And once more turn a rover.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

Those of the twentieth century often find themselves watching for novelty, for excitement, for adventure. Yet, like Sir Launfal, they sometimes forget that that which they expect may lie closest at home. It is thus that the world keeps itself ever waiting, listening. And it is while in this attitude that it often finds some event already past, in which case men and women of all ages lose the satisfaction of speculation, or of decisive action, and, in part, the wild thrill of romance.

Much may be said of a certain town situated in the northern part of a western state. Its life to the casual observer had always been rather bustling. It was in the midst of a gas and oil belt, and one could not easily find a nearby spot where the chuck, chuck of the oil springs was not heard. The commercial vitality of the place was far from sluggish, for, in addition to the annual yield of the wells, it was sustained by large mitten and glass factories. The business was aided by the fact that it was a small railroad center, which brought in a constant ebb and flow of people equal to that of any other town of its size in the state. Many foreigners were attracted by the industrial atmosphere. In spite of the active business, the coming and going of people, and the social diversity of the citizens, the life in general ran along in a steady, even flow. It was not often that any unusually startling event caused the people to pause in their daily round of duties. Indeed, the influential men congratulated themselves upon their ability to steer clear of danger rocks, and upon their ready foresight in preventing undesirable occurrences.

In a beautiful stone house on Main street lived Mr. Jacobs, the banker. One night the lights from the windows of this mansion shone with unusual brightness; the rooms were filled with the perfume of flowers; the buzz of many voices and the ringing of laughter went through the house. Mrs. Jacobs was giving her annual entertainment at which was represented nearly all of the well-to-do class in town.

Mr. Jacobs was surrounded by a crowd of men who were discussing their welfare in common through the previous months. On one side of the group stood a man who listened intently to all that was said, but who had taken little part in the conversation. He was tastily dressed and his manner easy. With his alert senses and shifting gaze he seemed to take in all that went on around him. The most striking thing about his appearance was a deep red scar which disfigured his left cheek. This had been accounted for to his new acquaintances by a thrilling story of a railroad accident. Upon being questioned he modestly told of his heroism in saving several lives. Although he had been in the town less than two weeks he had by grace and tact, met and interested a few of the leading ladies in the little circle of society.

"Ah, Mr. Jacobs," at length he said, "I congratulate all of you prominent business men of this town upon your executive ability. I consider this a most flourishing place indeed."

At that point the hostess smilingly broke into the conversation by saying, "We, the ladies of this company, refuse to be slighted any longer. Come! Give an account of yourselves to this group at your right. Mr. Folyette, you have been in town scarcely two weeks and have not yet met all our most accomplished women."

And with that the so-called Mr. Folyette found himself in the center of a chattering group. All who observed him admired his grace in manner as he easily talked to first one and then another. One by one the other men engaged the attention of members of the group until the stranger was left alone with the young niece of the banker. She found him quite interested in many present, and encouraged by his attention, she told him much of the social and financial standing of these.

After a change in the conversation, she said, "My brother and I had such a peculiar experience last night. We had been on the other side of town on a visit and were coming back home. You know the moon shone rather dimly. Well, at a nearby crossing we saw a lady pause and come toward us. She was veiled and dressed in black. My brother was on my

left—what should she do but slowly pass us on the left and peer into his face. Tonight as we came here we met the very same woman and she did the same thing. She must be looking for some one. Several others tonight have met this same woman, they tell me. It seems so strange to me that she persists in passing people on the left as she looks at them so closely.”

While talking, the young lady did not note the growing pallor on the stranger's face. His hand stole to the scar on his left cheek. Then he aroused himself, though his eyes were still dropped to the floor.

“Ah! Very strange! Where did she pass you?”

“About a block from here,” she answered, “but presently as we turned in at this place we noticed that the lady in black was slowly pacing by on the other side of the street.”

Into Mr. Folyette's eyes sprang a look of terror and he cowed in the chair where he sat as though seeking to ward off a blow. The girl noticing his extreme pallor, exclaimed, “Oh, are you sick? You are so white!”

With a mighty effort the man rose to his feet and said steadily, “I have a most severe headache. Please excuse me while I seek a glass of water.”

Pausing in an empty room, he looked at his watch and found that it was 10 o'clock—just five minutes until the east-bound train was due. He had quickly made his exit by a side door when a distant whistle warned him of the approaching train. He swiftly though stealthily ran through alleys and side streets, reached the station just in time to board the moving train, and sank into a back seat exhausted. In another second a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He jumped as though shot and sank back as he saw before him the lady in black.

The banker and his wife wondered at the absence of Mr. Folyette when the guests took their departure. More people wondered the next day when the gentleman failed to appear at the hotel. But the whole town was soon to be electrified, for the proprietor, in searching his room for any possible clue

to the disappearance, discovered a set of tools for robbing a safe. The excitement of the people reached high tide when a neighboring town that day published a paper from which looked the picture of the supposed Mr. Folyette. Two columns bore these headlines, "Desperado captured—One of the country's greatest crooks arrested on train last night between this city and ————. He has successfully evaded the law for months, and is held answerable for several crimes. His face is striking because of a deep red scar made by a blow he received while trying to escape from the hands of the law."

Then followed an account of some of his crimes. The people of the town realized that a desperate character had been in their midst—a man who seemed to fear neither God nor man as long as he could evade the law. Thus the citizens had been completely deceived, not guessing the identity of the criminal until he had so unceremoniously and secretly taken his leave.

But what of the veiled lady? The people never knew that it was by this detective in disguise that the man was tracked and located. However, they did know that the veiled lady in black was never seen on the streets again.

L. A. C., '13.



SOCIETY'S DUTY TO THE JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

Whatever may have been the charitable attitude of society toward the unfortunates of its lower classes, we find as we review the history of Christian charity a class of these unfortunates which has received but a very small portion of the protection due it by the more fortunate element. This class is that of the juvenile delinquent. The idea has always been entertained that one who disobeys the law, no matter how trifling the offence or how young the offender, needs not protection, but punishment. In all penal systems youthful offenders have been dealt with until quite recently in the same way as older and more habitual criminals. As a result of this, or some other evil crime has been and is steadily on the increase. Criminal returns show us that the present penal system is failing in three cases out of four in its primary and fundamental object, which is to prevent an offender who has been once convicted from repeating the offence. Therefore the time has come when in order to protect society from the many forms of crime, it must be treated from an entirely different standpoint. It is only in recent years that men have realized this necessity and are attempting to remedy conditions by going to the root of the difficulty and removing the cause.

The causes of juvenile crime may be classed under two heads, individual and social. The principal individual causes are, age and bodily and mental characteristics of the juvenile offender. The social conditions are the parental and economic surroundings. Juvenile crime is the outcome of adverse individual and social conditions of the youth or of both sets of conditions acting in combination.

There is a period in the life of every individual when evil surroundings have a much greater tendency to produce criminality than at other times. This period is that of growth and development from adolescence to maturity. It is during this period that a youth, if allowed to develop his natural disposi-

tion to evade higher authorities, will take the first steps toward becoming a criminal.

In connection with age, the physical and mental qualities of juveniles play an important part in creating criminal tendencies. Criminal statistics show that there is by far a greater percentage of disease and deformity among juveniles who come before the criminal courts than among the law-abiding youths. A correct understanding of the mental conditions of juvenile criminals can be obtained only by a knowledge of their mental condition and of the physical condition of their parents. A large percentage of juvenile criminals have either a weak state of vitality or have inherited weak mental capacities from their parents, or they may exhibit both conditions.

No criminal, however, may be said to be the product of any one cause. All adverse conditions under which an individual exists, tend to produce crime.

The economic and social surroundings of the juvenile population are the most prominent of all causes tending to produce law-breaking habits. And it can be shown that the laws of our government and the customs of society are directly responsible in a great measure for these conditions. Juvenile delinquents as a whole are found socially and financially among the lowest classes of society. Many of them have lost one or both of their parents or have been deserted by their parents who either are too poor to house and feed them or have no desire to do so. The condition of children who have homes is about as bad. Like their parents they are compelled to work all day and as a result grow up in illiteracy and poverty. If they refuse to work they are left at home or in the street where they come under the influence of all the evils of our city slums. From these classes come the street waif, the newsboy, the bootblack and the beggar. Many of them live in the very poorest lodging houses, or, not having such a place, sleep in goods boxes, dark alleys, or wherever they can find shelter from the weather, and from the police. Such conditions are stepping stones to lives of crime. Their vagrant habits lead to the commission of some petty theft or other trifling offence,

which brings them under the jurisdiction of the police courts. Many are arrested for such trifling offences as playing marbles on the sidewalk, swinging on revolving doors, or jumping on moving trains. The arrest and imprisonment of such wayward youths is one of the greatest causes of crime existing today. If they are placed in jail even for a day they come in touch with hardened and experienced criminals and as a result they are not only humiliated, but their imaginations are filled with vivid pictures of daring deeds and the exciting adventures of a criminal life. The jails and police court systems of our municipalities today are schools of crime, wherein the street waif, the outcast of society, without home or friends or with homes, which are not fit for them to live in, are placed on account of some trifling offence and trained as Milton said "in the arts of hell." From such places they go out into the world with criminal thoughts instilled into their brain and eventually become a menace and a terror to individuals and to society. As a whole such things are happening and such influences are at work around us every day and yet we boast of the humane and wise laws of our municipal and state governments. Until such systems are changed and such conditions are removed we cannot expect to decrease the amount of crime that is every day adding to the difficulty and expense of as well as the weakening of the body politic.

This can only be done by separation as far as possible of the juvenile population from all influences tending to produce in them evil habits. The juvenile courts already established in some of our cities have been a great factor in separating the youthful offender from the hardened criminal. It is operated entirely separate from the criminal courts and are most successful in their treatment. The offenders are tried and put on probation for a certain period. During their probation they have their liberty but are watched over by a probation officer and if their behavior is good the judge dismisses the case with his congratulation. If however they have committed further offences or are still unchanged they are again

brought before the court and punished or their period of probation renewed.

A still more efficient method of dealing with the wayward is the establishment of corrective institutions for all delinquents under a certain age who do not have the proper home surroundings or who have appeared before the courts for offence against the law. In these institutions they should be taught the principles of Christainity and self-government, as well as given instruction and employment in some useful trade. It may be argued by some that the expense of such a proceeding would be too great on the government. But let us see. At present from actual figures furnished by Arthur McDonald every school child costs the government eleven dollars (\$11.00) annually for educational purposes, while every convicted criminal costs the government six thousand dollars (\$6,000.00) annually. What idea could be more inconceivably wrong then, than that it would be more expensive to place a youthful offender in prison, thus converting him into a destructive force in society than to uplift him to an honorable position and a constructive factor among his fellow men.

In view of such facts the responsibility of putting into practise these needed changes in the condition confronts the government from a social, economical and Christian standpoint. We have seen that juvenile delinquency is the outgrowth of adverse individual and social influences contaminating the child. We have seen that it lies in the power of the American people to better these conditions by simple methods and their responsibility is obvious. It is the duty of our legislative bodies to enact laws embodying the needed reforms and of our executive and judicial bodies to enforce these laws. It is the duty and privilege of every true American citizen to agitate these reforms and to contribute his part toward them. When the forces of Christian charity in church and state unite in removing the causes of delinquency among our youthful population they are carrying out the principle on which our government was founded, the principle of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. The fruit of their labor

will be a nation in which every man will have a right to a voice in the government and, what is still more important every man will be worthy of the privilege of governing himself, a privilege which the Almighty intended ever man should have when he gave him this earth for his habitation and placed its elements at his disposal.

AT NIGHT-FALL.

I'm tired tonight; too tired to hear you sing,
Too tired to watch the lamp-light on your hair;
But oh, beloved, there are things I care
For more than these; 'tis love, not anything
Your love can give. Nor would I have you bring
And cast it for my whims, but rather, bear
My soul to loftier heights, and know I have
Such love as wants no pay, no suffering.

Good night, oh princess hearted, kiss and part.
Yon tender sickle quivering o'er your sleep
Shall keep you safe. Now may the angels steep
Your soul with peace, to calm your noble heart.
Be kind, oh beauty, trembling there above,
And lavish all you hold on her I love.

A. D.

HER DREAM.

(CAPS AND GOWNS.)

It was the night before the class-meeting night when the Seniors were to decide the one important and weighty question of the year, as to whether or not the old custom of Guilford College should be changed, whether or not the boys should buy the customary hateful black suits for commencement; whether or not the girls should buy eight or ten expensive commencement dresses; whether or not the college should emulate the other colleges of the state and south; in other words, whether or not the Seniors should wear at commencement exercises those long, death-like robes and tam-o-hanter hats, namely, caps and gowns.

Furthermore, it was the night before that eventful day when Discussion sat boldly on his throne, when the air was alive with flitting thoughts, and full of inharmonious sounds of abusive language, both persuasive and resentive, both masculine and feminine, the day on which the allied forces of the girls and three boys threatened to march against the iron-clad and bloody phalanx composed of the remaining boys. Those were dark days, aye, they were days in which the foundation of the Republic was shaken, days when a young civil war was fearfully threatening despite the great peace movement and the influence of the Hague conference, despite the recent bloody example of warfare in the East, despite the fact that the reputation of the class of '13 was at stake.

As I was saying, wandering back to my subject from which I, affected by reminiscences of those times naturally but unparadonably strayed—as I was saying, it was the night before that memorable night and all in the house was as still as a mouse. The truth is, it was just about twelve o'clock and Chanticleer was just abandoning his second challenge, that one of those frail and tender beauties of that element of the Senior class which nature has grouped in the sex opposite to man, was lying on her bed, happy and innocent in the land of

forgetfulness and dreams. She had laid down only an hour before after a strenuous day of brain-racking, trying to contrive some plan to outwit the opposing element among the boys and win the election on the following night. Being thus tired, soon after "turning in" she fell asleep, and was soon deeply under the influence of Lethe.

Suddenly, but stealthily, a long-robed figure, headless, handless and feetless faded in through the closed door and came near the bedside of the sleeping girl. One light tap with its handless hand was enough to awake the girl. She shrank back in horror as she beheld the ghost-like hag of Blackness, and had one gaze into the depths of those invisible eyes. She failed not to notice, however, the commanding and threatening imaginary expression on that unseen face as with a swoop of its arm it bade her get up and follow. She felt constrained to obey, and followed after, though in great fear. They went through the closed door with ease and then through the floor and lower ceiling, down to the first floor, out through the east door to where they came upon two old brooms, saddled and bridled for a journey through the celestial regions. Soon they were wending their way through the clouds, over the moon, and far away among the stars. For hours and hours they sped on through rarefied air some million miles above the earth. Finally she realized that they were approaching a place of habitation, and almost before she knew it, they had ushered their sailing steeds into the midst of a host of other robed creatures similar to her companion. This spectacle would not have been so uncanny in its appearance had it not been for the intermingling element composed of all grades of all such animals, fowls and reptiles as had descended from the survivors of the flood through benevolence of Father Noah. There were snakes and snails and goblins and terrapins, and eagles and wildcats and bugs. There were miniature elephants, slim hippopotami, and gorillas with horrible "mugs." There were short-necked giraffes, too, and short-earned jack rabbits, and pug dogs that didn't have "pugs." There were roosters that bellowed, and horses that bleated, and bull dogs that crowed

like a crow. There were soft-feathered porcupines, bushy-tailed possums and hogs that ate hay from the mow. What beat all, was white niggers, and brown, snarling jiggers, with a coat of long hair white as snow. Our young friend was perhaps most surprised to find that all these creatures, regardless of class and color, were neatly adorned with caps and gowns. It was an interesting but horrible sight to the young girl to see them flitting and flying and creeping and crawling about on the thin air, dressed in garbs of what she had until now considered as human paraphernalia. Her companion explained to her by elaborate signs and inarticulate sounds of an unknown tongue that the people of the earth were trying to rob them of an old and cherished custom, sneaking from them the form of garb that was their delight to dress in, disgracing them by their unfair emulation, and gradually displacing them of their standing in society. The old hag spoke vehemently of the unfairness of such treatment and vowed that if the people of earth continued to abuse their privileges by filching this custom from its rightful adherents that she, the hag, would be obliged to descend from her celestial place of abode with all her companion hags together with a host of her baser companions and pounce upon these malignant vamps below, punishing them for their misbehavior.

When Grace awoke the next morning, the remembrance of her dream the night before weighed heavily on her spirits, crushing her by the very horror of it, but that night when the election came off she voted for caps and gowns.

AN ALLY, '13.

A PLEA FOR SCIENCE IN COLLEGE.

In almost every public speech of today you will hear expressed in words, or at least in thought, that times have changed. Indeed! times have changed, changed radically. The present generation is vastly unlike our forefathers. The thoughts and ideas along industrial, educational, and social lines, that were popular and thought to be unmistakably correct, then, are no longer considered and are filed away as opinions of the past. Along with the advance in science there has been a corresponding change in man's attitude toward life. The jack-of-all-trade days have passed. No longer does one man manufacture his own shoes, weld his instruments, build his buildings, and govern the household; or the house-wife spin her cloth, make all the garments, educate the children, and keep up the moral life of the home. In other words we have outgrown the idea of the family being the unit—that each household is complete in itself and is independent of and to the neighborhood. Our nation has expanded and our unit has also expanded. One man does not live by or unto himself. He has to serve his fellowmen more or less. He has to give his labor, in the form of some single product to his brothers and let them do the rest. All that is asked of him is that he do one thing and do it well.

This idea has become so forcible that the population has come to believe that a young man ought to specialize in the line he likes best and the sooner he begins the better. It is even battering on the walls of our present educational system trying to gain entrance. Should this be the case? Would it be to the best interests of the individual and of this republic for every man to specialize? Should the cry demanding the colleges to turn out lawyers, doctors, engineers prepared to enter their profession immediately be considered. Let us see.

We notice that in the progress of our nation, development has been mainly along industrial lines. Hence the demand for industrial education. Healthy industry indicates money. But

sad to say a pecuniary lust has been developed which has lowered the highest and noblest aim of a collegiate education to simply a preparation for a specific work. The average American father when sending his children to college wants his money to yield immediate results. He wants his son, or daughter to learn things that will help them to produce more silver or gold. Perhaps he has worked hard for his little fortune and consequently wants it to yield as big returns as possible. Furthermore a new world is opened up to the ambitious youth; the vast number of opportunities burst upon his mind, he studies one thing one, or two years; then over anxious to use his knowledge he rushes forth to strike some mighty blows that will bring him fame, honor and money. The father's idea of a big return investment and the son's ambitious desire has created such a demand for premature technical education that many a young man has had his wings clipped and has been prevented from attaining unto his highest possibilities. Such an utilitarian idea is dangerous. It destroys breadth of character and reduces life to the mere essentials of existence. The colleges are to blame to some extent. Some of them go to the other extreme and think that because a subject deals principally with the question of helping a man to make money, there is no mental training to be found in it; caused sometimes because a teacher does not humanize his subject and point out the relation between the student's life and his future work. This narrow viewpoint has lead some folks to believe that a vocational training is the prime thing. But they entirely forget the true function of a college.

We might ask then, what is the real function of a college? It is hard to define exactly just what the duty of a college is to each individual student; so in discussing this question one must necessarily assume a broad-minded position. But generally speaking it can be said that it should enable one to think and to have a true appreciation of life. This plainly is contrary to the utilitarian point of view; that a man is to act out his own specific part on the stage of life and pay no attention to anybody else. Accordingly one should study nothing

except that which pertains to his life's work. No one can appreciate life or enjoy living who exists under such a cut and dried regime. The machine-made man does not represent the consummation of the ages in his line and is himself at a disadvantage. His estimation of life is hemmed in by hard and fast rules of custom; he does as he is told to do—does it over and over again; he has no power of initiative; therefore because he cannot grow he must of necessity degenerate and become inferior. It is an acknowledged fact that no man can give the very best to the world in any profession, until he is able to appreciate the needs of his people; that no man is able to know what is best for his people until he understands the stages through which his work, in its relation to the needs of the people, has developed. This is utterly impossible of the hot-house methods of the dollar chaser, because money is his highest aim, when it should always occupy a place even below the secondary.

The real question of education is one of values and not so much whether it is useful training versus useless education—all education is useful. If a student's mind wanders and is hard to focus it at one certain point, and Latin happens to be the best developer of concentration, why Latin is undoubtedly the most valuable study to that student. If Geometry helps a student to think more logically and concisely or if literature develops his taste for the fine and beautiful—each has its respective value proportioned according to his deficiencies. The fact that a student is in a very plastic condition when young only emphasizes the importance of choosing studies with respect to their values. I do not think that a four years' course in classic literature, or in dead or modern languages with the entire exclusion of scientific studies is ever the most beneficial; nor do I believe that Biology, Physics, or Mathematics should be made a "hobby," but that they ought to be sandwiched with History, Philosophy or some language. However, I do believe, that, because of the numerous inventions and scientific investigations that are occurring and that will take place, everybody should get a comprehensive idea of the sciences.

Right here the opinions of the radicals and conservatives clash. One emphasizes the importance and benefit of the study of classic literature and languages while the other appeals to the practical side and argues that one should study the helpful and beneficial subjects of his line. I do not think that war should be made upon the classic literature of any of the languages with the purpose of exterminating it; because it is only through these ancient languages that we can fully appreciate the thoughts and experiences of the past. But I do think that more emphasis should be laid upon the so-called sciences, in order to keep up with the times—to be modern. One cannot appreciate one's own age if one does not understand some of the great discoveries. And to understand them one will have to know a few fundamental laws which cannot be understood without some scientific knowledge. To know or to perceive a thing is a supreme pleasure. Who is there that cannot remember the exuberent pride of having one time solved a most difficult arithmetic problem? We were happy because night became day. It is vastly more interesting to know and to understand the laws of electricity than just to behold it giving light or heat. The public mind has become inquisitive and is asking the whys and wherefores of the mysterious.

Psychology tells us that we are only interested in those things we know something about. If a man had never seen or read about a railroad he could not appreciate a thrilling incident in a wreck or care anything about the immense influence that they have upon civilization; for the simple reason that he would have nothing from which to start, no foundation on which to build. Therefore our appreciation of life is exactly proportional to the number of things about which we are acquainted. If a man makes Biology his specialty, studies or reads about nothing else—he can think of his business transactions only in Biological terms. That would be the only medium through which he could comprehend. The broad-minded man is in demand everywhere, not because he knows so many facts, but because he knows the principles and can apply them. Such a man must have explained why a lead pipe, which was

recently dug up in New York was corroded and perforated. He first considered the nature of the surrounding soil. Then he knew that certain compounds were present which reacted with the lead to form lead compounds which were soluble in water. Therefore the pipe had been acted upon by compounds and the resulting lead compounds had been washed away. Likewise a similar man must have discovered that potassium nitrate, a good fertilizer, did not have to be dug from the niter beds but could easily be made by the farmer himself. The solving of these problems of nature is a pleasure because it is always a joy to unravel a mystery, and also because of the benefit that the public will derive from it.

Doubtless the greatest opening is for scientific men on the farm. There, almost all the science known today is practicable. Chemistry helps him out in determining the kind of soil and the kind of fertilizer to be used. In all his machinery and building Physics is useful. A study of Biology and Physiology will enable him to raise better stock and so on. The housewife can utilize these subjects fully as well. Heating and lighting are problems of Physics. Biology comes in for its share. Chemistry is the most essential of the three because it enters into all the phases of cooking. A study of Organic Chemistry ought to be required of our home-makers.

Again imagine there is utility and pleasure in traveling, for we all travel more or less. Why is it that we get so tired? Simply because we do nothing. Our minds become weary of being vacant. We see but don't think. If we should think about how the laws of gravity act on the train, how many times the drive wheel revolves in a minute or something similar, traveling would be a pleasure. In sight-seeing the knowledge of science will help us to see through many mysteries. So it makes no difference what vocation—preacher, teacher, politician, doctor, farmer, or what not—one chooses, one's view and appreciation of life will be greatly enlarged if a few of the principles of science are mastered.

It is surprising how many ways swindlers can work. One special way is to make up some kind of a mixture, get it patent-

ed and sell it to the public as a cure-all. A girl was very much disgusted when she discovered that her new and wonderful shoe cleaner was nothing more nor less than gasoline. She had paid ten cents for it while she could have bought the same amount of the oil for two cents. Two brothers decided to try the get-rich-quick method, so they mixed some water, sulphuric acid and something else to give the solution a color. They had absolutely the greatest discovery of the century. Imagine yourself taking dilute sulphuric acid to clean out your liver. It would clean it out all right, but I am afraid you would have no liver when it was done. So by a meager knowledge of chemistry even we can safeguard ourselves against the intrigue of swindlers who are hiding behind the patent laws.

Since these studies are so advantageous and beneficial, I think that the colleges ought to require more science than they do, because it above any other branch is the most closely connected with human life. Therefore it is plain that education is the only means by which society can be permanently protected from the injustices which it now, through ignorance, tacitly encourages.

JOHN "HYRCANUS," '13.



"THE NEW GIRL'S REBUFF."

"There's a new girl in town, have you seen her?" said Bob Newgate, as he threw down his cigar and settled back on the counter seat to talk to his friends. Sam, Guy, Claud and the rest looked up inquiringly as he went on. "I tell you she is a fine girl and good looking too." "There she is with that bunch across the street." Every eye turned towards a bevy of girls each of whom was trying her best to get in the middle of the group. Lamaris Stevens in her neat but citified dress, the center of attraction, was gaily chatting with these town girls. Though not in a bragging way she was telling them of the sights to be seen in the city, and interesting them with her funny stories.

"Oh, Mamie, let's tell some of our plans," called out Lo.

"Yes, we're going to have a treat tonight. The Shoal's Opera Company is going to give a play. We're all going. Everybody will be there, because we don't get to see many plays," rattled out Elsie as she tossed her brown curls under her big bow of ribbon.

"Yes," said Lamaris, "I already have an engagement for to-night."

"Do tell us," chorused the girls.

But Lamaris laughingly said, "Oh, wait and see."

In an office room up town, Claud could be heard saying to the fellows:

"Yes, I have a date with Miss Stevens, but I don't have to keep it."

Bob listened aimlessly, then, his face brightening up he slipped unnoticed to the other side of the room, and quietly taking up the receiver called "Four double nine, please"—"Is Miss Stevens there, tell her to come to the phone. Miss Stevens just listen to the conversation in this room for a while."

Claud was heard to continue: "No, I'm not going with her. You see she's a new girl, and it won't do me any good to spend

my money on her. Why she is going to leave tomorrow, and I won't ever see her again."

"Well," said Lamarris after she had heard enough of the talk to learn the truth.

"That's the first time a young man ever failed to keep his engagement with me." "Ha! ha! I'll not let it bother me in the least. Let's see. I can go tonight just the same with Mr. and Mrs. Rollins, and then Cousin Jack will be along to, for he came in on that late train—the girls will never know the difference.

The next day a steamer whistle was heard far down the river blowing for Braden. There was a crowd on the dock, but Lamaris Stevens was the only passenger to step on the gang plank. The stalwart negroes were yelling and singing as they drug in the heavy ropes and the wheels splashed the water into foam as the great steamer backed out into the channel. Lamaris stood on the deck, shading her tear-dimmed eyes as she looked back on dear old Braden, where she had just spent such happy days with her friends. She could see the beautiful palms rustling their great branches on each side of the main street. The gorgeous coloring of the tropical flowers was mingled into one grand tone of blended shades. There was the tower of the miser Chaton's home, looming up in the center of the town. The mango trees, and orange trees, loaded with fruit and the pineapple pineries, passed slowly from her view. Finally everything became as distant and hazy as the old Spanish moss which hung in festoons from the trees.

Then Lamaris took a steamer chair and pretended to begin reading a book, but she looked around at the passengers. Presently she exclaimed to herself, "Well, of all things, if that isn't Claud Wilkens over there in that bunch of men."

Just then some one cried, "O look at the big devil fish that is following the boat."

With that every one rushed to the side of the railing to look over at the huge black fish, which was skimming just beneath the surface of the waves, his great flat back, some five feet in width. In the excitement Claud happened to be stand-

ing by Lamaris. She having kept watch of him said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Wilkens; you too are leaving Braden? I would like to speak with you, just a moment." When they were seated Lamaris continued, "I just wanted to give you this"—and taking from her purse a two-dollar bill, she handed it to the blushing young man, and finished, "If you ever have another engagement with a visiting youn glady, you can use this and keep your promise."



THE LIFE WORTH WHILE.

Life is a grand possession and a glorious opportunity. As Pope has well said, "The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away and yet constantly coming on."

Every life should have a purpose and a duty, it makes no difference how great or how little, each life has its place to fill. God has given the smallest seed life and has sent it on his mission. The plant from the smallest seed has its purpose to accomplish.

How much more has man—the greatest being God has created—to accomplish. God has seen fit to endow us with mental and moral power to fulfill the great mission He has given us to perform. Each day's work that is left undone causes a break in our lives, that we may never be able to repair. "Yesterday was ours, but it is gone; today is all we possess, for tomorrow we may never see."

Great crises are in each passing hour, great responsibilities are in the passages of every life; great dangers are hidden in the paths of life's highway; uncertainty hangs over our future.

Why then do we live? Why these great endowments of mind and heart? Why these means of education for the development of these powers? Why do we find ourselves living surrounded by human beings like ourselves, who yield to our example and our influence?

We see the grand opportunity for usefulness in all directions at all times. Faith in the Master will enlarge our usefulness. Education adds to our privileges and our opportunities. We should learn the lesson of true living so that we may accomplish our work by a successful life. Our lives though brief and frail, will govern our eternity.

We may make our life what we desire it to be. At times our path may seem very difficult and the goal far, far away, but if we ever strive to build on a firm foundation, we are pretty apt to come out more than conqueror. Our lives are

either shining for good or bad and it is our duty to see that they shine in the direction that will uplift and help others.

We all have tasks that belong to our individual selves. Even the sun and the moon and the very infinitesimal animals have functions to perform that belong individually to them.

The noblest and truest lives are those that make sacrifices for others; a light does not shine for itself, but for others; neither does a seed grow and multiply for itself, but it brings forth fruit for the world.

It certainly is true that our character and life depends very much upon our friendships. We have heard that a person may be known by the books he reads as well as the companions he keeps. It is also true that the friendships formed in school are the most substantial and enduring. These friendships are dearer, for it is the time of our first struggle for knowledge and influence. There seems to be no other time when we have a greater desire to stand first among our associates and classmates. The memories of school days and college days generally cling closely to our hearts.

Stick-to-it-ive-ness with the majority of the people goes a long way towards perfecting a life worth while. So often we meet with people, whom we know from all observations could have made their life far nobler had they possessed more of a tenacious spirit."

Ambition along with honesty is very essential to the growth of a strong and noble character. The motto, "Honesty is the best policy," has proved time and again true. In our school life there are so many ways in which we may be untrue to our classmates; for instance the one thing so many students are guilty, is the stealing of another's time.

After all "life is what we make it." We must take courage, strive with our manhood and womanhood to accomplish a noble purpose. When this is done the little stanza of Alice Cary's may well be applied to our life.

"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing, each day that goes by.

Some little good, not in the dreaming,
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."



The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials

CONDUCTED BY "CY."

The stirring times of Teddy's "You are a liar! Thieves! Bloodthirsty scoundrel!" and Willie Taft's "You're another! You ambitious fake," has all passed. The G. O. P. has ceased to be a G. O. P. (All honor to the dead) and from its ashes of corrupt methods, as the Phoenix bird, a party dubbed "Pro-

gressives" has sprung to vie with its "daddy" G. O. P. in the old tricks of their game. Through all this rough-and-tumble the Democrats with a zeal, never before witnessed, seized the opportunity and as a result of the campaign of 1912 Woodrow Wilson will be our High Mucky Muck for the next four years. They say that this Wilson is a very great man. . . . Now he has a good chance to prove it. They say he has grit also. We doubt that not, right now, but if he can clear away the debris which has been dumped upon the people during Republican Rule, we cannot doubt it further, but will have to give him the cake. It is plain to all clear thinking people that it is impossible to do all this in four years—in eight or twelve, and if Wilson does not accomplish it the people cannot censure him for not doing so, in the least Wilson has pledged himself to the task and he will give us the best he has. All eyes are turned to see what he will do—what he will tear down—what he will establish, thinking that he is the person that will ruin the nation or make the nation its best, when he is absolutely powerless to do so without the support of the people. Narrow thinking people in the past thought that Grover Cleveland should have given us a prosperous administration, although he very nearly stood alone in his views along with a House and a Senate opposed to him. This situation is far different from that of the present. The Democrats have a majority in both houses of Congress and can pass any Democratic measure, still this is not sufficient, Woodrow must have Public Opinion in his favor.

His administration comes at a very critical period in our history. Great existing economic evils such as the tariff and currency system, the trust problem, interstate commerce, labor problem, and many others that space will not allow to enumerate, have arisen under Republican administration to such a point that something has got to be done toward their elimination. These reforms cannot come suddenly, but will have to be made gradually. The whole existing order of things cannot be changed at once, for it would throw all into confusion, but that a change will be made it is certain. The Democrats real-

ize the needs and importance of these reforms. They have blood in their eyes and are in the fight to the finish. Go it Woodrow! Go it! Shake 'em!

*"A Plea for Better
Local Mail Service."*

While there has been many needed improvements undertaken and realized of late at Guilford College, there seems to be one department of college life which has been woefully neglected—that is in the distribution of mail matter on the hill. Now it is quite true that the present method of handling college mail is much better than if each individual here were required to call personally for his mail at the postoffice—in that it saves much time and considerable inconvenience. But now is the present system entirely satisfactory or the most convenient one to be had? Let us examine it for a moment! Mail is brought from the postoffice by the mail-carrier and first carried to Founder's Hall. There it is sorted over, the faculty members getting theirs on the spot, while letters belonging to the girls at Founder's are given out to them when seen or when convenient, this practice often causing delay and vexation. The mail then is carried next to New Garden Hall and distributed likewise, causing the same inconvenience and delay. Finally the "leavings" are brought to the boys' dormitory and called out there among a howling, pushing mob. The scene is like a bunch of half-starved hogs at feeding time. Those present in some unexplainable manner get their mail, but that mail-matter belonging to students on classes or otherwise absent, undergoes a much more roundabout and uncertain route of delivery. Sometimes mail is taken by friends who seldom remember to deliver it promptly. Again the postman either carries letters in his pockets until he happens to see the right fellow, or he crams them in the crack of your door, where there is great danger of their being blown away, stolen or swept up and destroyed by the janitor. Now the second class matter (papers, packages, circulars, etc.) is left lying

on the table at Archdale and becomes the property of whomsoever comes along and wants it. Then among the boys especially is there a very poor system of mail delivery. In the first place the present system is very much unmodern—evidently a relic of barbarism. Secondly, there is danger of valuable mail-matter being lost, and thirdly the present system is awkward and inefficient—in that it should give prompt service; but in this particular it certainly does not do.

Then what remedy or reform could be advocated for the college which would at the same time be practical? The remedy suggested by the author is that of a system or arrangement of private letter-boxes. Each box being provided with a lock and key, and excessible only to the owner and the postman. Let an arrangement of such boxes be placed in Founder's Hall for the girls and faculty members in that dormitory. Likewise for the girls at New Garden Hall, a similar system of letter-boxes; while a single system for all the boys could be kept in Archdale Hall. Of course, however, this proposal is merely the framework of the system, the details of which are yet to be worked out.

But what would be the advantages of this private-box system in mail distribution at the college? In the first place it would insure safe delivery. Aside from the postman you are the only person who handle your mail. Your letters don't go through perhaps a half a dozen hands before reaching you, but instead they are placed in a locked box and you alone have access to that box. As a result valuable letters are not lost, postcards not previously read, and suspicious-looking packages are not torn open and their contents examined by interested parties. In the second place individual letter-boxes would save time and worry. No longer is there any necessity for looking up the mail-carrier or friends and applying them with questions regarding your mail. You know exactly where to go for it, and besides, "the box" is located in the most convenient place. While on the other hand the postman is saved all the trouble of delivering letters to individuals. In the third place the proposed system is simple and easily applied.

It is simply, erect the required number of letter-boxes in each of the dormitories, charge students rent for the boxes and require this to be paid along with the other bills at the Treasurer's office upon registering. In the fourth place, the letter-box system for the distribution of mail matter is modern and progressive. It is the same system as is found in use in city postoffices. It is the same method of mail distribution in operation in practically all the higher colleges in the State, at the State Normal, Trinity College, and University of North Carolina the "letter-box" system is in use. Then why not establish such a system here at Guilford? Why not change a poor system for one that will give better service and at the same time add dignity and honor to Guilford? Why not cast aside poor, inefficient, unmodern methods for service which is efficient and progressive? We need better mail service at Guilford.

But the trustees and faculty may say this mail matter is insignificant and unimportant. Perhaps it is. But let it be borne in mind that it is the little things that count. It is the little flaw in one link of the chain that causes the chain to be broken. It is the one little weak spot in the boiler that is responsible for the explosion, which results in great loss of life and property. Whereas if the small flaw or the little weak spot had been strengthened, the whole chain or boiler would have been stronger and have lasted longer. So it is in an up-to-date college. If the little things are neglected, the big ones will suffer. But if the little insignificant principles are handled properly the large one will take care of themselves. If then some small systems of college activity prove awkward, inefficient and non-progressive, the progress of the institution as a whole will be greatly lessened.

Now if Guilford wishes to rank among the best equipped colleges in the state, she cannot neglect at home—even the little mail service. It seems to the writer that in the delivery of mail at the college, Guilford is far behind the other colleges throughout the state. Then "give us better mail service" is the sentiment among the student body.

"PETER," '13.

EXCHANGES.

CONDUCTED BY ERA LASLEY.

We finish reading the February number of the Earhamite far too quickly. This magazine has the quality that many college magazines lack—a smooth-flowing and interesting style. “Cordelia” is an exceptionally good article. It shows that the writer can truly appreciate Shakespeare, can analyze character and above all can put his thoughts into language that is forceful and expressive. “My First Attack” is in some respects ideal. The time involved is of just the right length for a short story. “Life’s Garden” gives a good comparison of the person who chooses wealth alone and the person who chooses the true and beautiful even though they bring suffering and sacrifice. The setting also adds much to this story. The greatest need of the Earhamite is a few original poems.

The athletic, alumni, editorial and local and personal departments of the Buff and Blue are very commendable. “A Pioneering Experience” is interesting though it ends rather abruptly. This magazine is lacking in poems and articles.

Though this number of the Lenorian is rather didactic it is an improvement over the numbers of last year. All the poems are good, but “The Song Sparrow” is the best. “The Pride of Ambition” would have been a very interesting story if it had been told in three hundred pages instead of only two and a half. “Honesty in College” is an excellent article. Every student should read it. If some of our students would heed the advice given in this article their college days would be happier and more profitable. “The Complaint of a Book” is extremely interesting and truly shows the difference in people in regard to their care of books. Another story and a few more editorials would have greatly helped this issue of the Lenorian.

We acknowledge the receipt of The Wake Forest Student, Haverfordian, Trinity Archive, Wilmingtonian and Davidson College Magazine.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held on January 30th. At this meeting the various committees gave very interesting and encouraging reports of the work done during the past year. The Bible study committee reported that in the ten Bible classes there had been a total average attendance of about 82 per cent. By this we believe that Bible study is doing much here in leading men to accept the principles of the higher life.

Although the interest in mission work heretofore has not been as great as one could wish, yet the future prospects are bright. With 90 per cent. of the men enrolled under competent leaders in mission study, we believe that results hitherto unknown will be achieved.

No other phase of the Association's activity offers a larger opportunity for the religious education of the student than does the religious meetings. The leaders during the past year have realized that the purpose in these meetings was to lead men into such a relation with God as Father, and men as brothers, that they might have a growing consciousness of an approved friendship with Jesus Christ. The interest of the students in these meetings is shown by the fact that in the majority of these meetings the leaders have come from the student body.

Taking all things into consideration, we believe that the past year has been one of the most successful in the annals of the Y. M. C. A. here. As new men enter into the various positions of the Y. M. C. A., we believe that in having the past year as a basis upon which to build, they should be the means of bringing about as great, if not greater results than those obtained heretofore.

It is our desire that during the next year of the Association work, we shall at all times ask the guidance of Him who said: "Although I leave you and the world shall see me no more, yet I will be with you and you shall be made to feel that I love you."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

BY PRESIDENT.

Since the official year 1912-13 of the Y. W. C. A. is nearing its close I will make a brief and general report for the whole year. We are thankful in the first place and most of all for the splendid co-operative spirit which has existed among the girls and which has made it possible for our Association to do the best work it has ever done. After enrolling every girl in our work we have striven to neglect no phase of student life. Early in the autumn we had a picnic at the Guilford Battle Ground which freed the girls for an afternoon and helped them to know and mingle sociably with each other. I might say that at this time, Miss Mary Porter, our much appreciated student secretary, was spending a few days with us and our half holiday in the open air was made still more enjoyable by the little vesper service which she conducted on a grassy hillside, where we had gathered for lunch. Miss Porter's visit was a great source of strength to our Association in every way, and "none knew her but to love her." Each committee has tried to do its work in a vigorous artistic way and this fact has been verified on the part of the Religious Meetings Committee, which has arranged unusually interesting Thursday evening prayer meetings. In order that the monotony of sameness might be avoided, we have had several leaders outside of the student group. Among these leaders were Mrs. L. L. Hobbs, wife of our President; Mr. and Mrs. Dann, our visiting English Friends; Miss Julia White and Miss Raechel Farlow.

Our Mission Study Rally was lead by Mr. Joseph Purdie, who has been actively connected with this work. We have also had a series of meetings on Social Service, and as an introduction we had Miss Cain, the secretary of the Greensboro City Y. W. C. A., who had previously worked among wage earning girls. For the future we have planned to have many other such leaders and thus keep the interest alive, which has been shown all fall. I merely mentioned the fact that we had

a Mission Rally. I want to say that after this rally we enrolled a large majority of our girls in mission classes, which have not proved as successful as in previous years owing to a necessary change in the time for meeting. This has been remedied however and we hope to be able to finish our courses successfully.

The financial side of the Association has needed no little attention, for in spite of the fact that we had a good surplus left in our treasury from last year we realized that in order to meet the demands of our budget we would have to work steadily toward that end. Our systematic giving fortunately amounted to about twice as much per term as usual and our large membership meant increased amount of fees, but since we had pledged ten dollars for the support of Miss Sharpless' Bible Class in Japan, \$30.00 for National and Territorial Work and \$50.00 for committee work, we had to get some special means by which to raise the desired amount. Of course the annual Christmas bazaar was one main feature. The auditorium was decorated in red and green crepe, red bells and tinsel and the managers of each booth had striven to see who could surpass the other in making the most beautiful decoration. Ten cents admission was charged and the evening's festivities began with a farce comedy, after which a social time was given and candies, ice cream, hot chocolate and fancy articles were sold. About twenty-five (25) of our girls had dressed dolls to send to the mill village children in South Carolina and since these had not yet been sent we arranged them in a booth and had a baby show, charging a slight admission. From this bazaar we cleared something like \$35.00. Since Christmas we have had no special way to make money, but later in the spring we hope to give a play.

Perhaps many Guilford College people will remember that a few years ago the Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in having a nice furnished room given them which was amply large for our prayer-meetings and other services. Since then the College has found it necessary to use this room as a music studio and as a result repairs are badly needed, which we feel sure the

College will make at an early date. Since our number of members has so increased we have bought one dozen and a half nice new chairs and also for the accommodation of our collection of books, we have purchased a sectional book case. Mrs. M. E. M. Davis gave us a large steel engraving, "Mrs. Fry talking to the New Gate prisoners." We have had this framed, and taking this in with our new furnishings we have spent \$49.00 on our Association room and hope to soon have it in beautiful order and to keep it so. We can however no longer say that our treasury is full and we sincerely hope that all those who have been to the Y. W. C. A. Conferences at Asheville will remember their good time to such an extent that they will respond heartily to the letters sent out by us and thus help to build up our Conference fund. I want to say to those who have responded that we thank you most heartily.

I am sure that I can say for every member of the cabinet, as well as every active member of the Association, that we have found joy in the service for the Master.





BY "SKIELMORE."

BASKET BALL.

A few days ago the manager of the basket ball team dropped into my office and during the conversation that followed he explained a situation to me that I had tried to fathom but could not. I give his explanation here *verbatim*:

"Basket ball! Bosh! Why 'Skiei,' this year the game here has been 'bum.' Our players are sorely disappointed because we've had practically no games at all and have the 'don't care' spirit. I don't blame them. We were to take a Virginia trip this season, and these games together with several of those with colleges in this state would give me the required number of games allowed by the faculty. But this Carolina Basket Ball League began to be agitated and was finally formed. The games within the league would then give me the games allowed, thus blowing my Virginia trip to the winds. Then on top of this, late in the season, or rather the last moment, Wake Forest, University of Georgia, A. & M. and Maryville College, cancelled on me. This threw out six games, thus leaving me in the hole. Too late to arrange games elsewhere. Those in the league, with the exception of two colleges, have certainly for some cause, or other, treated Guilford the worst I've ever seen, and I advise the next manager not to have the slightest thing

to do with this Basket Ball League. I hate that things have taken such a course this year, but there is one thing certain a manager cannot force another team to play if that team does not care to. But aside from all this we have the best quintette that we have ever had and can lick anything coming down this way. That's my sentiments, 'Skiel.'" With this he walked out. The situation I could not previously fathom, was plain as day and will be likewise to others if they wish to see.

BASE BALL.

The base ball schedule for this season is as follows, with the exception of a few games pending:

Atlantic Christian College, March 20, at Guilford College.

Carolina, March 24, at Fayetteville.

Eastern College, March 28, at Guilford College.

Davidson, April 7, at Greensboro.

Trinity, April 12, at High Point.

Elon, April 19, at Guilford College.

A. & M., April 21, at Greensboro.

Roanoke, April 22, at Salem, Va.

V. P. I., April 23, at Blacksburg.

V. P. I., April 24, at Blacksburg.

Washington & Lee, April 25, at Lexington.

V. M. I., April 26, at Lexington.

A. & M., May 5, at Raleigh, N. C.

Trinity, May 6, at Durham.

Elon, May 7, at Elon College.

It is almost a certainty that our team this year will be the strongest that we have ever had for some time. Benbow at third, Stewart at short(are playing their snappy game as usual. "Length" Shore is in the game to the finish with his gilt-edge pitching. We have also added to our catching department one Will Futrell, who shows up to be the luckiest find we have ever made. All the members of last year's team are back on the hill and can be seen out on Carroll Athletic Field every evening, going through that constant practice that will fit out a team that is a winner. Coach Doak is "delighted" over the team and its work.

LOCAL SMOKE AND CINDERS.

Prof. Davis read from "World's Work;" where was the Independent?

Wanted—A position in a vaudeville.

M—. D—.

H—. E—.

Blanche Futrell is certainly fortunate in having a roommate who makes good candy.

New Student (To Back in Prep. Parlor)—"Fessor, did I get any mail?"

Back—"No."

"Is there *two* Gossets in school?"

Kimmie—"No, but there's enough for two."

Chick—"If they hadn't turned up so much for feet there would have been enough for three."

The Astronomy class has learned that they can hear a man lecture, day after day, in plain English and still not know one word he is saying.

We still hear about the war being waged against war. Peace for us!!

Fike says—"Her voice is like sweet music to my ears."

A notice on the bulletin board the other day read:

Lost — Some common sense. Please return the same, if found, to room No. 1, third floor. Liberal reward.

Irma Coble says if there has to be a chemical reaction after death she isn't ready to "cash in" yet.

Gladys Highfall is especially interested in the life of St. Paul. Reason obvious.

Robert Brown wants to get up a tennis game in Florida?

Date set for the play of Macbeth to be given by the Guilford students is March 29th.

The minstrel will be April 9th. A good entertainment is expected.

On Saturday night, February 8th, Dr. Graham, of the State University, lectured to us. We enjoyed having Dr. Graham with us very much.

Estelle—"You all will study Solid Geometry until you turn to pyramids."

Callie—"I'd look more like a cone."

Mr. Crosby (to Rob't Brown playing the part of a wounded messenger in Macbeth)—"Me gashes, cry for help."

Robert (misunderstanding)—"My gosh! I cry for help."

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
For by this means we may escape
The curse of germs malign!
The crystal water from the well,
With evil bugs may swarm;
And milk that honest dealers sell
Do us all kinds of harm."

N. C. Health Bulletin.

SENIORS.

Esteele—"Who were Noah's sons?"

Callie—"Cain and Abel."

Callie and Ella hadn't been to town but once since Xmas and when they went in recently they went to the postoffice and got lost in the revolving doors.

Grace Hughes had quite a fright the other day. She went into her room and found a letter (quite an unusual thing we understand), and was so transported with joy that she embraced a man who was mending her window, thinking it her

room-mate. The fright came when she realized what she had done.

John Chappell is perfectly willing to send biscuits up to Mary—if it's Mary Doan.

Grace Hughes used Mabel's wisteria cologne and got wisterical, not hysterical.

Hugh wants this problem solved: Is it better for a girl to live close so she can go home often and be away from him? Or to live farther away so it takes more money to go see her, but have her not able to go home so often? Liberal reward.

Every one most came to class meeting Tuesday night and heard the speech U. G. White didn't make.

We understand that Bryant doesn't like any kind of candy but mints.

Henry don't think it's "Worth" while to sing "Marguerite" any more.

Mary Mendenhall loves Hersheys—?

George Hartman wants the Marshall. Only position he oovets.

Strange that George Short and Paul Kennett remain such good friends.

Grace says—"No, Gene didn't cheat on Astronomy." She knows.

Baxter no longer finds anything of interest at class meetings.

George and Kinnie are especially fond of Sidney Lanier's poem, "Evening Song." Read it and see why.

Eugene's favorite song is—"Forgotten."

Leora never gets sick here. She says there are no good doctors.

Ella (on English)—“Who are you smiling at?”

George—“My cousin, Anna.”

Tecy practices domestic science on her aluminum chafing dish.

Back says Astronomy is easy if one's notebook is right.

Tecy (first day they had water from the new well)—“What's the matter with this water?”

George—“It came from the frog pond.”

Caps and gowns! Caps and gowns,
To hide the “Majority's” brainless crowns.

COX HALL DIRECTORY.

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“Pink” Finch, Secretary. Henry Jackson, Honorary Mem.

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see

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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXV

MARCH, 1913

NO. 7

A VALENTINE.

When you were young, dear mother,
And I was a little child,
We looked in the eyes of each other,
We looked into eyes that were mild
With the love that we bore one another,
The love of a mother and child.

'Twas the first love I knew, dear mother,
As silent I gazed in your eyes,
For speech I had yet to discover,
And a song without words did rise
From the heart of your little lover,
For love is a child's paradise.

Those were days in the long, long ago, dear,
The merciless years followed fast,
And have left us wasted and sere,
They have left you and me with the past
But a lingering memory here
In the rude-rending wail of their blast.

We grew on a rosebush together,
Nor heeded the brambles tall,
You were a full-bloom rose, dear,
I was a wee bud that's all.
Ah, those days they are gone, gone forever,
Those days we may never recall.

But through all these years, old darling,
Our love's been undefiled,
And you are my Valentine, dear,
For my heart is as unbeguiled,
As when you were young, dear mother,
And I was a little child.

A. D. C.



"MUCH ADO ABOUT SEEDS."

I was sitting alone in my room eating an orange. Instead of peeling the orange and halving or quartering it, I had rolled it like a lemon, cut a hole in it, and was sucking out the juice. From time to time I got one, two, or three seeds in my mouth, which I put on a paper on the table beside me. It suddenly occurred to me that there was an unusually large number of seeds in that orange and I remarked to myself, "Gee, there must be twenty-seven seeds in this orange!" After saying this it struck me as a little singular that I should use the number "27" just in a random expression like this. "Forty-seven" would have been a more usual expression. But it passed from my mind and I began thinking of something else.

After finishing the orange, I could not help counting the seeds on the table just to see how many there really were. What was my surprise to find there were exactly 27! Why was that? Why had I, absent-mindedly and just in a random conjecture, mentioned the exact number of seeds in the orange before I had even gotten them out? A mere coincidence? Probably so; but then why had I said "twenty-seven" rather than "two dozen," "forty" or "forty-seven" or any one of a dozen other numbers each of which one would expect to be on the end of the tongue before the odd number "27?" Was there then really some subtle, undiscovered force connecting the material with the spiritual world, the mere suggestion of which as a possibility would be laughed at by the inflated wisdom of this materially enlightened age? That there is some relationship we well know. Why might there not be some subtle, yet undetermined cause for the coincidence? Following the bent of this suggestion there passed rapidly through my mind many of the mysterious things of which I had heard and read and a few times seen evidences—mental telepathy, hypnotism, auto-suggestion, clairvoyance. These things have thus far defied the efforts of scientists and philosophers to analyze and explain and yet they admit of much credence.

Would I be justified in the assertion that there was no occult reason for my saying "27" when there were 27 seeds in the orange? Was the ambition of the philosophers, to explain the physical and psychic universe in terms of one great universal law, some day to be realized, and was this an incidental result of the workings of that law? Possibly. Then it occurred to me how very, very little the world really knows after its thousands of years of curious wonder and intelligent investigation. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Man prides himself on his success in conquering the physical forces; but in the realm of mind and spirit how infantile are his accomplishments! How apt is the mental picture of the great sea of knowledge into which man has waded knee-deep, where he stands tossing pebbles further out, while the profound depths and unlimited expanse of the ocean lie out before him unknown, unexplored, treasures undreamed of concealed in its mysterious depths! The significance of the elementary nature of man's discoveries in psychic and psycho-physical realms, as suggested by the coincidence (if such you please to call it), was borne in upon my mind with such impelling force that I arose from the chair. Then—oh!—confusion! another seed dropped from my lap to the floor! There had been *twenty-eight* seeds in that orange!

COLLEGE STUDENTS AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

On February 11th and 12th, the North Carolina Conference for Social Service came together for its first annual meeting in the city of Raleigh. The purpose, methods and work of this organization should appeal especially to the college men and women of the State. For this reason I am venturing this statement by way of encouragement to students to get in touch with the movement now being initiated.

There appears to have developed an attitude on the part of the more practical minds, which regards "social reform work" as fit only for the visionary and fanciful missionary. This has not been an altogether unnatural development. It has been partly due to weakness in the organization and methods of the reformers and partly to the neglect of the social group to recognize its organic nature and the danger of disease in any part of its being. Any candid observation of the methods and work of the various reform movements would convince one of their lack of system, general immaturity of purpose and plan, and failure to produce permanent results. Then, too, they have been scattered in their efforts and periodic in their zeal and application of remedies, thus losing in the "off season" a large part of the ground previously won. Additional discredit has come from exaggerated emphasis on some problem in communities where that problem is really insignificant compared with other pressing needs to which the reformer is blind, simply because the "preamble of the constitution" doesn't happen to mention them as dangers demanding attention. To illustrate: In one of the most temperate neighborhoods with which I am acquainted, a tremendous amount of energy is being used up in temperance agitation that might be applied much more beneficially to other community needs.

We have been slow to recognize that communities and towns are like individuals—not all sick with the same disease, hence not all to be treated with the same remedies by a uniform method. Our social spirit has been working in a machine-like way, just grinding away in a set fashion on whatever came in

its way. It has lacked the discerning eye and acute mind which carefully diagnose the weakness and needs of each community and then proceed vigorously, yet tactfully, to apply the remedies or, what is better, to guide it into a form of wholesome communal exercise which will restore it to a healthy, happy and enlarged life. To overcome such shortcomings in our social service work was the object of the conference held in Raleigh.

The organization of the conference provides for the general officers, president, secretary, etc., and for departments corresponding to all important lines of social reform work. At the head of each department is a specialist who acts as chairman and directs the deliberations and work of a large committee selected from those who are especially interested in the reform being promoted by that department. This committee, after mature deliberation, embodies its judgment as to the needs, remedies and methods of work in a resolution or report to the whole conference in session. The conference, then, after a digest and correlation of these recommendations, determines upon a policy and plan of work. The discussion and criticism of these departmental reports purges them of extremes and fancies and prevents duplication of effort and expense. The product of this conference, which will be followed by others in the coming years, is already appearing in a general, well-correlated, efficient scheme of social uplift, which in one or more of its departments will be able to minister to the needs of every community and which, through the central organization, will be able to grapple successfully with the larger problems arising in the political, social and economic life of the commonwealth as a whole.

The great need now, it appears to me, is a channel through which to reach the peculiar and definite problems of each community. A homely analogy will help to make this clear. If you are sick and know it, you go to or send for the physician. In this way you find out what is the matter and get a remedy. Your recovery still remains largely in your own hands. Often, however, we have in our systems the germs of some deadly malady and are not aware of the fact. We will discover the dan-

ger only after we have suffered irretrievable loss or, perhaps, not until the disease has so fastened itself in our systems as to be incurable. The need in this case is greater vigilance on the part of the individual as to his own physical condition and the provision for a permanent watchman over the individual to guard him against the physical enemies which he is unable to recognize or does not have the time to look out for. The analogy between the individual and the community holds good in this case. Many communities are weak or sick and know it but have no mouthpiece through which to summon a physician—a social service worker, if you please—nor any organization through which to apply “home remedies,” and thus restore itself to healthy condition without outside assistance. There are other neighborhoods which are sick—consequently poor and inefficient. These, on account of their ignorance or carelessness, have not yet recognized that they are in an unhealthy condition of a contagious nature. I say, of a contagious nature, for, in the course of time, the evils of one community will spread to or be absorbed by its neighbors. If such a community is to be saved and the safety of those about it preserved, there must come in from the outside, some specialist in social service work who can discover the danger, arouse the community to a sense of its serious condition, impress upon it an understanding of its obligation to its neighbors and interpret to it, in simple terms, the means by which it may rise to a normal and prosperous existence.

Here is an opportunity for hundreds of North Carolina college men and women to do heroic service during the coming vacation. As you go back to your home communities, you will see many weaknesses and deficiencies in their life. Some will probably take the attitude that, since they intend “to go out into the world” after graduation, it is not worth their while to worry over the condition of a place in which they do not expect to spend their lives. I would beg to remind these that they are living *even* now. Others will excuse themselves on the ground that they are not equal to the task. Still others will be too careless to give the matter any thought.

Let me suggest this. When you return home this summer,

study at spare times the needs of your community. Seek to discover just where it is falling short of its fullest and happiest life. It is impossible to say what you will find, for each community has its own peculiar shortcomings. It may be a lack of good fellowship and elevating social life—the people do not visit one another and never come together in a wholesome social gathering; it may be a failure to co-operate in things in which the individual is inefficient or helpless; it may be neglect of the school and its surroundings; it may manifest itself in unclean spots, unsightly objects, intemperance or bad roads. It may be one or more of these and many others. “Let down your vessels where you are,” and see what is there. With the assistance of the best citizens, plan to get all the people together in a happy way, perhaps, on July Fourth. If necessary, make a house to house canvass to get them there. In this way you will not only show your interest but make each one feel that he will be missed—an almost universally pleasant sensation. Before this meeting adjourns form a community organization, called, perhaps, a “Community Club,” with the necessary officers. Arrange for future meetings, using the school building as the meeting place if no better offers, and I doubt if there will, for the school district seems best adapted to become the basic unit in this work. Then get in touch with the central organization of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, through its president, Mr. Clarence Poe, or the secretary, Dr. W. S. Rankin, both of Raleigh. In this way you will be able to get suggestions and advice as to methods, available literature and speakers whom it would be possible to secure in case they were desired.

Such a work challenges every one who is able to see the need. It is fraught with a patriotism of the practical yet heroic kind, for it will involve some sacrifice. This sacrifice, however, will be lost sight of in the high recompense of what is to be “the age of brother-keeping.” since in keeping those about us safe, healthy and happy, we shall be keeping ourselves in the truest and fullest sense.

TWO SONGS OF NATURE.

I.

TO A ROSE.

Dear little palace
Of fading bloom,
Chaste little chalice
Of sweet perfume.

Thou art the fairest
Of Flora's flowers,
Thou art the rarest
In earthly bowers.

But thou art weary
And hang'st thy head,
Thy bloom's most gone,
Thy fragrance sped;

Thy wilting petals
In silence spent,
Thy drooping sepals
Are hopeless rent.

Yet sweet thy breath,
Fair little rose,
Lovely in death
Thou dost repose.

Dear little palace
Of fading bloom,
Chaste little chalice
Of sweet perfume.

II.

TO A CRICKET.

Wee little cricket,
Snug in thy thicket,
Or couched neath a grassy blade,
For whom is the pleasure
Of thy song without measure,
Whom dost thou serenade?

Creek, creek,
Creek, creek,
Thus sang the cricket to me,
I sing to the day which which has gone to rest,
I sing to fair night with her moonlight blest,
And man, I sing to thee.

Coy little chirper,
Silent usurper
Of cranny and crevice by day;
When dost thou sleep,
When dost thou weep,
Is sorrow ne'er part of thy lay?

Creek, creek,
Creek, creek,
Nor sorrow nor pain know I;
I sleep while thou pliest thy daily toil
In the fever and heat of earth's turmoil
And I waken when night I descry.

Sly little piper,
Thy song is far brighter
Than solace of sunshine to me;
Come from thy thicket,
Dear little cricket,
And sing me thy sweet melody.

Creek, creek,

Creek, creek,

Thus sang the cricke to me,

I sing to the day that has gone to rest,

I sing to fair night with her moonlight blest,

And man, I sing to thee.

A. D. C.



A PORTRAIT AND ITS MYSTERY.

To find a well executed oil painting of a beautiful woman—a woman whose dress and bearing and lineament all betokened a life far different from that of the “banker’s” wife or daughter was the experience of Dr. William C. Pool at Kitty Hawk, N. C., in the year 1870. While spending the summer at Nag’s Head, the popular summer resort for the residents of Eastern Carolina, Dr. Pool was called to make a professional visit to a cabin of one of the “banquers.” With the tastes of antiquarian and artistic ability sufficient to recognize the excellence of the portrait and with first-hand knowledge of the “banker” life, he could but realize the incongruity of an excellent oil painting of a beautiful society woman, hidden away in a “banker” cabin. Manifesting an interest in the picture and at the same time making no charges for his medical help, the lady of the cabin, in her gratitude, presented him with the portrait; and so the mysterious painting was transferred from the banker cabin, where it had been for fifty-seven years, to the home of Dr. Pool on the Pasquotank River. The transfer was not made however till the “banker” wife had told how and when she had come into possession of the same. Her story was something like this: In the winter of 1812-’13 there had drifted ashore at Kitty Hawk—a few miles below Nag’s Head—a pilot-boat with all sails set and the rudder lashed. In the cabin of the boat a meal was set which had not been touched; on the wall was this portrait, and accompanying it was a chest of beautiful clothing, including various silk dresses and other woman’s apparel. The bankers, never neglectful of what the gods brought to them, immediately rifled the boat and this woman’s husband had the portrait and dresses as his portion. In fifty-seven years the dresses could easily have been disposed of, but not so with the portrait.

After the painting had formed more congenial surroundings in the home of Dr. Pool, he chanced one day to be reading a magazine which contained a picture of Aaron Burr and was

very much impressed with the striking resemblance between it and the painting upon his wall; and thus began the solution, or what is generally conceded to be, the solution of the mysterious portrait.

This much is true. Theodosia Burr Alston, the only child of Aaron Burr, living in South Carolina planned to visit her father in New York during the winter of 1812-'13, just after his return from Europe. Mrs. Alston was broken in health, for she had been a loyal daughter all through her father's disgrace and later herself had tasted the dregs of sorrow in the loss of her infant son, Aaron Burr Alston. On this account, she decided to make the trip to New York by sea rather than endure the fatigue of land travel. Accordingly she set sail from Georgetown, S. C., Dec. 30, 1812, in the Patriot, a small pilot boat. Days and weeks passed and Aaron Burr waited and watched in vain for the arrival of the ill-fated vessel; hungered in vain for consolation which his daughter might have been to him in his days of dishonor and obscurity. That this pilot ship which drifted ashore at Kitty Hawk was the one in which Theodosia Burr Alston had set sail is almost a certainty, and as to what became of its ill-fated crew and passengers is hardly left to conjecture. If we believe the story of the "banker" woman it would seem that pirates had boarded the ship and made those upon it "walk the plank"—that is the piratical way of disposing of rightful owners of what they themselves would possess; and as nothing on the ship was disturbed such pirates must have become suddenly surprised by a government cruiser and were thus compelled to leave their booty unclaimed. To corroborate this, there have been three different persons who previous to their death, confessed themselves members of that pirate crew. Two of these were criminals executed in the city of Norfolk, Va. The third was a mendicant in an almshouse in Michigan and he added that Theodosia plead for her life with the promise to reward them, but to no effect, and that he could never forget the beautiful face or the calm courage with which she sank beneath the waves.

Adding perhaps greater credence to the conjecture, is the fact that photographs of the portrait have been sent to various members of the families of Burr and Edwards (Mrs. Burr was a granddaughter of the famous Jonathan Edwards) and all have invariably pronounced it a likeness of Theodosia Burr Alston. Two members of the family have been down to see the portrait, and conjecture seems well nigh certainty.

However much pirates may have had to do with the mysterious disappearance of Theodosia Burr Alston depends upon how much confidence is to be placed in the "banker" story. This is true that the very name of the sand bar, Nag's Head, is due to the piratical nature of the banker and not to pirates upon the high sea. That this vessel was "fooled onto this shore and them brutes put a plank so the end went out over the water like a spring-board and she was made to walk out there and jump off into the sea" is by no means impossible, for the "bankers" of that day found no difficulty in getting rid of undesirable inhabitants upon their shore and such is the legend which is today told by the fishermen upon the "banks."

Aaron Burr lived many years after this event—to be exact twenty-two—and died without an heir, without friends, without fortune, without honor. Sad as was the fate of his beautifully loyal daughter, life might have been sadder to her and we can but hope that in her death the "fates were kind."

JULIA S. WHITE.

(I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Bettie Freshwater Pool—"The Eyrie and Other Southern Stories," and also to various "Programs for North Carolina Day."—J. S. W.)

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 14, 1912, at 7.30, the second of the annual series of inter-class debates, that between the Freshman and Sophomore classes, was held in Memorial Hall. The query debated was "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a uniform system of tolls for all vessels passing through the Panama Canal."

The Sophomores, M. W. Perry, P. S. Nunn and Robert Brown, argued the affirmative side of the question, while A. L. Riddick, Fred H. Morris and R. C. Mitchell defended the negative for the Freshmen.

Unfortunately P. S. Nunn was unable to attend on account of the serious illness of his father, and his argument was read by M. W. Perry.

The affirmative put up a strong, constructive argument. They showed that exempting American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls was a subsidy in disguise; this notwithstanding the fact that at present our coastwise trade is the largest in the world because of the law which excludes foreign ships from participation, thereby giving American ships a monopoly, subject only to the slight restriction of railway competition. The American people would have to support the canal in the event of a deficit which would be possible under a system of free tolls for American vessels. Why not charge our vessels equally with foreign vessels and make the canal a source of revenue rather than an item of expense? They pointed out that discriminations would endanger our foreign relations. The United States obtained the privilege of digging the canal through international treaties, one of the provisions of which was that no discriminating rates should be made either for or against the ships of any nation. The exemption of American coastwise vessels from toll duty was a direct violation of the Hay-Pauncefoote treaty with England.

The negative was ready with a defense equally strong. They pictured the deplorable condition of our merchant marine,

which justified and demanded free tolls, and undertook to show that the canal would still be self-supporting and yet not charge any higher tolls than the Suez and other canals. Free waterways for domestic navigation is a fundamental policy of the United States. They argued that since foreign vessels were already excluded by law from participation in our coastwise trade no discrimination against them was possible in exempting American vessels from tolls, therefore, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was not violated. Exemption of American vessels from payment of tolls could not be construed into a discrimination against foreign vessels in a branch of navigation in which foreign vessels were already forbidden by law to take part.

The question was up-to-date and the debate was interesting from start to finish. Two of the speakers were new men and they did themselves credit.

The judges, Mr. E. J. Coltrane, of Jamestown, and Messrs. W. J. Sherrod and L. H. Martin, of Greensboro, decided two to one in favor of the negative.



"HATTOPSIS."

To him who in the love of Debate holds
Communion with the versatile art, it gives
A wealth of blessing. For his studious hours
It is a pleasant pastime and a means
To fluency and knowledge; better yet,
It teaches him to weigh things with a clear
and sober judgment that will make him known
For wisdom here he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter scrap come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony—the crowd's applause,
Th' exulting victor, and thine own chagrin,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart:
Go forth under the open sky and learn
Experience's teachings, while all round,
From present, future and the ancient past,
Comes a still voice—yet a short time and they
The all-important cup shall hold no more
In all their course, for Fate, that gave it them,
Shall claim it back to pass to other men.

Remember not to thine obscurity
Dost thou retire alone, nor could'st thou wish
Friends more congenial, for thou shalt go
With noted stars of former days—with giants
Powerful, with Woosley, Sawyer, Smith,
And other peerless teams of seasons past,
All in one aggregation. Now the hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn settings of the stage
Whereon we strive and lose. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are shining on the sadness of defeat
Through the still lapse of ages. All that hold
The cup are but a handful to the many
Who won it and then lost it. Take the train
In the morning to the Universities,
Or else betake thyself to various schools
From here to Oregon—losers are there—
And thousands in those colleges, since first
The class debates began have yielded them
Unquestionably beat. Thou'rt not alone.
So dost thou go, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the victors and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All of them
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
Now thou art gone; thy reputation theirs
Becomes and each one as before will think
That he's the only one; yet he shall leave
His heights and his enjoyments and shall come
And take his place with thee. As the short list
Of seasons glides away, the Junior Team—
The youth in life's green spring and he who goes
In the full strength of years, the man and boy,
The beardless kid, and the black-headed sage—
Shall soon all be gathered to thy side
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So—

Debate, that when thy summons comes to join
The uncounted number which has borne the palm
Of victory in hard-fought former days,
Thou go not in a peevish spirit, or
Rebellious at the judges, but, sustained
And soothed by the unquestioned fact, you could

Have won if only you had tried (?), then go
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to make new schemes.

Respectfully submitted by "Shade."

VIA VITAE.

Could we but know ere the dread step we took
Upon that path from which we ne'er may turn,
Onward to plod with all our joy forsook,
While to begin again in vain we yearn,
Ambition's choice were not unwitting made,
Though life deluded is and e'er shall be;
But step we would with purpose firm and staid
Upon our way of chosen destiny.

A. D. C.



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Editorials

Lack of Unity in College Life. There may be numerous forces tending to
produce a lack of unity in college life.

Among these we sometimes find unbridled
spirit as regards the classes, literary or other societies, and
the different sections of the country. Varied financial circum-
stances also account for certain distractions among students.

There may be, however, other more influential causes of scattered effort in the student body than those mentioned—such as different dispositions, contrary views with respect to the various college activities, and dishonest and indiscriminate distribution of college honors on the part of students. We shall proceed to discuss these factors of disunity at some length and in the order named.

It is a well known fact that no two of us have exactly the same disposition. We are glad that such is true. It is also established beyond the shadow of a doubt that every person has a certain measure of influence which he may use for good or for evil. Since this is so, it behooves us as wise individuals to be willing to tolerate certain things. If we are not so disposed, a certain amount of injury is done to the group of which we are numbers.

You are perhaps ready to contend that just a few here and there working out of harmony with the central aim cannot possibly do any considerable damage. Such they may not do, but at the same time they are pulling in the opposite direction, as it were, and thus lessening the sum total efficiency of the student body. This fact cannot be denied. Almost every person has some good trait or traits; and if we cannot see and appreciate their value and worth, we indicate thereby our bias, narrowness and short-sightedness.

Furthermore, our views do not always coincide, and we are glad and fortunate that they do not. If people always had concurrent opinions, there would never be any occasion for discussion, and things would be performed without testing their worth. For this very reason we should have due regard for one another's judgments. For instance, if a man is laying the foundation, along with his literary work, for the development of a Ty Cobb, that man's opinion deserves certain respect. If, on the other hand, a man goes to college with a view to becoming a Woodrow Wilson some time in the hazy future, he is not to be condemned and despised because of his ideal, and because he does things that seem narrow to the man aspiring to the position of a Ty Cobb.

The third consideration, as previously stated, is the distribution of the so-called college honors. There must be a certain amount of discord and distraction when students bestow these honors upon their fellows without due regard to ability, merit, and efficiency. Such a practice proves just as fatal to college life and government as to State and National life and government.

In the light of these causes of disunion we should take certain definite steps toward reformation. The removal of the cause is the fundamental method in most instances of effecting a remedy. This is a matter that touches each individual student. The power to change the situation lies entirely in the student body. Among clear-thinking, honest-minded students, who have a broad vision of things, such evils cannot prevail.

The achievement of such an end is a noble and worthy accomplishment. The value of united effort in the student body is beyond estimation. Strength and efficiency attend concurrent action; weakness and inefficiency, discord and alienation. Without unity there is no definite aim, which is absolutely essential to the greatest progress in college work. The aim of a college should be to do the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number. Such cannot be accomplished without united and concentrated effort on the part of the student body.

Thus we cannot but see the great advantage to be derived from unity of purpose in a group of students. May we work more and more to accomplish the central object in college life. May we be willing to consider the welfare of others as well as that of ourselves, and thus develop ourselves to the greatest possible extent.

ALUMNI NOTES.

✓ Leonard Charles Van Noppen ('90) is now the "Queen Wilhemina lecturer on Dutch literature sent as literary ambassador to Columbia and other American institutions." This makes him perhaps the most distinguished of our alumni, certainly in a literary way. He writes in making his alumni report: "I appreciate the splendid character of the faculty of that day, of whom President and Mary Hobbs, Prof. and Mary E. Davis still survive. May they last forever. Guilford was my cradle and I trust that I shall so live that I shall do it honor."

✓ Frank B. Benbow ('91), for some years past an attorney of Franklin, North Carolina, writes: "I have five fine boys whom I intend to send to Guilford College." That sounds like loyalty of the genuine sort.

✓ Priscilla Hackney White is perhaps the latest arrival among the Alumni ranks. Her name betrays her as the daughter of David and Henryanna White, born January 11, 1913.

✓ Julia S. White ('91) sailed on April 5 for England. She will spend one term at Woodbrooke and when that closes visit places of interest in England, Scotland, Ireland, and perhaps on the continent.

✓ Lucile Armfield Armfield ('94), now of Monroe, N. C., has since her marriage been president of the Civic League and also of the Sorosis Club of her town. Such public spirit and effort for social betterment is what we wish more of the Alumnae would undertake.

✓ Eunice Darden Meader ('95) had a sad New Year's day. Her husband quietly passed away in a hospital in Philadelphia, where for some months he had been undergoing treatment.

✓ Sinclair Williams ('95) and William T. Woodley ('94) are both members of the present General Assembly of North Carolina. W. T. Woodley was chairman of the delegation sent to

inspect the State Normal College and while there made a visit to Guilford.

✓ Homer Ragan ('02) has been cashier of the First National Bank of Thomasville for five years.

✓ Charles W. Davis ('02) is now an attorney, located at Norfolk, Va.

Katherine C. Ricks ('04) made a recent visit to the college and vicinity accompanied by her cousins, Mary and Frances Pretlow, en route home from a very pleasant winter in Florida. Emma L. White ('92) was also a member of the party while in Florida.

✓ R. E. Marlin ('05) is now a full-fledged doctor located at Candor, N. C., and reports himself as "peddling pills."

✓ Cabell Lindsay ('06) is a lawyer located at High Point, N. C. In his Alumni report he answers the question, "Date of marriage," by drawing the picture of a man running away from the date at full speed.

✓ Elisha D. Stanford ('91) made a recent visit to the college, accompanied by his classmate, John T. Benbow, of Winston-Salem. E. D. Stanford is now situated in Little Rock, Ark., in the Government land business, and Robert Millis is associated with him in the work.

CLAY-ZATASIAN RECEPTION.

One of the most delightful social events of the spring term occurred Friday evening, March 14th, when the Henry Clay Literary Society entertained as its guests the young ladies of the Zatasian Society.

At the door each young lady was presented with a white rabbit souvenir within which was the program. They were then ushered into the beautifully decorated hall, the walls of which were covered with purple and white bunting—the Clay colors. Many pennants ere strung on the sides.

The Clays then had their regular meeting. The program consisted of (1) a debate, Resolved, That in the establishment of government evolution is preferable to revolution; affirmative, Mr. Samuel Nelson; negative, Mr. W. A. White. (2) Current Events, Mr. T. G. Perry. (3) Vocal solo, "Asleep in the Deep," Mr. H. A. Stewart. A delightful social hour followed during which time refreshments were served. The guests were taken into an adjoining room and seated in groups of four at small tables. They were served to

I.

Pimento sandwich	Chicken salad sandwich
Stuffed olive	Pickle

II.

Ice cream	Chocolate cake
Angel food	

III.

Hot chocolate with cheese wafers

Every one had a share in the fruit centerpiece of each table. All the Zatasians decided that this was the most original and delightful reception they had ever attended.

EXCHANGES.

The members of the Exchange department place the new magazines before them this month with a determination to see and say what is the real merit of the represented work. The Davidson College Magazine owes to the Sophomores congratulation for its interesting and orderly appearance. On a whole the work in every department seems to have been well directed and well executed. "The Lady of the Book" is a well formed, well written short story, in which a slight touch of didacticism is pleasing and useful. Perhaps the most artistic thing is the little sonnet to "Evening." This is a great help to the magazine. The metre is perfect, the thought of evening continuous, a perfect necessity in the sonnet, and the words poetic. Its last two lines—

"High in the west as parting day declines,
The queen of evening, lovely Venus, shines,"

is artistic, almost to point of indicating genius. The other poem, "Apostrophe to 'Lake Wiley'," does not have any special mark of literary beauty and cannot be of much worth to outsiders. Work of this kind, having strictly college foundations cannot be judged by other colleges and hence are to be discouraged usually. The Exchange department of this magazine is very satisfactory indeed.

The State Normal Magazine for March is a good example of what a college magazine should be. There are several good stories flavored with wit, love and life. There is an artistic, comprehensive article "A Study of Robert Browning," and some poetry. An article like "A Study of Robert Browning" tells that the Normal is doing good literary work. It deserves to be read by all the college students interested in classical knowledge. The sonnet "To March" is the best poem in the Magazine. "The Fall of Night" is a close second, and, had the metre been better, it would have been first. The line "A brooding silence the very air doth fill" is discordant and bad.

The thing that shows most originality is the "Sketches." They are in the main very good, especially "The First Trailing Arbutus," and "Twilight." It would help other magazines to take up this plan of having a place devoted to short, artistic sketches. Fiction is a little too prominent, however, in this month's issue. A few more serious articles would add greatly to its value and interest.

The Red and White is not up to the college standard this time. The chief trouble seems to be in the kind of material contributed. Everything in the magazine is too serious. There ought to be some poetry and some spontaneous college sketches.

Likewise more fun would help the Earhamite. There is something of unusual interest in "Her Answer," but otherwise the magazine is dry and a little spiritless to the average college student.



LOCAL SMOKE AND CINDERS.

"Hurrah for President Wilson!!"

In the Laboratory "Mac" made a remark about somebody being as fast as Ty Cobb.

M. White: "He's the horse that makes a mile in 1.45, isn't he?"

In the Peace contest held in Memorial Hall Tuesday, Feb. 25, Matthew W. Perry won first prize of \$15. J. Robert Brown took second place. M. W. Perry delivered his oration in Raleigh Feb. 28.

Frank Henley: "Say, Stuart, are you going to the inauguration?"

Lawrence Stuart: "Where at? Chicago?"

In Greensboro, the other day, Blanchard pointed to the jail and asked, "Say, Chance, what church is that over there?"

Riddick is very regular in saying Grace nowadays.

Rev. Tillman Hobson, the noted California evangelist, preached to a large audience Sunday, March 2nd, in both morning and evening meetings.

"Me thought I heard a voice cry: "Sleep no more"—
For further information see Ed. McBane.

Wanted—a man! Leora Chappell.

Mayme Ulrich wants but little here below, but wants that little "Long."

Whitsett "started the ball rolling" in the first game of the season at Guilford. Score 1-0 in G. C.'s favor, March 12th.

We were glad to have Miss Catherine Ricks with us for a few days last week.

All hail Macbeth!!! March 29th. Everybody come! House selling fast.

Never again will we mention the "Independent."

Wanted—A red-haired woman. B. Smith.

Wood (talking to Shore): "Going to town tomorrow night to see the 'Spring Maid?'"

Shore: "No, don't want to see anything where there is a maiden concerned."

Tecy: "'Back,' any of your folks going to the minstrel in Jamestown?"

"Back": "No, 'old lady' isn't going."

Grace (after Astronomy class Tuesday): "Don't you know till this evening I thought Mars was the *botanical* name for the moon."

"Herbs" are all right when they produce such things as a crate of oranges, grape fruit and guanas. If you don't believe me, ask Cathleen Pike.

Easter one week from Monday!

Wanted—Enough "Wood" to last a life-time.

Josephine Cable, Ella Young.

I'm sure everybody was sorry to see Mr. Hobson go. His sermons were alive, interesting, and helpful and his lecture particularly instructive. We hope he will not make this his last visit.

Slang prevalent among G. C. girls:

Mary—"By George!"

Beulah—"Doggett!"

Katherine—"That beats old Mrs. Mitchell!"

Mary D.—"I'll be John."

Callie—"That beats the Stuarts!"

Mary E. White read poetry to an appreciative audience at the last basket ball game.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—base ball, if he's around G. C., judging from the looks of the diamond every pretty evening. Keep it up, the season is "on."

"Star gazing" seems to be the occupation of the Seniors now, and will be until commencement.

Ethyl (gazing toward right field): "I am seeing *all* the game today." No doubt!!

Eugene (earnestly): "I'm so glad folks can't ask for money on Sunday. That's the only day I can look 'Uncle George' straight in the face."

Sore throat was the order of the day until Wade got "Rose-ola."

Prof. Carroll: "How are Senators elected in France?"

Clyde S.: "Well—well they have an electrical college."

H. A. S.: "Rebecca, do you smile in sharps or flats?"

Rebecca: "Why, Hugh to tell you the honest truth when I smile I try to B natural."

Prof. Carroll: "Edgar, what are the committees in the French legislative body termed?"

Ed. McB.—"I—I think they are called wardrobes (bureaux) or something like that."

Dr. Fox (whispering to Prof. Crosby on seeing Russell Wood in Rockwell Smith's room): "What distinguished looking man is that? Does he belong to the Faculty?"

Prof. Crosby: "Olive, what is a Dogmatist?"

Olive S.: "He's a fellow that keeps dogs."

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Bryant Smith, Pres.
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Geo. A. Short, Sec.

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If you knew how attractive our new Spring and Summer Shoes are, you would at once, she must be admiring the shoe.



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NO. 8

MI HERMOSA MARIA.

Hush! The zephyrs now are sighing,
Morning bells are gayly ringing,
And the golden moments flying,
While the birds are sweetly singing,
"Mi hermosa Maria."

See the valley slowly shading,
Slowly now the sun is falling,
Down the glowing west is fading,
While my heart is gently calling,
"Mi hermosa Maria."

Midnight with his garments flowing,
Through the halls of darkness hieing,
With a frosty breath he's blowing,
On my lonely heart still crying,
"Mi hermosa Maria."

A LESSON FROM DENMARK.

In the autumn of the year 1864 the tired and defeated soldiers of Denmark were trudging across the bleak and barren heath to their cheerless and desolate homes. As they moved slowly along they were met by a solitary and determined figure with a spade on his shoulder, who in response to their despondent greeting, "It's a bad, bad day for Denmark!" replied, "It is! But what has been lost without may be regained within," and he pointed to the desolate heath. "In your time and mine we can turn this waste into farms and forests and win back more than we have lost to the Prussians."

The story of how the prophecy of this young enthusiast has been realized in spite of the fact that the Danes had lost more than one-third of their richest territory to the Prussians has excited the admiration and respect of the world. Today a new Denmark greets the traveler. Forests, railroads and thriving towns mark the spot where once was barren moot and the nation has become the richest nation per capita in the world.

The secret of this great national prosperity and the cause of its marvelous growth has been first of all education—ably augmented by co-operation and a strong national patriotism. Denmark is distinctly an agricultural country, more than two-fifths of her population being engaged in this pursuit, and her success along this line has been secured chiefly through her "rural high schools."

The first rural high school was established in Denmark in 1844 through the efforts of Bishop Grundtwig, a Lutheran minister. With prophetic sense he realized that reform must come from within through the enlightenment of the whole people. After the disastrous war with Prussia, Bishop Grundtwig and his associates travelled up and down the country preaching the establishment of schools as Denmark's hope for success. As a result of this agitation numerous rural high schools sprang up over the country and the number has been steadily increasing,

until today there are ninety of these schools in the rural districts of Jutland.

The object of these schools is not to teach agriculture, but to inspire the intellectual life of the peasant people. The teachers are genuine scholars and instead of the ambitious farmer boy or girl being forced to go to the city, the advantages of a good education are brought into the rural districts.

Side by side with the rural high schools are often found agricultural and industrial institutes. None of these are State schools, though the State is generous in its financial aid. They are operated by individuals or companies whose aim is not the making of money, but the making of men and women. Think of the influence upon agriculture and trade made by the thousands and thousands of young men and women who have passed through these schools.

It is no more a marvel that every child in Denmark over seven years old can read and write, that illiteracy is a thing unknown and that the farmer stands higher in political and social life than in any other country in the world.

Through education the Danish farmer has learned to co-operate and cooperation has brought to him wealth and happiness. All his purchases are made and his products sold through co-operative societies, as a result the Dane realizes from one acre what the Southern farmer realizes from ten. In Denmark there are cooperative creameries, cooperative bacon factories, cooperative egg plants and we might even add a cooperative government.

Aside from the direct awakening of the farmer, perhaps the greatest work accomplished in Denmark has been the reclamation of her barren moors. Fifty years ago one-fourth of Denmark was moorland, producing absolutely nothing of value.

In 1866, chiefly through the efforts of Captain Dolgas, that sturdy young engineer with the spade on his shoulder, the "Danish Health Society" was formed for the purpose of reclaiming those desert wastes. This was a herculean task and to a less courageous people would have been impossible. Light

railways were constructed for the hauling of marl to be used as fertilizer; roads were built, canals dug from distant rivers, the heather burned off and the heath converted into forests and plowlands. More than 4,000 square miles transformed into meadow and cornfield. As a result—nowhere can be found prettier lakes, sweeter smelling meadows or happier homes. The whole atmosphere is one of peace, contentment and prosperity.

The success of Denmark is of particular interest to the South and especially to North Carolina. Made up of a population largely native and largely rural, North Carolina greatly resembles the smaller country. It is true we have much greater natural resources and that our State is more than three times as large as tiny Jutland, yet the same frank spirit of hospitality and brotherhood characterizes the people of both sections. Fifty years ago Denmark was robbing her soil of its fertility by the one crop system, just as the farmers of our State are doing today and so long as the farmer of North Carolina persists in following a little mule over a field washed with gullies and interspersed with patches of broom sedge, so long as he persists in keeping his children away from school nine months in the year to assist him in this ruination—just so long will our boys and girls continue to have a poorer chance than any others outside of New Mexico. To such a condition there is a remedy, and that remedy is education, practical universal compulsory education. Education suited to the needs of farm life must come before any splendid rural dream will be realized. What glory for us is there in the fact that one Carolina boy made more than two hundred bushels of corn on one acre when the average for the State is scarcely twenty? When our people are so educated that it is possible for every man and boy to make 100 bushels then indeed may we justly take pride in ourselves.

A serious handicap to the independence of the Southern farmer is the lack of a system of rural credit. A large per cent. of the farms in the South are operated by tenants who cannot get money to buy farms of their own. In Denmark

every farmer owns his home. There a farm laborer on his certified good character alone may, after working five years on a farm, obtain from a government credit society on reasonable terms of interest and time for payment, a sum sufficient to enable him to become independent. With a similar system adopted to meet the needs of the South, the North Carolina farmer would soon own his farm and thus be placed in a position of honor and responsibility. With education and ownership would come co-operation, the crowning link to the triple chain.

As our own farmer editor, Clarence Poe, says, "Through business cooperation, we shall of course aim first of all to better the financial condition of our agricultural population, but we shall seek to do it in order that upon this material basis we shall build more beautiful homes, girt about with fair groves and gardens, approached by roads equal to any of which Rome ever boasted, and set in communities possessing the best of everything—churches, schools and all that pertains to the real happiness of mankind."

It is not necessary for us to wait until we have built up an "ideal democracy of 80 acre farmers" in the South—it is not necessary to wait until all our people are educated before we begin to cooperate, but all shall go and grow along together. It is good to believe that we have already begun to press forward from our long time position of poverty and distress.

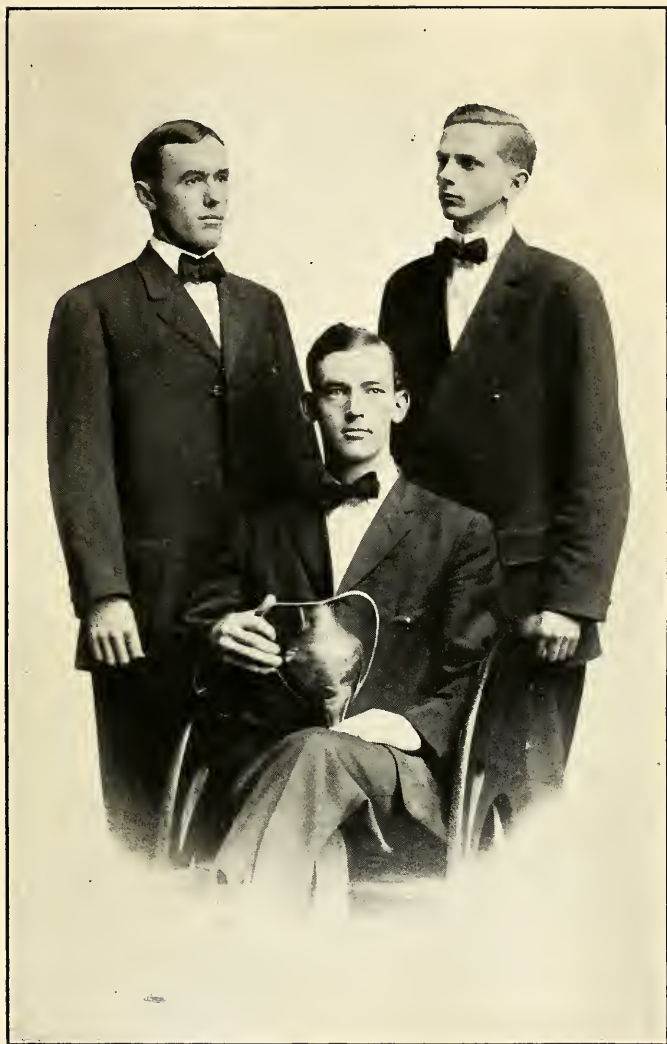
The Farmers' Educational and Cooperatives Union—educational first, and cooperative second, is uniting the farmers for betterment along all lines while such leaders as the late Seaman A. Knapp, Clarence H. Poe and their associates have done no small work in awakening the farmers and bringing him into his own. Our late legislators urged on by citizens of our State have taken a step in the right direction by the passage of the six months' school term and compulsory attendance bill. We are beginning to work together in that spirit of brotherhood, which in future generations will produce a powerful and

fraternal democracy building the best possible monuments to all who are striving to bring that ideal to pass.

Our beloved Southland shall yet be a glorious land full of happy people, who with one accord shall acclaim the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Danish engineer to Denmark's men in her darkest days—"What was to us for so long lost has been regained"—and we shall point with pride to

"Our beautiful meadows and fields and vales,
Fruitlands, cornlands, woods and dales.
Clean cities—good schools—and fair homes—Sate,
With the honey of life—in the Old North State."





THE CHAMPION DEBATING TEAM---JUNIORS
Hardy A. Carroll, Edgar H. McBane, J. Wade Barber

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE OLD SOUTH.

Tears, idle tears I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,

and thinking of the days that are no more, as the maid in Ten-nyson's "Princess" weeps over the days that to her were no more, so we in sad retrospection think of those old golden days before the war that to us are no more. Those were indeed halcyon days in the social life of our own old South. They excelled in social culture and refinement of manners the age of Pericles in Athens, the Augustan age in Rome, the Elizabethan age in England, and the days of the court of Louis XIV. in France. Then it was that men were gentlemen and women ladies in the very highest and best sense of the word. Nowhere in the whole world could one find men who had a greater love for personal honor, a more profound respect for women, a deeper reverence for religion, a more thoughtful consideration for the weak and helpless and a truer devotion to the right of self government. Every one of them was fit to be a knight in the court of King Arthur. The planter with his European education, his classical taste and Addisonian style of expression may indeed have been lord of his plantation and the surrounding country, but if he were he was a kind lord. He always bore himself with gentleness and kindness to those who were his inferiors, in respect to wealth, education or social standing. The same wonderful spirit characterized the women. They were marked by gentleness, unselfishness, courage, virtue and dignity. To this would be added their love of home and country—that has never been equalled by women elsewhere. The Southern woman was mistress of the house and presiding genius of the plantation. Her daughters looked to her for social training, her husband and sons looked upon her as one for whom it would be a pleasure to fight or even die.

The foreigner gazed upon her with admiration and respect; her neighbors who were her inferiors socially loved her and blessed her as she went about among them doing good and ministering to their sick, and her slaves looked upon her as their guardian angel.

With such men and women as these we can expect nothing less than the most cultured society that the world has ever known. Nor did the perfect social conditions of the South spring into existence all at once. On the other hand they were the outgrowth of hundreds of years of the best European society. All over the South the social life was characterized by the same elements which characterized the social life of Europe. Owing to the fact that people from almost every European country settled in the South in the first days of the colonies we find very diverse social conditions. But as time went on and the English became the leading nationality in the South, the society became distinctly English. The social life in the country was a reproduction of the social life of rural England while that of the cities was modeled after the society of London; and because the colonies along the Atlantic could keep in closer touch with the mother country it was in them that we find this society reaching its greatest heights. Here many of the people were educated in London, spent part of their time in the best London society and were favorites at court.

To young and old alike the center of social life was the home. It was in the home and not in the public dance hall or the theater that the young people found an outlet for their social activities. The houses were large and conveniently arranged and there was always a room large enough for dancing or for any other gathering that the young people might desire. It might be well to add here that the dance to our forefathers of ante-bellum days did not mean that modern dance which we know. To them the dance was confined to the "Old Virginia Reel," or some such dance. Late hours were not kept and the dance was properly chaperoned. House parties were very popular among the younger people. Sometimes these would last

for weeks at a time, spending one week at one place and then the same set going to a different place for the next week. But Southern hospitality did not stop with friends and relatives. The stranger was also a welcome guest. No matter what his social or political position, the person who asked for a night's lodging was never turned away. He was always given the best the house could afford and when the time came for him to go on his way, he went with an invitation to return again. A visit to the old Southerner did not mean a formal call as we know it, but it meant the spending of a whole day or in many cases several days with one's neighbor. The whole family always went. The women carried their sewing along with them and spent the day sewing and talking, while the men spent it talking politics or in inspecting the plantation.

Next to the home the chief gathering place was the church. Every one came early and spent the time before the services began discussing the topics of interest. In many instances there was preaching in the afternoon as well as morning. When such was the case the worshipers brought their dinner and spent the day at church. But the church was not merely a place to gather for the social side of it. The people were truly religious. They came to America to seek religious freedom, and no sooner had they landed when they began to provide suitable places for worship. Not only did they provide for their own spiritual welfare. The slaves went to the same churches as their masters. Sunday was a day of rest to both master and slave.

While there were not many public schools and still fewer colleges, our forefathers did not neglect their children's education. Many of the planters had tutors for their children. If one family was unable to get a tutor alone, several families would secure one together. The daughter's education was completed at home or at some fashionable finishing school. The son went to college and then in many cases studied abroad.

But, alas these magnificent social customs were destined to die. With the war between the States, the freeing of the slaves, and the great influx of northern and foreign population

in the early days after the war, the old order passed forever from the South. Those men and women who have been born in the environment of the old South and who had at one time commanded the admiration of two continents died with their social customs. After the war the people influenced by their northern neighbors, began to seek material progress and to abandon those old social graces that had once been their pride. In a few years the plantation began to shrink, while the city commenced to grow, the old, soft, quiet speech died out before the sharper speech of commercial civilization and the old poise was lost in the new energy. The old rural South with its plantations and courtly manner had given place to the new urban South with its manufactures and money making enterprises.

S. O. S., '14.



GOING TO MID-WEEK MEETING.

One bright morning a long time ago—if ten years may be called a long time ago—three little Quaker maidens started to mid-week meeting. One was a maid of twelve with dark eyes and dark brown hair; one was eleven, very fair, with yellow curls ablow, and the last and least was a maid of ten with chestnut hair and eyes that were bits of blue from the sky.

Down the sandy lane, shaded by magnificent oak trees, they took their way. The lane stretched long and peacefully before them. The warm, white sand sifted up through their little bare toes. In the doorway of a weather-beaten farm house, surrounded by old fashioned flowers, a woman smiled at them as they waved her a greeting.

"Aunt Jane's nose and chin almost meet," said Elizabeth, the maid with the dark, dark eyes.

Aunt Jane, the old lady in the doorway, was the community's aunt, loved especially by the children.

"She does look kinder like the picture of an old witch I saw in the picture book," said Margaret, the maid with curly hair.

"Well, I don't care if Aunt Jane's nose is long; she gave me some good cookies t'other day," said Rebecca, the least little maiden with the blue eyes. "Here's the locust tree! Let's get some!" and acting on this suggestion, they all scrambled up the bank to help themselves to the first ripe locusts. From the locust tree they wandered to a nearby muscadine vine where the luscious grapes were ripening in the September sun.

"I expect we'd better not eat so many locusts and muscadines or we won't have room for Aunt Jane's apples farther up the road," warned Margaret.

"We'd just as well go now," agreed Elizabeth, "if we have to stop again, for mother said be sure and get to meeting on time."

Their stop at the apple tree was a long and pleasant one.

"Ain't Aunt Jane's apples good!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with her nose buried deep in a juicy Magnumbonum.

"I'm glad my nose is a 'turnup' when I eat watermelons and apples," said little Rebecca contentedly.

"I know something else 'turnup' noses are good for," volunteered Margaret. Last night before Aunt Mary sent us to bed I heard Jim Swing, that new hirde man, say to 'Liza when she was washin' the supper dishes, 'Liza your nose is just turned up enough for to be out of the way,' and he kissed her, but they didn't see me—for I was in the dining room."

"I know where 'Liza keeps her letters," said Elizabeth, who did not like to be out done in anything.

"One night, when I was nearly asleep, 'Liza came in my room, went to the corner near the bureau, took a tack out of the matting and slipped some letters under it. One time brother Ben found some of Liza's letters in the attic—she puts them in such funny places—and read 'em. 'Liza was awful mad and said she was not going to stay in a house with such 'pesky youngens.' Mother was awfully sorry and told Ben and me it wasn't honorable to read other folkses' letters. We ain't going to read 'em any more, even if mother and father go to Yearly Meeting and stay a week. And Ben's not going to tease 'Liza like he did last time when her feller wrote, 'Sure's the vine grows round the stump, you are my sweet sugar lump.' I reckon we might let on a little though, for 'Liza sure is funny when she gets mad," and the little girls laughed gleefully at the remembrance of Eliza's outbursts of temper, which were as firey as her hair.

"I reckon it's time to be going, for I see Uncle Reuben's white horse hitched to the graveyard palings," said Rebecca.

"Let's take some apples along to refresh ourselves with," suggested Margaret. "You can put some in your sailor blouse and I'll put some in my shirtwaist."

As she mentioned her shirtwaist Margaret looked very important, for the first shirtwaist and skirt is just as wonderful an event in the life of a girl as the first long trousers in that of a boy—and Becky can put hers in her white apron pockets."

Laden with apples the little maidens resumed their journey, arriving soon at the white country meeting house. As it was

the time for harvesting the corn, only four devout Friends were present. Uncle Reuben, the shepherd of the flock, long since gathered to his fathers, was a kindly thin old man with very white hair and beard. Uncle Obediah was the other masculine member of the congregation. He had a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and a merry laugh that won the hearts of children. Both the old gentlemen—gentlemen in the truest sense of the word—wore gray homespun suits, with straight collars and no unnecessary buttons. Their linen was coarse but white and clean.

Aunt Rachel and Aunt Ruth were the other two members of the meeting. Aunt Rachel was a plump little woman with kindly brown eyes and wavy brown hair that would curl in spite of all smoothing. She welcomed the little girls warmly, making them feel very much at home. Aunt Ruth, on the other hand, was tall and thin, dressed in a severe black sateen dress. Her thin dark hair was plastered tightly to her head, screwed into a tight little knot and securely held in place by a single aluminum hair pin. She, too, shook hands with the little girls in an admirable way and hoped that other mothers hearing of her example would send their daughters to mid-week meeting.

The meeting soon commenced. A quietness—"so quiet that it could almost be heard"—as little Rebecca expressed it afterwards, fell upon the worshipers. Occasionally the stillness was broken by the lowing of a cow in a nearby pasture, the droning of bees as they flew in and out among the old fashioned flowers, blooming on the graves in the nearby burying ground; the chirp of birds in the tree-tops or the call of men busy in the harvest fields. The windows and doors stood wide open letting in God's beautiful sunshine and fresh air.

The meeting house was a large oblong structure with a rolling partition in the middle which could be opened or closed as the case demanded on Sundays or "First Days." The women sat upon one side of the partition and the men upon the other. In front were two long rows of raised seats where the elders sat facing the congregation.

After a long silence, which seemed perpetual to the three little girls on the straight-backed pine bench, so high from the floor that it left their plump little legs dangling in mid air. Uncle Reuben arose and spoke a few words. Little Rebecca almost asleep woke up with a start as she heard Uncle Reuben repeating the text, "Awake, thou that sleepest and arise from the dead;" thinking he was speaking to her, she sat very stiff and prim during the rest of his sermon, entertaining herself only by studying the patterns of the bright calico cushion on which she was sitting, and wondering how so many kinds of flowers could grow on one stem. A little house wren was building a nest over the pine wardrobe structure in the corner, politely called the library. The little girls became so absorbed in watching the busy wren, they forgot Uncle Reuben and his sermon and the long silence which followed it. Margaret suddenly stretched her arms above her head and opened her mouth in a wide yawn. Her skirt and shirtwaist parted company and two huge red apples set free from their prison hit the floor with a thump that was awful in the dead silence of the meeting. Margaret crimsoned painfully, while Rebecca, after giving her cousin a nudge, disappeared by ducking her head behind the sheltering back of the bench in front. Here grasping her nose firmly, she tried to stifle her laughter. The gaspings and gurglings of Rebecca from her retreat was too much for Elizabeth, who, following her sister's example, disappeared behind the bench holding her nose tightly. Poor Margaret was left to bear the gaze of the congregation. Aunt Rachel turned politely away, pretending not to see the mortified little girl and her apples. Aunt Esther looked coldly at her through her steel-rimmed glasses, while Uncle Obediah's eyes twinkled more than ever. Uncle Reuben, who was slightly deaf, knew nothing of the tragedy that had taken place. The Spirit moved Aunt Rachel just then to make a few remarks, and the little maidens soon regained their composure.

A delicious apple lay just in reach of little Rebecca. The temptation was too great, and soon she was munching away, ducking her head cautiously now and then to take a bite. Mar-

garet, now wholly at ease, followed her example, and soon Elizabeth was seen stealthily to bring forth an apple from her blouse. Busily eating their apples, they forgot how time was passing. Long silences no longer troubled them. Even before they realized what was happening. Uncle Reuben and Uncle Obediah were shaking hands and the "Fourth Day" meeting was ended.

The good old ladies again shook hands with the little girls telling them to come often, never once mentioning the apples.

The little maids scampered home like young colts. A whiff of corn and beans and cobbler pie floated out from the kitchen window.

"Oh, mother, is dinner ready? We're so hungry!" they cried as they rushed up the driveway into the cool sitting room.

"And did you have a good meeting?" inquired the little mother.



OUR CONSTITUTION.

It has often been said that our constitution is too conservative, because it is hard to amend. Looking at it in one way it may seem so, for never before the present year have there been any important amendments added except following some great crisis. The first ten amendments were added shortly after the adoption, and may be called a part of it, for the constitution was never ratified until several of the States were pledged that amendments would be added embodying the "Bill of Rights" in a majority of the State constitutions guarding personal freedom.

The next amendment, the eleventh, was added as the result of a conflict over the right of a citizen of one State to sue another State. The object of the eleventh amendment was to increase the judicial power of the Federal government. It was ratified in the year of 1798.

The constitution at first provided that the man receiving the highest number of votes should be elected President, and the next highest should be Vice-President. In the election of 1800 Jefferson and Burr tied for first place. The party at large wanted Jefferson for President. Since there was a tie the election must go to the House of Representatives. Here Burr tried to defeat the desire of his party by gaining votes from the Federalists. His designs were frustrated and to prevent a repetition of the scandal a bill was introduced into Congress to amend the constitution. The amendment was ratified, the twelfth, in 1804. It provided that, the votes cast in the Presidential election must state whether for President or Vice-President. Again under the crises of the civil war when Congress and the government of the Union were under the control of the Abolitionists, the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were adopted. They all relate to the freedom and franchise of the negro and would never have been adopted had there been no crisis in affairs of state. In view of these facts, we are led to think that our constitution is very difficult and almost impossible to amend unless by some unusual turn of

events. Yet in the present year (1913) two amendments have been added. Although they have long been before the people, no great agitation has been raised over their adoption. These amendments are, the sixteenth, election of Senators by direct vote, and the other, the seventeenth, the provision for an income tax. This amendment gives the Federal government the right to lay a direct tax on incomes which had previously been forbidden. Through this provision the Federal government may tax property that under lax State legislation and administration escaped taxation.

When the people were really convinced that they wanted these amendments, and demanded them, they were adopted without much stir. Though the constitution appears to be very conservative and hard to amend, yet at no time has the will of the people been staved off for any great length of time, when the majority demanded a certain reform. The constitution is easy to amend when the majority demand it, yet it is hard enough to prevent any radical step that would be later regretted.

RUBINSTEIN.

One of the greatest pianists probably the world has ever seen was Anton Rubinstein, who, in the year 1830, was born of Jewish parents at Wechwotynetz in Volhynia, near the Austrian frontier of Russia.

His first lessons were received from his mother, who had no idea of making a great musician of her son, but taught him music simply as a part of his education.

Rubinstein's first appearance was made in his tenth year in Moscow, when he played pieces by Hummel, Thalberg and Hensett. He accompanied his teacher in traveling all over Europe giving concerts.

Rubinstein looked upon concerts as a child does upon his play things.

He wrote cantatas, orchestral suites, concert overtures, symphonies, violin concertos, numerous excellent pianoforte pieces and one hundred songs, some of which are models of the beautiful.

Rubinstein's playing was not only remarkable for the absolute perfection of technique, in which he was the only rival Liszt ever had, but there was the fire and soul which only a true and genial composer can possess. He could play a piece of Haydn or Mozart so as positively to bring tears into the eyes of his hearers, but on the other hand he would sometimes fall a prey to a strange excitement which caused him to play in wildest fashion. It is said by him that he composed each piece as he played it and it was a delight to listen to him do it.

In Vienna Rubinstein lived in an attic and gave lessons very cheap. Indeed he was so poor that he was often obliged to go without meals for two or three days. But through Liszt he was rescued from his penury. In 1862 he founded St. Petersburg Conservatory with Leschetizky as professor of piano and he himself as director. But he was too much of an iconoclast to remain at the head of a permanent institution, for in five years he arranged to tour America. He appeared two hundred

and fifteen times, giving two or three concerts in the same city on one day. No wonder that he declared, "it became so tedious that I begun to despise myself." But he admitted that the receipts from his American tour laid the foundation of his prosperity.

After giving to the world some of the greatest productions known, Rubinstein died in his sixty-fourth year at Peterhof.

E. KORNER.



A DREAM.

Beneath the sunny tropic clime
I lay me down to sleep,
But in my mind there comes a rhyme
Of home across the deep.

Again I wander o'er those hills,
And fancy that I hear
The song of birds and splash of rills
Long to my heart so dear.

In early Spring the apple trees
Are in their snowy blooms,
And busy humming honey bees
Are sipping their perfumes.

The southern winds begin to blow
Through newly budding trees,
While blushing roses sweetly grow
For every kissing breeze.

All is so happy, bright and gay
In my dear old home land,
Across the seas and far away
On Carolina's strand.

The many places there I love
I never shall forget,
And like the Spring returning dove
My heart there lingers yet.

Around them all my memory clings,
And often to my eyes
Great tears of joy or sadness brings,
As back my memory flies.

'Tis once again I go to sleep,
But in my slumbers dream
Of friends across the rolling deep
And see their faces gleam.

With joy I fancy that I'm there,
And pleasant it doth seem;
Again I wake to find me here,
And know it's but a dream.



MACBETH.

All who attended the production of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" at Guilford College on March 29th were doubtless impressed by the remarkable excellence of the representation. One could not but feel transported back to the picturesque Scotland of the mid-eleventh century, so realistically costumed were the characters, while the aptness and fidelity of all to their parts was indeed singular.

Edgar H. McBane, in the title role, was a splendid Macbeth, and in appearance and action bore a striking resemblance to the great Macready, one of the few genuine interpreters of the character. Always living the part, Mr. McBane gave a highly poetic imagination to this interpretation, in striking combination with Macbeth's evil ambition so irresistible before his cowering sense of good. His terrible graces of action and mastery of the fearful situation immediately preceding the murder of Duncan, is deserving of especial praise, while his subsequent portrayal of the cruel Macbeth, "in blood stepped in so far," was most genuinely tragic.

Miss Tegy G. Beaman, as Lady Macbeth, combined a reckless, impulsive, pitiless determination with the womanly devotion love and sorrow that comes when "nought's bad, all's spent." She gave a realism to the pathetic plight of Lady Macbeth in the sleep walking scene that would certainly evoke commiseration from the most unsympathetic. Miss Beaman also lent a charm to her role in being a truly Celtic Lady Macbeth in appearance, a matter so often neglected by the actress who would represent her a brunette, really as inconsistent and inappropriate as making Hamlet other than a fair-haired Dane.

David E. Henley, as Duncan, gave to the part a kingly dignity combined with that mellowness of an old age that comes of noble living, which added greatly to the heinous brutality of his murder.

Hugh A. Stewart acted the role of Macduff, and he was a



The Last Scene in Macbeth

veritable Caledonian. His personal magnetism and splendid delivery gave him a complete mastery of the part. He rose to especially great dramatic power in the fourth act, when, apprised of the slaughter of his family, Macduff swears his terrible oath of vengeance.

Jesse Garner was the ill-starred Banquo, and he gave to the character a most extraordinary power of words and action. His remarkable portrayal of the death of Banquo savored of the dying propensity of the renowned Garrick, nor can we neglect to mention his all-terrifying appearance subsequently as the ghost in the banquet scene.

Baxter K. Richardson as Malcolm completed the remarkable sextette of principals. He acted well the role of the grief-stricken son seeking vengeance for a murdered father.

Excellent support was given this most unique group of principals by the rest of the cast individually and collectively. From the weird incantation of the ministers of doom in the opening scene, to the slaying of Macbeth in the last act, there was a professional quality and finish to the work of the Guilford students that is hardly conceivable in amateur dramatics.

MACBETH—DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Duncan, King of Scotland—David E. Henley.

Malcolm and Donalbain, his sons—Baxter K. Richardson and Redding A. Thompson.

Macbeth and Banquo, Generals in the King's army—Edgar H. McBane and Jesse Garner.

Noblemen of Scotland—Macduff, Hugh A. Stewart; Lennox, Matthew Perry; Ross, Fred Morris, Menteith, William Nichols; Angus, A. Brown Finch; Caithness, William Futrell.

Fleance, son to Banquo—Fred M. Henley.

Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth—Hardy A. Carroll.

Doctor—Paul S. Kennett.

Sergeant—Eugene Marley.

Murderers—Kinnie T. Futrell, George Short.

Herald—William Nichols.

Chamberlains—William Futrell, A. Brown Finch.

Royal Guards—Robert Critz, Fowell Mendenhall, Raymond McLean, Mordecai Brogden, Conrad Horney, Myron Cecil.

Lady Macbeth—Tecy G. Beaman.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth—Katherine Allen.

Witches—Helen East, Ella Young, Katherine Dorsett.

Apparitions—Archibald Riddick, David Jackson.

Synopsis of scenes—Setting: Scotland; England. Time: about 1050, A. D.

Act I.—Scene 1. A desert place. Scene 2. Forres.—The palace. Scene 3. A heath. Scene 4. Forres.—The palace. Scene 5. Inverness.—Macbeth's castle. Scene 6. Before Macbeth's castle. Scene 7. Within Macbeth's castle.

Act II.—Scene 1. Inverness.—Macbeth's castle.—The court.

Act III.—Scene 1. Outside Macbeth's castle. Scene 2. Forres.—The palace. Scene 3. A park near the palace. Scene 4. The banqueting room in the palace.

Act IV.—Scene 1. A cave. Scene 2. England.—The country.

Act V.—Scene 1. Lady Macbeth's room in the castle at Dunsinane. Scene 2. A hall in the castle at Dunsinane. Scene 3. The same. Scene 4. Before the castle.

Musical program furnished by Miss Blance Dawson—1. Witches' Dance, MacDowell; 2. Prelude, Op. 28, Chopin; 3. Second Mazurka, Godard; 4. Tarantelle, Nicode; 5. Nocturne, Chopin.

Management—Business manager, W. G. Gilchrist; stage manager, J. R. Wood; assistant stage manager, B. A. Watkins; wardrobe, David E. Henley; coach, A. D. Crosby.

The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials

The Worst College Thief. From the time that a student makes his arrival until the time that he makes his departure from college, he is thrown among nearly all kinds of people in whom exist nearly all the vices that contaminate, as well as nearly all the virtues which uplift his ideals. He comes to college fully expecting to gain an

extensive amount of practical outside, as well as practical book knowledge. He is ambitious to make a creditable record in the different branches of athletics that may exist at that college; he desires to do a considerable amount of literary work; and, in general he endeavors to become, what is termed, an "all round" man.

Frequently a student's anticipations are, that college is a place where you are almost compelled to study and to learn a great number of facts and technicalities, and that teachers and students alike are all working for your interest. This is often true, but in many cases it is also far from true. Here it is that the student is confronted by that most undesirable of all classes: the thief, a thief of the worst description. This detestable character may not be included in that class who would take advantage of your absence and steal into your room at night in order to acquire some desirable article; he may not be one that would pick your pockets in daytime. But the worst of all thieves with which the students must deal is that person who confronts him both day and night, desiring and appearing to be, not an enemy, but a most congenial friend; that person who is apparently a friend but really the most destructable of all enemies: the "Time-thief."

We would not say that this criminal is a bad character; for usually his intentions are good. He is just simply unthoughtful and slack in his considerations for others. Many times a student is assigned a difficult task to perform in a certain length of time, and then his time becomes his most valuable possession. But just as he gets started well on his assigned task some one who has become weary in well-doing knocks on his door, and for manners' sake, he must invite the gentleman (?) in as his guest, who usually stays and chats until some necessity invites him out. He cannot see that his diligent host is in need of more time than he can possibly get in order to complete his task and all indifferent answers, continuations of attempted work, and bedtime suggestions are of no avail when used as hints for this desperado. Only sleep or some unusual occurrence outside can induce him to leave. Consequently the

student who set out with the intention of putting in a good night's work has been deprived of even an opportunity to do so. He has also been deprived of a passing grade which he could have made had it not been for the lack of an opportunity, and at the same time the estimation of his ability is lowered in the minds of both instructor and fellow student. These misfortunes have befallen him, not of his own accord, but because of the unthoughtfulness of his supposed friend, and at the same time his most valuable treasure has been stolen from him while he has been looking the thief directly in the eyes.

Every student at college is there as the result of the sacrifice of a considerable amount of cold, hard cash, which has been earned by the ceaseless toil and carefully directed plans of himself or some one else. The college career of any person is therefore, not only the sacrifice of present time and money, but also the sacrifice of time that was spent and money that was earned in the past. This money is spent, not merely for the services of some instructor to beat knowledge into the student's head, but for time and an opportunity for the student to work out and learn something through his own efforts. Time is then the greatest possession of a student, and the "time-thief" is therefore the worst thief with which a student can deal.

With this idea in mind, may we all study ourselves and see if we are guilty of any such crimes. In case *we* should *be*, may we strive to reward our fellow student by abolishing such practices. The treasure can never be returned, for it was wasted and lost forever while it was being stolen. The only alternative is to end such action, which is not only detrimental to ourselves, but may cause our brothers to stumble on that fatal day of final examinations.

Class Responsibility. There is a certain amount of responsibility resting upon each class and upon each person in the class. Because the Seniors have been here the longest and because they are better able to bear the

responsibility they have the greatest part of it. A few more weeks and the present Junior class, as Seniors will have to face responsibility as never before. Already we have charge of the Y. M. and Y. W. Associations. This is the last issue of the COLLEGIAN that will be gotten out by the present staff. The June number will be the work of a new staff, a greater part of which will be students of the present Junior class. To the Junior class the four Literary Societies and the Athletic Associations are aurning for leaders. To a certain degree, these organizations will be a success or a failure according as we have any sense of responsibility or not.

But our responsibility does not end here. In fact with these things, it is hardly begun. We are responsible in a large measure for the standards of right and wrong that exist in college. If the Seniors are kind and considerate to those who have not had the same advantages as they have, and if they refuse to have anything to do with such students as do, there will not be any false social distinctions. If they have the proper respect for the government of the institution and uphold it, breaking rules and doing little things to get "even" with those in authority will become unpopular. And if they are faithful in the class room and honest in everything—from their dealings with one another to their attitude toward cheating on finals—dishonesty in all its forms would diminish.

Fellow classmates, what are we to do about this responsibility which is ours now and which is going to be ours in a larger degree next year. It is not a thing to give us the "big head." On the other hand we should give it some good serious thought. Have we any sense of responsibility? Are we as honest as we could be on recitations and examinations? If we are, do we do all in our power to discourage such. It is time we were beginning to realize the duty we owe to ourselves, to our friends, to the COLLEGIAN, to our Associations and Societies and to our college, and not to be satisfied with anything short of the very best.

EXCHANGES.

The "spring malady" of which our Trinity contemporary complains is greatly lessened in our April exchanges. Instead of the sentimental subjects so predominant in the issues of the previous month we are pleased to find subjects of real thought and worth dealt with, such as "The Spirit of the College," "The Life Message of a Decadent," "O. Henry" and "The Laws of the Knife." However there is not an over abundance of writing of this nature. Most of our April exchanges are well proportioned, and poetry and fiction are not wanting.

We consider the "Haverfordian" our best exchange. There is not such an abundance of matter, but the articles are very choice. "Drosley Light" is very interesting and displays originality in its author. It has a style and movement which well matches its plot—a thing which does not always occur in stories of its nature. The one fault to be found is the weak conclusion. It is odd, but one prefers the usual way of knowing the end of the hero. "Romance and a Stone Wall" is well written and interesting from start to close. "The Life Message of a Decadent" abounds with information and shows that its author has a true appreciation of a poet and a good conception of what poetry should be. Of the poems, "The Valley of the Shadow" is probably best.

The Wake Forest Student immediately attracts attention this month by its size. Nor is size all for some of the articles are very praiseworthy. "The Laws of the Knife" is well written. Its introduction and conclusion are extremely catchy. The subject is to be commended as well as the masterful way in which it is written. The fiction in this issue is rather weak. "Let No Man Put Asunder" is the most interesting. "Sam, the Deserter," "The Exile's Return" and "Bottom Boy No. 33," while somewhat interesting, show no great ability. They are too much like the every-day stories one hears to take a place in such a magazine. The poetry is weak and the issue would be better if there was more.

We acknowledge with thanks the customary exchanges.

M. PERRY.



We have been justly proud of the records established by our teams in the past years, and every true Guilfordian looks up with admiration at the showing we have made with other colleges—doubling and even tripling us in number. But this season's teams have broken the record in baseball and also in basket ball.

The basket ball team won the six games they played. The inter-class games were good and the different classes took great interest in them. The class of '14 won in these series of games. Much enthusiasm was shown in the games that were played here by the crowds that attended.

The line-up for Guilford was as follows: Benbow and Moorefield, forwards; Edwards, center; Finch and Stuart, guards.

The games and scores are as follows:

	Pts.		Pts.
Danville Y. M. C. A.....	8	Guilford College.....	71
Elon College	2	Guilford College.....	77
Greensboro Y. M. C. A.....	27	Guilford College.....	32
V. P. I. of Va.....	15	Guilford College.....	44
Carolina	21	Guilford College.....	44
Greensboro Y. M. C. A.....	12	Guilford College.....	40

Before the baseball season began Coach Doak had a number

of men on the baseball field trying out and preparing themselves for the ball team. The weather was cold and rough in the early season, and handicapped the boys to a great extent. But when the beautiful days set in and the College baseball season opened, the eighteen men on the diamond were eager to secure a place even on the second team. In players we are not lacking; for with Futrell or Moorfield behind the bat; Shore and McLean in the box; Edwards on first; P. McBane on second; L. Stuart at his old position as short stop; Benbow, T. Short and Nichols working at third; Fike, Thompson, E. McBane and Nelson outfielders, we had nothing to fear.

It is true we have all the old players back this year with the exception of L. Hobbs. A number of new men have shown up well, and with a little training they will make good players. Some changes were made, moving T. Short from second over to third where he has played good ball in several of the games; P. McBane taking second in Short's place, where he has developed into the best second baseman that Guilford has had since "Jule" White played that sack.

Manager Richardson arranged a very fine schedule of games for the season and most of them have been played at this writing.

We are proud to say that the Guilford nine has not lost a college game this season. Shore, the best college pitcher of the South, has been in fine from all the season, and his pills have been hardly visible to any other college the whole year. McLean, the "south paw" for Guilford, has also pitched some good ball this season.

We do not hesitate in saying that Guilford has the strongest all-round team this year she has had for years, and we think the strongest team that has ever been put out by this College.

The heavy hitting and fast fielding of the Quaker nine have made it easy for them to win all the colleges games they have played. The batting average of each of the players are as follows: L. Stuart, .415; E. McBane, .391; Fike, .319; P. McBane, .364; R. Thompson, .250; Shore, .297; Edwards, .255; Benbow, .474; Moorefield, .207; Futrell, .333; T. Short, .421; Nelson,

Guilford	6	9	4
V. M. I.	1	5	6

Shore and Moorefield; Pitts and Ratts.

Guilford	9	14	1
Elon	2	5	3

Shore and Moorefield; Malowe and Joyner.

Guilford	11	15	1
V. P. I.	0	1	2

Shore and Moorefield; Evans and Steele.

Not only has there been a great deal of interest taken in baseball, but in other athletic sports, such as track and tennis.

The athletic sports are raised to a high standard at Guilford and now may we strive to keep this phase of college life at the top.

JACK, '14.

THE NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At the beginning of April the young women of Guilford College were called together by the president of the Y. W. C. A. for the purpose of organizing an Athletic Association.

It had been thought for some time by many of the young women that too little attention was being paid to the physical side of life. At this meeting they were enabled to give their opinions about this matter of proper physical exercise for the girls in school, and to express their ideas as to the best way in which to interest all the girls.

As president of the Y. W. C. A., Cathline Pike presided over the meeting until a temporary president was elected. Mary Sloan was chosen by a standing vote to preside over the meeting, with Juliet Ballinger as secretary.

After discussion it was decided that the work of the Association would be carried on under three departments, viz: tennis, basket-ball and track. Other departments will be added with the growth of the Association, and interest in various other forms of athletics. The president appointed as temporary heads of these departments, Christina Marshall, of tennis; Blanche Futrell, of basket-ball, and Helen East, of track.

From this time on, however, the managers will be elected by the active members of the Association.

A constitution has been drawn up for this organization. It has been read before the Association, and will likely be accepted at the next meeting.

The object of this new organization is to impress upon the minds of the young women the importance of plenty of physical exercise, and to get every girl in school interested in some one or other of the above-mentioned forms of exercise. The Association wishes to make the taking of a proper amount of exercise seem a pleasure, be a pleasure, and not a burden. It wants to get the girls to throw off the shackles of inactivity and absolute laziness with which too many of them are bound, and to instil into them energy and a firm faith that they will never get along at all in this world of people, things, and events, unless they get out and hustle. The Association desires to get the young ladies out of the idea that there is sufficient physical benefit derived from purchasing a quarter's worth of "Hershey's," and sitting out under a tree in the afternoon to devour it. The Association desires to emphasize the fact that, by proper care, no girl needs to be twenty pounds over weight, or the same amount under weight, and that the fault usually lies with her if she may be classed under either of these examples. Do not understand by these remarks that the Association wishes each girl, regardless of her abilities, to vie with some other girl, who, perhaps, has a much stronger natural physique than she. The cry of the Association is: "Study yourself, take exercise suitable for yourself, and cultivate a physique!"

The Association wishes to leave with the young ladies this advice: Use your judgment, after having first made sure that it is sound and unbiased; be careful; be persistent; be progressive; cast aside harmful and irrelevant things; advance; exercise, and exercise some more, but do not reach the point of fatigue; extend that fatigue point farther from you; and lastly, join the Young Women's Athletic Association of Guilford College, and help make it, and yourself, a success!

WEBSTERIAN-PHILOMATHEAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of April 4th we were very royally entertained by our brother Webs. These events are very much anticipated, and this one especially, for many of us went knowing that we must enjoy ourselves as much as possible for such a similar occasion would never again be tendered us by them. Realizing all this, we planned long before hand to have a good time and so I'm going to tell you how we had it.

At the appointed time we were ushered into an airy alcove on the large and spacious stage at Memorial Hall. Our brother Webs. were there ready to receive us and soon the literary exercises began. The Webs. have an assortment of interesting talnts, and well did they display those talents to us on this evening. First on the program were the gifted debaters, Nunn and Mitchell, who so admirably held our attention for some time on the question, "Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years and be ineligible for re-election."

Next came Will Futrell's "Much Every Way," which was much every way except the way we expected.

The last number on the program was a song, "I'd Like to Go Down South Once More," well rendered by the Websterian quartette, Messrs. Nunn, Marley, Jackson and Mendenhall.

But the most important feature of the evening was yet to come. After adjournment came the social hour intermingled with refreshments. As the couples scattered about in the large hall were relating their past and present secrets, they were interrupted at intervals by "Maraschino Punch," "Fruit Salad," "Cheese Wafers," "Rose Sherbert," "Cake," "Salted Almonds," and "Chocolate Chips."

All too soon came 10.15 p. m., when our visit ended. As a long line of couples took their way from Memorial to Found-

er's, each Philomathean fully realized that she had had a good time and could truthfully exclaim:

“Oh, stay! oh stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this tonight, that oh, 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.”

A PHILOMATHEAN.

“A head full of rocks and a pocket full of knowledge,
I'd rather go to Guilford than any other college.”

“The Seniors have the most dignity, the Sophomores have the most wisdom, the Freshmen have the numbers, but the Juniors have plenty of common sense, a good name and the debating cup.” “Hurrah for the Juniors!”

“A little flunkin' now and then will happen to the wisest—Juniors.”

“Little grains of powder, little drops of paint
Make the Junior faces look like what they ain't?”

“A little learning is a dangerous thing.” Better quit studying.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

THE '14 ALPHABET.

A is for Allen so stately and tall,
If she stumps her toe she's sure to fall.

B is for Barber as well as Benbow,
Both chew alfalfa, they're not awfully slow.

C is for Crutchfield, Coble and Carroll,
The learning of these won't go in a barrel.

D is for Doughton, always so jolly,
Love for the boys is her greatest folly.

E is for East and Edgerton, too,
If you go with these you'll never be blue.

F is for Fox, Finch, Futrell, all three,
These must be good natured or they'll never agree

H is for Henley, a singer by trade,
Whose affections are cast on a musical maid.

J is for Johnson, whom we may report
Is lacking in thought but in speech never short.

K is for Kerner, always modest and gay,
If you wish any music just ask her to play.

L is for Lewis and Lindley, too,
Both taking chemistry—know why? I do.

M is for Edgar, surnamed McBane,
If you want a performance, he's sure to raise cane.

N is for Nelson, our own Uncle Sam,
Not a nation of course, but only a man.

P is Phoenix, Pike, Pearson and Perry,
These four students are always merry.

S is for Smith, as well as for Shore,
Just feed them on Math. and they'll want nothing more.

W is for Webster, the Worth and the White's,
Don't worry, these four will e'er have their rights.

Y is for Louisa Pearle Younts,
Give her plenty of Shakespeare and that's all she wants.
F.

Since Prof. Davis' talk on smoking cigarettes by boys a long suit has appeared on the campus "by Chance."

Minstrel! Minstrel!
Prof. Crosby—I'm the guy!

Hugh—I'm one of the family!

Will Futrell—My wife's named Dinah—I'm scared I'll get blown up. "I fail to see connections," whose going to blow you up? Dynamite (Dinah might).

Wanted—A position as climber in circus. Will Futrell.

The long-talked-of event was pulled off Saturday night, April 19th. The unanimous result being, "Fine! Fine!! Best yet."

We were just bemoaning the fact that one of our end men was sick at the minstrel when a commotion was heard at the door and Will Futrell came in—he—"wasn't running," but had passed several that were.

John Chappelle has decided that Virginia beats Indiana in the State line.

Pres. Hobbs (on Logic) : Now I had just as soon you would answer that way as any in the world—although it is absolutely untrue.

The Philomathean Literary Society held its fifth annual oratorical contest in Memorial Hall, April 18th. The prize of eight volumes of the Cambridge edition of the Poets was awarded to Miss Kathryn Dorsett.

Gossett—What's the swiftest animal?

Weatherly—A train.

Bet "Red" never wears any one's hat but his own to town.

During the chapel talk on the importance of choosing your life's vocation, John says, "Huh, I'm going to get married—if I can."

Prof. White (on Solid)—Why is a man's head like a cube?

Tecy—Because he is so block-headed.

Rebecca Phoenix gave her graduating recital here on Wednesday night, April 23rd. The stage was decorated with American Beauties, pink and white roses, carnations, and jonquils. The program was excellent and the evening very much enjoyed by all.

Orabella prefers Earls, to Kings or Dukes.

Rats!! Rats!! Rats!!! Real live Rats!! For particulars see Annabella and Rebecca.

Mabel enjoyed her first Junior class meeting immensely. Reasons obvious.

Mr. John M. Phoenix and children, Mr. Julius Cone, Miss Blanche Harmon and Mrs. Rufus King, visited Rebecca Phoenix for her piano recital Wednesday night, April 23rd.

"New feature at High Point-Guilford game." Misses Pike, Lewis, Dorsett, East and Doan served delicious strawberry cream.

Romeo and Juliet is familiar, but Carl and Juliet sounds a little strange yet.

Henry Jackson suggests that the Founder's rat traps be bated with G. C. butter, if you want to fix 'em.

Josephine is always glad when Senator table is off.

Some of the visiting guests for the minstrel were: Miss Frances Smith and friend from Jamestown, Gus Hayworth from Greensboro, Misses Clara Cox and Effie Cox from High Point, and Mrs. Albright from Greensboro.

Grace wasn't sure she could stay awake on French, so to keep from running the risk—she left.

Ethel Nance oversees the opening of the mail every morning since ball team has gone to Virginia, and says she had rather study Plane Geometry than go to see miniature ball games.

Congratulations are now in order for the "Shining wedding" we hear will take place in June; also the "Wood"-en one.

Miss Benbow—Do they smoke cigars and cigarettes in France?

Martha—Oh no, oh no!

Miss Benbow—Well, what do they smoke?

Martha—Tobacco.

Some people are anxious to know why Mr. Downing was in the minstrels?

"Congratulations Gilly," for pulling off your stunt so well.

The question was brought up in Sunday school class as to why Universal church wouldn't be a good thing. Virginia Helens gave the explanation that both men and women would want to lead and a fuss would arise right away.

The Henry Clay Literary Society held its twenty-sixth annual contest Saturday, April 26th, in Memorial Hall. A gold medal was awarded to Alpheus White, the successful contestant.

Grace—Gene writes perfectly beautiful poetry and then sets it to music. My! but Gene can do most anything.

Josephine Kitching picking up a Collegian read, "Oct. 13, 1912." My, I didn't know the new Collegians were out.

"Deuce 'tis" is a favorite cry among the faculty tennis players.

Hardy Carroll (in Constitutional History)—Prof., which is the more powerful, the Emperor of Germany or the Macka-doo of Japan?

We humbly suggest that we have less "pie and it" and more piety at Guilford.

Prof. Downing (on Chemistry)—How do you test for sodium in Group VI?

Henley—Add a long name (speaking of Potassum pyroantimonate).

A JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY.

"How expensive it is to graduate at Guilford anyway. Besides the regular expenses there's five (\$5.00) dollars for a diploma, all the money I've had to spend on clothes, pictures, etc.; then there's all that money I've spent on "ponies," the time I've spent bluffing the teachers, stealing other people's time, in the meantime being caught, besides flunkin' on everything else. Is it worth the money and the trouble?"

Wanted to know!!—Which is the front of her new commencement dress. Callie I. Nance.

Miss Rustedt now acts as interpreter between Will and Martha.

"BIOLOGY ECHOES."

Mr. Binford wants to know of Helen if it was a dry season as her worm had no "crop."

Prof. White predicts that the boys will write two pages on the "sattelites" for Astronomy Exam. But that during the summer they will write two pages (or more) to them.

"Back" and Annabella had one cozy corner at Prof. White's. Mary and George another; so Mr. White said, so "Ella 'Wood' if she could."

Miss Rustedt decided that if it took her two periods to epitomize "The Nibelungenlied" it would take her four to make a recapitulation of it.

Few of us know of the budding genius in our class. Miss Coble is very retiring and does not care for publicity, but we've managed to get one of her sonnets which we're glad to give to our readers.

SONNET NO. 99.

A little swallow was sitting in the vine,
Others came until there were nine.
They flew from place to place,
And looked into each others' face.
Then a girl came up the walk,
And two more followed her to talk.
The swallows began to sing chee, chee,
The girls began to say hee, hee.
The birds they were happy and care-free,
The girls were quarrelling and could not agree.
As these thoughts I utter,
Another bird begins to flutter.
Down in the green grass a bug ate a fly,
And I was the only one to cry.

ERMA K. COBLE.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Richard Hobbs, student in the Columbia Law School, has made a brilliant record on the University debating team.

Amy J. Stevens is taking a course in English and Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Ovid Jones, after taking a law course in University of North Carolina, is continuing his work in Columbia Law School.

John B. Woosley, '12, winner of the Haverford scholarship, has been awarded one of the two teaching fellowships at Haverford for the coming year.

Mrs. Mary O. Lamb, matron of the girls' cottages in the early nineties, is visiting old friends in North Carolina. Mrs. Lamb resides with her daughter, Mrs. Clifton White, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in the delightful hospitality of their beautiful home, Guilfordians who are students in New York have forgotten they were not "back home."

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